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AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1900, TO JUNE, 1900.

VOLUME XLIII.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

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V43 1900

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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Published at

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Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XLIII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1900. No. 1.

THE OPENING YEAR.

BY CELIA BURT WALL.

Upon the threshold of the opening year
Let us look back ; below is the abyss
Where dead years lie, all fraught with pain and bliss.
What hopes, what dreams, dear heart lie buried here!
The unkind word, the rapture of a kiss,
The nights of woe, the awful sense of fear,
The summer eves that lovers hold so dear,
The whispered vows, the smiles of happiness.

So die the years with all their joy and care ;
With what sweet hope we lift our longing gaze
To those far heights that gleam so white and fair,
All tinged with promise of enchanting days.
The future waits, and in its dawning light
A sweet thought comes of hours more wondrous bright.

RENE GOUPIL.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

THE AURIESVILLE SHRINE.

BY THOMAS P. KERNAN.

Auriesville, New York, a village seven miles from Amsterdam, has for the past fifteen years been a place of pilgrimage for many Catholics and a few Protestants who love to honor the memory of the saintly Jesuit, Father Isaac Jogues and his companion, a Jesuit novice, Rene Goupil. It was on this spot, on a hill commanding a superb view of the Mohawk river and valley, that these two heroic Frenchmen were martyred by the fierce Iroquois Indians two centuries and a half ago.

Father Jogues was born at Orleans, France, Jan. 10, 1607. At an early age he joined the Society of Jesus. After becoming a priest he begged his superiors to send him to a foreign mission. They complied with his wish and sent him to Canada, where the Jesuit Fathers had already opened a mission. Here, in 1636, he joined that famous band of heroic missioners and explorers whom Bancroft and other impartial historians have so unstintedly praised. 'Tis of them that Bancroft wrote: "The history of the Jesuit Mission is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French-America. Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." Kip says: 'There is no page of our country's history more touching and romantic than that which records the labors and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries." Parkman in his "Jesuits in North America," thus portrays the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century:

"All the weapons of Satan's malice were prepared against the bold invader who should assail him in this, the heart of his ancient domain. Far from shrinking, the priest's zeal rose to tenfold ardor; . . . he stood prompt to battle with all the hosts of Hell. A life sequestered from social intercourse and remote from every prize which

ambition holds worth the pursuit of a lonely death, under forms, perhaps ,the most appalling—these were the missionaries' alternative. Their maligners may taunt them, if they will, with credulity, superstition, or a blind enthusiasm; but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition."

"A fervor more intense, a self-abnegation more complete, a self-devotion, more constant and enduring, will scarcely find its record on the page of human history."

"In all the copious records of this dark period not a line gives occasion to suspect that one of this loyal band flinched or hesitated."

Reuben Gold Thwaites in his preface to *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents,* recently republished, writes:

"The authors of the journals which formed the basis of the Relations, were, for the most part, men of trained intellect, acute observers and practised in the art of keeping records of their experiences. They had left the most highly civilized country of their times, to plunge at once into the heart of the American wilderness and attempt to win to the Christian faith the fiercest savages known to history. To gain these savages it was first necessary to know them intimately—their speech, their habits, their manner of thought, their strong points and their weak. These first students of the Indians were not only simply fitted for their undertaking, but none have since had better opportunity for its prosecution. They were explorers as well as priests."

The Missions among the Iroquois were closed in 1684; the site on which they were first opened was purchased for a shrine in 1884. The name of the Missions had been the Mission of the Martyrs; the Shrine has been erected in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs. A memorial cross stands at the entrance of the Shrine grounds and tells in brief the story of the Missions and the object of the Shrine.

"Many of the Relations were written in Indian camps amid a chaos of distraction. Insects innumerable tormented the journal-

An open chapel, back of which stands a sanctuary and a few dwelling rooms for the Fathers attending the pilgrimages, is the only place of worship at the Shrine, It stands on the brow of the hill overlooking the Mohawk, near the line where once stood the palisades of the Indian village, on which the head of Father Jogues was placed after it had been severed from his body.

CATHERINE TEGAKWITA.
Died April 17, 1680.

ists; they were immersed in scenes of squalor and degradation, overcome by fatigue and lack of proper sustenance, often suffering from wounds and disease, maltreated in a hundred ways by hosts, who, at times might more properly be called jailers; and not seldom had savage superstition risen to such a height that to be seen making a memorandum was certain to arouse the ferocious enmity of the band. It is not surprising that the composition of these journals of the Jesuits is sometimes crude; the wonder is that they could be written at all. Nearly always the style is simple and direct. Never does the narrator descend to self-glorification or dwell unnecessarily upon details of his continual martyrdom; he never complains of his lot but sets forth his experience in phrases the most matter-of-fact. His meaning is seldom obscure. We gain from his pages a vivid picture of life in the primeval forest, as he lived it; we seem to see him upon his long canoe passage at the paddles and carrying cargoes upon the portage trail; we see him the butt and scorn of the savage camp sometimes deserted in the heart of the wilderness and obliged to wait for another flotilla or to make his way alone as best he can. Arrived at last at his journey's end, we often find him vainly seeking for shelter in the squalid huts of the natives, with every man's hand against him, but his own heart open to them all. We find him, even when at last domiciled, in some far-away village, working against hope to save the unbaptized from eternal damnation; we seem to see the rising storm of opposition, invoked by native medicine men, who to his seventeenth century imagination seem devils indeed, and at last the bursting climax of superstitious frenzy which sweeps him and his before it. Not only do these devoted missionaries—never in any field has been witnessed greater personal heroism than theirs--live and breathe before us in the Relations; but we have in them our first competent account of the red Indian at a time when relatively uncontaminated by contact with Europeans.

Father Jogues spent six years at the Jesuit Canadian missions from 1636 to 1642. Here the missionaries attended to the spiritual wants of the French settlers and the neighboring friendly Indians. The life was arduous, similar to that described by Mr. Thwaites in the above extract. But even greater hardships were in store for Father Jogues. It was necessary to send some one to Quebec to bring back to the mission of St. Marie the annual supplies for the mission and he was selected to take charge of the expedition. The journey in canoes down the river to Quebec was made in safety, but on their return, Father Jogues, Rene Goupil, William Couture, another Frenchman, and a number of friendly Huron Indians who accompanied them, were surprised and taken prisoners June 2, 1642, by the hostile Iroquois who infested the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The missionary in one of his letters thus describes some of the tortures inflicted on them:

"They showered blows on us so that I fell under their numbers and cruelty, on the rocky path leading to the hill. I thought that I must surely die under this frightful torture. Either from weakness or cowardice I could not rise. God alone, for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious to suffer thus, knows how long and how savagely they beat me. A cruel compassion prompted them to stop that I might be taken to their country alive. They carried me to the

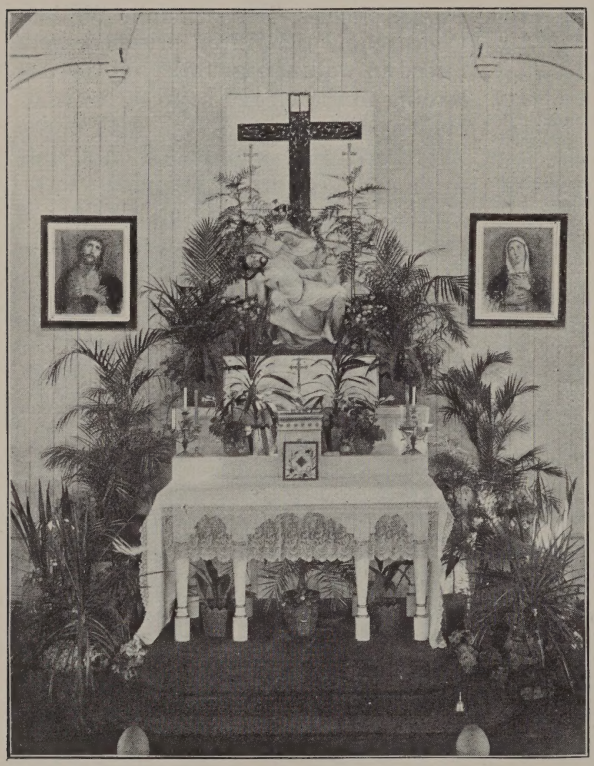
platform half dead and streaming with blood. The moment they saw me revive a little they made me come down and again showered blows on my head, back and all over my body. I would never end were I to tell all we Frenchmen had to endure. They burned one of my fingers and crushed another with their teeth. Those that had been crushed before were now so violently twisted that they have remained horribly deformed ever since they healed. My companions shared the same treatment."

Father Jogues, Rene Goupil, William Couture and the Huron prisoners were forced to walk the gauntlet up the hill leading to the village between rows of Indians who struck them with clubs. Afterwards they were bound on a platform and tortured in many ways. Father Jogues had one of his thumbs cut off by a squaw, with an oyster shell.

"The Cross, which was so much honored by the Citizen of the Cross, as Father Jogues, the first missionary in these parts, styled himself, is now everywhere prominent at the Shrine; at the entrance gate, in the Ravine, and in the centre of the field, where it stands on an eminence, the Stations being erected under the brow of the hill, between the memorial cross and that of the Calvary. Here the pilgrims make the Way of the Cross separately or together in procession."

On the 10th of August the party reached the southern point of Lake George, which Father Jogues subsequently named Lac Saint-Sacrament. They now continued their journey by land and after four days' wearisome march they reached the banks of the Mohawk and the Iroquois village of Ossernenon, now Auriesville. Great rejoicing was here made over the captives and more cruelty practised. Rene Goupil suffered similar treatment. At night they were tied to stakes and obliged to lie on the ground while the Indian children amused themselves throwing hot coals and cinders upon them.

There were two other Iroqouis encampments a few miles further up the Mohawk, one about seven miles distant, the other fourteen. Here the captives were led and further tortured.



"A Pieta, or the Mother of Sorrows supporting the dead Christ, was the first statue venerated at the Shrine. The statue venerated in 1675, at St. Peter's Mission, some miles above, was in honor of Our Lady of Faith. Every trace of it has been lost, and the few engravings that remain of it would show that it was neither graceful nor beautiful. Still it excited the devotion of the Indians, and many are the wonderful answers to prayer said before it, as recorded by the missionaries."

Soon after the Huron captives were condemned to be burned to death and Father Jogues, Rene Goupil and William Couture were given as slaves to different Iroquois families. A few months later, Sept. 29, 1642, an Indian killed Rene Goupil at Ossernenon with a tomahawk. Father Jogues carefully buried his remains in a ravine near by.

The daily lives of Father Jogues and his young companion, Rene Goupil, were models of Christian fortitude and resignation. They sustained each other with exhortations and quotations from the Scripture, prayed together when opportunity offered in the solitude of the forest and at times endeavored to instill into the hearts of the savages the truths of the Gospel and to prepare them for baptism. Frequently Indian captives, brought home by the Iroquois who were often condemned to be burned, were baptized by Father Jogues. In the course of a year he baptized seventy Indians representing five different nations.

In the month of August, 1643, after he had been a captive for more than a year, Father Jogues was taken on a fishing expedition to the Hudson. On their way home to the present site of Auriesville, the fishing party passed through the Dutch post of Rensselaerwyck, now Albany. The Dutch governor succeeded in rescuing the missionary and intended to send him by a ship down to New Amsterdam. The rage of the Indians on discovering his escape was intense. They threatened to sack the Dutch settlement. Father Jogues finally, of his own accord, came out of his hiding place willing to surrender himself; the Dutch, however, paid the Indians a ransom for him of $60 and their anger was appeased. At this time Dominie John Megapolensis, the first Protestant clergyman located at Rensselaerswyck, showed much kindness to Father Jogues.

A few weeks later Father Jogues went down the Hudson to New Amsterdam. From there he sailed for France, endured more suffering during a long voyage and at length reached his native land on Christmas day, 1643. His brethren in religion received him with joy and when they heard the tale of his sufferings and beheld his mutilated fingers, they esteemed him as one of God's heroic servants. The Queen Re-

gent of France commanded him to come to Paris to see her and was deeply affected when she beheld his poor hands.

But Father Jogues' humility was pained by so much attention and honor. He longed to return to Canada to convert the Indians and to complete the sacrifice by giving his life, if need be, for that purpose. So his superiors granted his request and again sent him to the Canadian mission. He reached Quebec in the spring of 1644 and remained at the Jesuit missions there two years. He was present at a great peace council held at Three Rivers, at which the Governor General of Canada presided and which was attended by the Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Attikamegues,. the Hurons and Iroquois tribes. Presents were exchanged and peace was apparently established between the French and the Indians. In May, 1646, the Governor-General employed Father Jogues as an ambassador of peace to the Iroquois. He traveled the route, formerly one of such intense suffering to him, by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to Ossernenon or Auriesville. Here he was well received by the Iroquois, his former persecutors. There was an interchange of presents and Father Jogues returned in safety to Canada.

The Rev. Felix Martin in his "Life of Father Jogues," tells us that: "The success of his visit inspired Father Jogues with fresh ardor. To continue a work which opened under such consoling auspices, he thought of going to spend the winter among the Iroquois. In the candid desires of his heart, he already beheld them listening to his words, submitting to the teachings of his Divine Master, embracing the faith and becoming one of its glorious triumphs after having been its most insuperable barrier."

So on the 27th of September Father Jogues accompanied by a companion, started once again for the country of the Iroquois. But they, ever fickle and inconstant, had in the meantime taken the war path against the French and were especially incensed against Father Jogues. It seems that on his last visit to Ossernenon the missionary and ambassador had left there a box containing some clothes and religious articles, thinking that later he might return, and the superstitious minds of the Indians had attributed to the contents of this box certain calamities that had befallen their tribe.

Father Jogues on his journey fell into the hands of a band of Iroquois. No longer was he treated as an ambassador; he received, on the contrary, the treatment he had experienced on his first stay with them. He was beaten and tortured. On reaching Ossernenon a savage tore a piece of flesh from his arm saying' "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of a manitou," (god.) "No," replied Father Jogues, "I am only a man like you, but I don't fear death. But why do you kill me? I have come to confirm peace and to lead you to heaven and you treat me like a wild beast. Fear the punishment of the Great Spirit."

The Indians were undecided in their opinion as to what Father Jogues' fate should be. Some were in favor of freeing him and allowing him to return to Canada, but several of the Iroquois finally took the matter into their own hands and killed him with a tomahawk; his head was placed on one of the palisades of the village, his body thrown into the Mohawk. It was on Oct. 18, 1646, that the spirit of this heroic Frenchman and gentle missionary returned to its Creator. He was only in his thirty-seventh year. Catholics revere his memory and regard him as a saint and martyr. And there are none, whether Catholics or Protestants, who study his life but are forced to admire his undaunted courage, his invincible patience, his holy life and his apostolic zeal for the conversion of the Indians and the spread of Christianity.

It is not surprising, then, that today, 253 years after his death, Father Jogues' memory is kept green at the place where in behalf of religion he offered to God the sacrifice of his life.

It was largely through the efforts of an eminent Protestant historical scholar, Gen. John S. Clark of Auburn, N. Y., that the exact site of the location of the Indian village of Ossernenon was determined. By comparing the early maps of the Mohawk valley and from various historical data and Father Jogues' own letters it was settled upon sixteen years ago that the site of the Indian encampment of Ossernenon must have been on a hill about half a mile east of the present village of Auriesville. On this hill signs of an Indian camp and palisades have been discovered and many Indian articles such as arrow heads, beads, etc., found.

Today the appearance of this hill, which was once the scene of so much barbarism and cruelty, is entirely one of peace and religion. The Jesuit Fathers about fifteen years ago erected a shrine and chapel here dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Our Lady of Martyrs. And to this shrine during summer small and large pilgrimages take place from the neighboring towns and cities. Saugerities - on - the - Hudson, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Troy, Schnectady, Amsterdam, Fonda, Utica and intermediate towns have sent thousands of pilgrims here to pray and to behold the very spot where Father Jogues and Rene Goupil suffered death for Christ.

The large pilgrimages usually come on a Sunday by an early special train. A procession is formed at the depot and headed by priests and choir, slowly the pilgrims, two by two, make their way up the hill where Father Jogues and Rene Goupil suffered such fearful torments. Father Jogues called this hill "the hill of prayer," and he well named it, for naught else but prayer and strength from on high could have nerved his heart and that of his companion to bear with such heroic fortitude the inhuman treatment they received at the hands of the Iroquois. Today it is still a "hill of prayer," though, happily, no longer one of torture. The pilgrims, sometimes on a Sunday numbering one or two thousand, spend much of their time in attending Mass in the open chapel in making the "stations of the cross" at the fourteen large crosses erected on the hill, in visiting the ravine near by where Father Jogues buried the body of Rene Goupil and in attending the procession and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon. This is always one of the most beautiful and impressive services of a pilgrimage. At three points, the open chapel, the altar of the pieta, and at the calvary, a mound on which there is a life-size figure of Christ on the cross, the officiating priest holds up the monstrance containing the sacred Host and the kneeling multitude under the blue canopy of heaven receiveth blessing of the King of Martyrs.

In Catholic countries it is a common sight to see religious processions and ceremonies in the open air, but in our own country it is an unusual one and it is gratifying to note that the various ceremonies that take place at Auriesville are all witnessed by devout congregations. The Protestants who from curiosity visit the shrine observe a respectful decorum.

Numerous spiritual favors have been granted to pilgrims at Auriesville and a few cures of diseases are reported on good authority to have taken place there, which Catholics attribute to the influence of Father Jogues and Rene Goupil. It is thought by many that the day is not far distant when these heroic missionaries and a holy Indian maiden named Catharine Tegakwitha, who was born at Auriesville in 1656 and died in Canada, will be canonized, their cause having been already introduced at Rome. If they should be declared saints by the Church, Auriesville and its shrine will be visited annually by increased numbers. All who once visit the shrine are sure to return to it. The spiritual attractions of the place are supplemented by natural ones that are very charming in the summer months. The "hill of prayer" is swept by cool breezes and from it a commanding view is to be had of the picturesque Mohawk river and valley.

CATHOLIC GIRLS AS WIVES.

BY REV. D. A. HANLEY.

Amid the intricate perplexities of married life today, the home and the nursery of youth are fast and far receding from the ideal at Nazareth. The records of the dying century call loudly for a change, and a remedy suggests itself in this opportune theme, "Catholic Girls as Wives." Exhibits of what the state calls marriage have been banefully and obtrusively forced on the public, and, of late, with telling effect. Society needs succor now more than ever. The present with all its boast of culture and refinement stands shocked when the Church reiterates the essential feature of marriage and forces it beyond the mere bilateral contract to the dignity of a sacrament. The church view of it is the Catholic girl view of it, and the power and virtue of it. Some mysticism it would appear enwraps the youthful life partners who can alone discern in the marriage agreement a convenient mode of existence. Once the wife entertains suspicion or suggestions of the incompatible or either party desires change, the marriage tie is gradually strained to severance. Love might promise indissolubility, but love alone, unsustained by the higher qualifications for marriage, will grow cold in time. The candor of youth and the memory of the circumstances and happenings that led step by step to the altar fail to recognize more than mere verbal formula in "until death do us part." With this condition growing upon us and state laws nullifying the marriage bond "in the interests of society," with alarming alacrity, our Catholic girls have an added responsibility to counteract such evil by the influence of their example as Christian matrons. We can not hope to destroy the divorce incubus that has fastened itself to our laws and that in all human probability will continue to menace society, but we do feel that our Catholic girls can do much as wives to lessen the divorce tendency and its consequent demoralization of the home.

Nurtured as they have been in the true Church of God, Catholic women know full well where to seek and receive solace for their aching hearts in times of trial and conjugal infelicity. That Church taught them that married life was not an invention of men, but an institution founded by their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. They are taught not to trifle with a state so holy, but to prepare themselves for the marriage state by deep, careful thought and prayers for guidance. Once entered upon, death alone must and can sever the tie. Our Catholic girls are brought up to this doctrine and from infancy to the altar they have had impressed upon them the serious side of married life. Upon them devolves the Christian conduct of the home. In their care the little ones are shaped and molded to future life. They themselves by a steadfast adherence to the teachings of their faith, possess all the virtues necessary to sustain the burdens of the marriage state; a simple, pure and humble life, associated with the lesser but none the less essential domestic virtues, manifestly proves their value before God and men. And yet all they can bring to their aid, personal disposition, essential virtues and noble and high aims are all necessary.

With such an effort at perfection, is not the negative given to those, who, devoid of its requirements, aspire to the married state?

It remains therefore for our Catholic girls to give, as wives, an example to the world such as their Blessed Mother did at Nazareth.

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Frankly, Gervase, I found some of it seductive."

"It would be strange if you did not."

"I am no nun, Gervase."

"No, my sweetheart."

"I was never tired, Gervase. I danced through I don't know how many pairs of shoes, and was always gay as a lark in the morning."

"You don't look as if you had been hearing the chimes at midnight. You are as fresh as a white rose."

"I came home through the dawn nearly every morning for the past six weeks—delicious dawns, even in London, though there were none but the homeless cat and the policemen to appreciate them."

"And many revellers, including one very lovely young woman."

"Ah, you become a courtier, Gervase. I met a man of your old regiment, Major Pontifex, at dinner one evening. He said he knew you the gayest of the gay. I told him you had become serious, and grown grey hairs, since you had had charge of me."

"Ah, Pontifex. He was a pleasant fellow, and they were good days, Mabel. But they couldn't last, with the old place crumbling about my head. I had to do something to retrieve the family fortunes, else it might happen that if Clara married, I should have to let Killylea to a soap-boiler, and go wandering round the world with the Crusader's Hand, shelterless."

"Major Pontifex said you would have risen high in the service."

"If I had not turned my sword into a plough-share. It is another kind of service, and I may perhaps rise high in it, though it doesn't look very like it at present."

"Scientific farming, my poor Gervase, is not adapted for this wild country."

"I need money, Mabel, and I have not got it—that is the trouble."

"There used to be a rent roll on this estate, Gervase."

"Things were better, then. My ancestors roystered with the best and my teeth are set on edge. I can't press those poor beggars up there on the mountain side; and the bog-side of fifty years ago cut the heart out of the property."

"My poor Gervase, why should you have the responsible spirit?"

"Because I was born in the nineteenth century, perhaps. I take things to heart. Sir Giles up there ran merrily through what would have rebuilt Killylea today."

He nodded his head towards a jolly looking gentleman who adorned the study wall, in hunting dress, and with a whip in his hand.

"They thought the lean days would never come to Killylea. Certainly they oppressed none and they called all in to partake of their jollity. Sir Giles' tenants fortified Killylea and defended it when the bailiffs came in hordes and when he was dead it was as if the country was waking its father."

"They would not give half so much for you, Gervase, though you take them so seriously."

"I am a dull fellow beside Sir Giles."

"And humor rejoices the Irish heart. Sir Giles was a Sunday man and went free that day; but once on a week day, when he wanted to attend a wedding, he announced a funeral at the castle and went forth in a coffin."

"So he did and the bailiffs wept over him. And to think I am his degenerate descendant!"

"He exhausted the jolly vein, Gervase."

"And you have suffered for it, my little Mabel, shut up in a mouldering castle with a recluse like Clare and a dull, serious fellow like me."

"I am glad my father left you my guardian, Gervase. I shudder to think of what I would have been, left to my Aunt Dufresne."

"You would have been Mabel, still."

"I should have been a nasty little outcome of the commercialism that made the Egertons rich, while the Fitzmaurices became poor."

The captain lifted her hand to his lips.

"You were very little commercial, Mabel, when you thought of me for a husband."

"It is because of the commercial taint in me that the Fitzmaurices fascinate me. You are as little of this world as Sir Maurice, Gervase."

"I'm afraid I'm very little good, for this world, or I'd make my farming pay better."

"You ought to have remained a soldier, Gervase. You were cut out for it—a big, grave, solemn soldier. You are wasted at these experiments."

"I should have had to let Killylea, Mabel, or see it in ruins."

"Would it be so dreadful to let it, Gervase?"

She said it with a half frightened glance at him.

"Let it, Mabel!" he said, in a shocked voice. "Let Killylea! You are not in earnest."

"It would do no harm, I suppose," she said, humbly. "I don't suggest it myself, but, supposing you could command a good rental for it, most people would see nothing wrong in letting it till it redeemed itself."

"It is out of the question, of course," he said, still wth the air of stupefaction. "But, as a matter of fact, Mabel, supposing I could get a big rental for it and were willing to let it; it would take my lifetime to redeem itself."

"It would be taken care of. With you it will become every year more ruinous. It wants troops of servants and all manner of repairs to keep it as it ought to be—to keep it standing."

"Perhaps so, but I could not let it."

"You know best, Gervase. You see, I told you I was commercial-minded. Your soap-boiler reminded me that I know a really decent kind of a soap-boiler who would take Killylea, I think, and care for it. At least, he is looking for such a place. We could be happy enough, Gervase, somewhere else while the big place retrieved itself and was saving up for us."

She lifted her hand to silence him till she had said her say.

"My money, Gervase, will be only poured into a sieve. I shall not grudge it for anything near your heart, be sure, but I see plainly that it will not go far—not so far as needed."

"Your money will be settled on yourself, Mabel. I shall use none of it for my purposes."

And I shall see you grow grayer every day, looking for El Dorado in a bog-hole."

"I shall pull something out of the bog-hole yet. Anyhow, it need not come to letting Killylea."

She saw his mind was fixed, but her feminine obstinacy would not be defeated.

"Then I need not tell Mr. Fry, my soap-boiler, that I know where the desire of his heart is to be found?"

"An eligible property with all manner of shooting and fishing, a pack of hounds hunting twice a week during the season within easy reach, boating and golf, an ancient castle in rags and tatters and the hand of Sir Maurice Fitzmaurice thrown in. Would that do?"

"It would not do at all, Gervase. This is no world for soap-boilers. But," she added, audaciously, "I can answer for it that the last item would have

been the most attractive of all to Mr. Fry. Ghosts are common—but a relic!"

"I daresay, Mabel; but wherever I go the hand goes, so there would be an item the less."

"Then we won't talk about it, Gervase. Poor Mr. Fry! I think you would almost change your mind if you knew him."

For some reason or other she blushed as she said it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHOICE OF A LIFE.

"I am not fit for a lady's drawing room," said Captain Fitzmaurice, pausing on the threshold of the parlor at Killisky. "I am covered with mud."

Meg O'Donoghue came to meet him with her quiet, friendly greeting as to an old friend.

"Pray come in," she said. "We are used to mud at Killisky."

"Hadn't I better wait in the porch and smoke a cigar? I shall do very well. I am really ashamed to come in, but Bridget would not listen to me."

"Bridget was right. Sit down there till I give you some tea. My mother will be in punctually at quarter past six. She comes home with the plough-horses."

She smiled, but it was a smile without mirth.

"Ah," said Captain Fitzmaurice, sinking into a big, chintz-covered chair, with a long sigh of satisfaction, "this is pleasant after reclaiming bog for six mortal hours."

The girl's eyes met his and both smiled with understanding.

"My mother has a great respect for you," said Meg. "She says you've the right stuff in you and will succeed in your farming against the disbelief of all the county, because you don't mind at a pinch turning in and taking a hand yourself."

"I have to," said the Captain. "I have some demon of energy driving me on. So they don't believe in me, eh?"

"Except Miss Hevey and my mother. They are revolutionaries, you see."

"They are both good, practical farmers. If I wanted any encouragement, which I don't, on my headstrong way, I'd rather have it from those two women than all the old farmers in the county."

"You reciprocate my mother's good opinion."

"I do, heartily. She is a great woman."

Meg, watching the Captain's closely-cropped head, wondered uneasily if that admiration involved a knowledge of those dark years in her mother's life and the heroic struggle she had made to keep the home together. But there was no *arriere pensee* in the man's frank eyes.

"Pat Ryan says you'll have no luck at all," she went on, after a minute. "You've leveled a fairy rath in some of your reclamations and rooted up I don't know how many fairy thorn-trees. Then you wouldn't send your cow when it was sick to the fairy doctor."

"And morebetoken she died," said the Captain, seriously. "And so she would if she had had the staff of the Veterinary college to prescribe for her. Andy Cahill trades on their ignorance, if, indeed' he's not as ignorant himself. But I was sorry about the rath. It stood right in my way or I would have let it be."

"Tom Gleeson says you have the place destroyed with 'a puffin' divil' of a steam plough."

"Ah, Miss Meg, I have to come to you to hear what the neighbors are saying about me."

"They'd say it to yourself, Captain Fitzmaurice."

"They do, Miss Meg. Old Andy Cahill, who came to offer me his professional services for my cow, assured me I'd never reclaim the bog, that under it was a bottomless lake in which St. Patrick drowned the biggest serpent in Ireland. 'An' I wonder, Captain,' he said, 'that you, belongin' to a fine ould

ancient family, 'ud be doin' your best to root up ould beliefs an' ould customs."'

"They shake their heads over you, indeed, Captain Fitzmaurice. They say the fairies will have their revenge on you for the loss of the rath."

"I don't like the steam plough, m self. I am glad it is out of sight and hearing of Killylea. I like the ploughman and his horses going up and down the black furrows, though I destroy th peace of it with my Puffing Billy."

"You would not easily acknowledge yourself beaten, Captain Fitzmaurice."

"Nor you, Miss Meg. You are your mother's daughter."

"I have done nothing to show it—yet."

The two looked at each other again with that perfect understanding and sympathy. Their friendship had been growing during those months since Captain Fitzmaurice had saved Meg O'Donoghue from being carried over the weir.

Now the man watched her with a sense of restfulness as she stood by the table piling golden September roses high in a bowl.

"Ah," she said, as the door opened to admit Bridget with the tray, "now I shall make you your tea and mother will be in by the time it is ready."

"Your tea-table looks jolly," said the Captain; "better than any dinner table of my acquaintance."

"They are pretty things," said Meg, her hands moving over the old china as if she loved it. "I found them hidden away in a cupboard when I came home, giving joy to no one. My mother wouldn't know what she was drinking her tea from. I am trying to teach her the pleasure of having it from old dragon china, instead of the commonest stuff in the Kilcolman shops."

"I read somewhere in a book," said the Captain, dreamily, "that there is nothing a woman can do in which she looks so sweet and home-making to a man who loves her as when she is busy over the tea-cups."

A sudden electric flash of consciousness struck both. To Meg it was like a sharp pain—a shock that, after a moment's cessation, set her heart beating.

The man, on the other hand, jerked himself back his full length and looked his sternest. Each was angry with that inner conscious self and each hoped that the other had noticed nothing.

"Miss Meg," said Fitzmaurice, after the awkward silence had passed, "when will you let my sister come to see you?"

The girl looked at him with a frown of impatience, as if they had threshed out the matter before.

"I shall not have time," she said, stiffly, "for visiting and being visited."

"Not later, perhaps, Miss Meg," Fitzmaurice said, almost humbly. "But now what have you to do that would prevent your receiving Clare?"

"I have taken over my mother's accounts. It is the one thing she has no time for. I never was good at arithmetic and they have been let go for years. Thinking of them keeps me awake at night."

"Ah, that explains the little frown you are acquiring. I began to think you kept it for me."

"Why?" said Meg, with sudden sweetness. "Why should it be for you? You have been good to my mother and me."

"Thank you, Miss Meg, though I don't know about the goodness. But you will let me bring Clare. She wants to come and you *must* like her."

"Miss Fitzmaurice is very good."

The man looked perplexed, as a man will over a woman's sudden, inexplicable coldness.

"Then Clare may come?" he began, hesitatingly.

"Captain Fitzmaurice," said Meg, with decision, "I have made up my mind to remain in the class I was born into. Indeed, I can't do anything else if I would, though I could be very uncomfortable with one foot on sea and one on land. I have been making the

acquaintance of some of the old neighbors, and though I should much prefer your sister's friendship to that of Mrs. Ryan or Miss Nolan, I'm afraid my place lies with them."

"Your place!"

"My place. If I hadn't happened to go to St. Cyr and assimilate as I did the life about me and to have been the friend of Germaine de Neuville, I should now have been dusting a chair for you with my apron instead of drinking tea with you like an equal."

"You are a lady; nothing can better that," said the Captain, doggedly. "And though one needn't add anything to it, you are very clever, Miss Meg—too clever, or you would simply accept our friendship and not think so much about it."

Meg's face softened.

"If I were a simpler girl, I daresay I should be happier. But I have had to think things out for myself. And my mind has been sharpened by contact with minds finer than my own. Then, during those months since I came home I have had nothing to do but think. If I had been a coward"—she lifted her head proudly—"I should have gone back to St. Cyr where they would have given me work and forgotten all about this perplexing life. But I am not a coward."

"No need to tell me that, Miss Meg."

"So I shall stay and live my life and shall be ready to be my mother's right hand when her's fails.

"You will live your life; but you need not refuse alleviations."

"I shall not be so lonely. It is fortunate in this corner of the world to find a woman like Miss Hevey."

"You are right," assented Fitzmaurice, gloomily. "She is a fine creature and straight as a die. But she is old enough to be your mother."

"I don't want girls. Their ways are not my ways."

"Upon my word, I believe you, Miss Meg. You think like an old woman."

"I am obliged to."

"Your mother, Miss Hevey, your old servant—you will be surrounded by elderly people."

"Except Snap"—lifting the dog's silky ear.

"You need not tell me you will make friends with the country people. You won't."

"There is Mrs. Gleeson—a soft, motherly creature. I have made friends with her already."

"You won't with her daughters."

"How do you know, Captain Fitzmaurice?"

"They won't with you, whether you want it or not."

Meg swept him a little mocking bow.

"Yes, I know it's rude"—stubbornly—"but you would be horribly out of place at their dances and festivities. You would be a foreign element. I've no doubt some of them, the ill-natured ones, detest you already at sight—for the way you carry your head and wear your frocks. There's something about your frocks."

"They are French; but they will wear out and I shall get new ones from Dwyer's in Kilcolman. I think you're very ill-natured, Captain Fitzmaurice. Still, you're right to some extent. Miss Hevey told me, with great enjoyment, that Mrs. Ryan describes me as a peacock."

"Detestable woman!"

"My own people, Captain Fitzmaurice."

He turned from her with a gesture of despair and fingered some of the trifles on the mantel-shelf. Suddenly he faced her again with a new thought.

"You did not reject the friendship of those French people," he said.

"The circumstances were different. I was free to choose there. But I did not choose to stay with them and leave poor mother to her lot. My friendship with Germaine taught me better than that."

"You could have stayed with them?"

"Yes," said Meg, with a new timidity, "I think I could have stayed—if I would."

He was on the point of asking her

another question but curbed himself as though by a strong effort of his will. One glance he gave at her as she stood submissive, ready apparently to answer him, then he turned and drummed on the mantel-shelf.

"Very well, then," he said, "you will not have Clare. I shall not trouble you any more."

"It would be a privilege—she has so beautiful a face; but I think I am right."

"Nor—nor my cousin. I wanted you to know Mabel."

"Thank you; it is better not."

There was a heavy step in the passage without and Mrs. O'Donoghue entered, relieving a moment of strain.

"There you are, little mother," said her daughter, "and dead tired as usual. And Captain Fitzmaurice has been waiting to see you for quite a long time."

Mrs. O'Donoghue sank down into her chair.

"Just wait, Captain dear, a bit," she said, "till I rest myself. The old head of me's not that clear this minute that I'd be able to take in what you were talking about."

She looked up at her tall, young daughter, who was deftly unfastening the buttons of her big coat.

"Do you know, Captain," she said, "'tis the pleasantest thing in the world to have a little daughter to come home to of an evening. The world isn't the same place to me since I've had my Meg back with me."

Her daughter stooped and kissed her. Then she shot a glance at Fitzmaurice, a glance full of light and love. It said as plainly as possible that this was her return for a world well lost.

CHAPTER IX.

MEG'S FRIEND AND MEG'S WAY.

Counsellor Fitzmaurice was by far the most popular person in the county. He was a little red robin of a man, who might have earned his title of Counsellor from his being everybody's adviser in all their difficulties. However, it was really derived from the fact that he had chosen the bar for a profession and had spent a certain number of not unprofitable years in practice at it.

He might, perhaps, have gone on and taken silk and climbed to the bench in time, but for an irreparable misfortune which overtook him. This was the death, after an accident in the hunting field, of the girl to whom he was devotedly attached and in whom he had found, indeed, the other half of his heart and mind .

Elderly people still remembered Mr. Theobald's sweetheart, Miss Emily Phillips, a fair, smiling, gracious creature, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. She had lived long enough after her lamentable accident to say good-bye, for this life, to her dear Toby, and to make her will, bequeathing to him her little house with its park and gardens and her money in the funds, which was quite sufficient to bring him in a snug competence.

These gifts of his poor dead girl made Toby Fitzmaurice a matrimonial *parti,* even without his prospects at the bar. But though he seemed to thrive in the smiles of maids and matrons, none in all the years that followed Miss Phillips' death seemed to come any nearer to him.

He had not added to the general sum of grief by his way of taking trouble. The blow which had killed his youth had laid no axe to the root of his cheerfulness, which, by and by, sprang up like a leafy tree that harbors singing birds in its branches.

People who remembered, said that he had hardly aged at all in the thirty and odd years since his loss. Then, middle age had seemed to fall on the chubby youth in a single night and middle aged he had remained.

He had laid down his ambitions upon his Emily's grave. Immediately after her death he had withdrawn from practice and had come to live in her little house. He kept everything as she had

left it, her servants, her dogs, her horses. It was as if the mistress were away for a day and might return at any hour to find the sunny house waiting for her.

The sunshine of the Counsellor's cheerfulness did, indeed, irradiate all about him. He did not share in the feeling of awe which attached to other members of the big family of the countryside. There was hardly a hearth in the district, however humble, by which he had not sat and he could not pass by a single cabin without being reproached by the children if the usual piece of sugar-stick were not forthcoming.

He was in his element, now, sitting by Mrs. O'Donoghue's sofa, that indefatigable woman having been laid low by a more than usually overmastering attack of "the rheumatics."

"And didn't it come suddenly?" he asked in a voice full of sympathy.

"I've been racked with it for months, off and on, though I wouldn't let on to Meg. 'Dead tired you are,' she said the very last evening I was about. 'Dead tired it is,' said I to myself and feeling as if the long rest of the grave wouldn't be an hour too much for me."

"You're but a young woman, Nora, to be talking like that," said the Counsellor, who had danced with her at her wedding. "I'm a dozen years older than you and I look to be here a good many years yet. To be sure I've led a lazy, worthless, unprofitable life."

"You'll be more missed when you're gone out of it than all the busybodies. Do you remember the time I talked to you about sending the children to St. Cyr?"

"You asked my advice about it but you had your mind made up all the time."

The Counsellor twinkled all over his rosy face.

"'Tis the way of women, you know. And yet you were against it, I well remember, though you gave in at last. And do you know, this many a night back when the pain kept me awake, I've been thinking you were right after all?"

"Well, then, Nora, it must have been the pain, for you're not the sort to look back like that; and I can't agree with you. Meg's a living justification of your ambition for her."

"Ah, yes, 'twould be hard to beat her," said the mother, with pride; "and yet, when I went to meet her at the railway station, forgetting in my eagerness to see her how rough and savage I must seem to her, there was a look in her eyes as she stood there holding her head like a stag that fairly stabbed my heart."

"Poor Nora!"

"She was a little child when she left me, you see, and I hadn't got my queer, rough old ways; and she'd got used to the fine friends she'd made at St. Cyr. I'll tell you what her eyes said, Counsellor. They said as plain as could be: 'Is this my mother, this queer old bundle of men's clothes?' Aye, and said it with fear and dread. Ave, to be sure, she was looking like a young princess herself, the creature."

"It would be a passing feeling, Nora. The girl's pure gold and is not likely to misjudge her mother."

"'Tis a comfort to tell someone about it. I realized then that I might have done the right thing maybe according to my lights, but I'd gone the wrong way about it."

"The great thing is to do the right after all."

"You know how it was, Counsellor dear," said the widow, not seeming to heed him. "I hadn't the heart to care how I looked nor to mind the jeer and the laugh that used to follow me. They've grown used to my queer ways, now. But sure it came sudden-like on my poor Meg."

"Those who laughed laughed from ignorance."

"Maybe .When I came back the day that Meg came home, I laughed myself at the figure I cut in the glass—laughed, aye, with the tears running down my face. I don't know when I looked

in a glass before. Anyhow I've done with the thing now. I'm not a bad looking woman yet, Counsellor, now I've got back to my woman's clothes."

"Indeed, I was thinking how nice you looked in them, Nora.

"They're old-fashioned things, but I tell Meg they'll do me my time."

The widow pulled closer about her shoulders the little black lace fichu which had an air of faded elegance. It was surprising how the roughness of years seemed to have dropped away from her with the change of garb.

"But someone must see to the work Nora," said the Counsellor, after a pause.

"I wish I had a little boy," she said, fretfully. "Women folk are useless creatures at best."

"To think you should say it, Nora!"

"I ought to have been let keep my place. I never wanted to be a man-woman."

"You must let Meg take up the work."

"She has been talking to you about it?"

"What if she has?"

"Aye, she waited till I was laid low and the spirit crushed out of me to look to get her own way."

"She'd wait long to find you spiritless, Nora."

"Oh, indeed, what use am I, lying like a log here, while the child I reared delicate wants to go trapesin the world, a show like her mother before her?"

"She doesn't want your old coat, Nora. She can do the work without that."

"She wants to destroy the dream of my life, that she should be a lady. Handsome and clever she is to be a drudge of a farm-laborer! I was surprised when Maria Hevey backed up the girl's folly. I never thought to hear you do it, Counsellor."

"What else is there for it?"

"We could sell."

"There is nothing going for land at present. And think of all you've put into it. Meg, who seems to thoroughly understand your affairs, says you are only beginning to get it back."

"Why will she stick her nose into such things? I reared her as I did that she might only know the softness of life. Why isn't she content with the nonsense that pleases other girls?"

"The brave blood of the O'Donoghues bids her do otherwise."

'I wouldn't mind her whims or her fancies if I weren't laid helpless here."

"Look here, Nora, you're looking at the whole matter crookedly. Meg won't be a drudge. Plenty of ladies in England are turning to farming and market gardening now for a living and no one thinks the worse of them for it. In Kilcolman they don't know any better; but you have proved that you care nothing for the gossip of Kilcolman."

"I don't know," said the widow, gloomily. "It is the only place I know anything about. But is it true, Counsellor dear, what you say, that the ladies are taking to the land?"

"True as gospel."

"The mischief bother them! Why aren't they content with the good lives they have?"

"O, Nora, Nora, to hear you say the like and you the most practical woman I ever knew!"

"The more reason, perhaps, said the widow, cynically, "that I'd like to change places with them that have nothing to do."

"The world is changing, Nora and there are many ladies who must work or starve."

"'Twouldn't be my idea of ladyhood."

"Well, well. I'm afraid you're a crusted Conservative. But all the same, I trust your good sense, Nora—I trust your good sense. What harm can the fresh air and the face of nature do a girl? For my part, I'd wish to place her among no more healthful and happy surroundings."

"She won't be content with it. 'Tis to fair and market she'll want to be going next. She won't go tinkering at

anything she takes up, I'll be bound. She'll go the whole way with it."

Her air of mingled pride and reprobation brought the twinkle to the Counsellor's merry blue eyes.

"Well, even so, if she does go to fair and market, she'll keep her dignity through it all. And those she meets will respect her because she will know how to respect herself."

"Oh dear, oh dear, that I should lie here to listen to talk about such a thing!"

"I'm afraid she's inherited the taste from you, Nora. My nephew tells me she is an enthusiastic farmer already, though she is only a theoretical one."

"The Captain's encouraged her."

"I'm afraid he has, Nora, and she him."

"She won't go the way her mother went before her. She'll be pulling the place to pieces about my ears."

"She is your own prudent daughter. She has been devouring books on farming that Gervase has lent her. But she'll go cautiously, never fear. Her good common sense will steer her straight."

"She'll think we were all a pack of omadhauns that went before her."

"She'll ask her mother's advice about everything, or I'm much mistaken in her."

"She might do worse," with gloomy pride. "Even Captain Gervase doesn't disdain to do that."

"Then it is settled," said the Counsellor, rising cheerfully to his feet. "With you practically as the ruling spirit and with such friends as Gervase and Miss Hevey, the young farmeress can't go very far wrong."

"You've settled it without me," groaned the widow; "and me lying here on my back, not able to stir a limb. I don't forbid it, Counsellor, because you've over-persuaded me, that's all."

"You won't hinder her, Nora?"

"I'm not the kind. She knows how I feel about it; but if she wants advice I'll give it to her straight."

"That's right. And now I'll tell Meg you've consented to her taking up the work."

"Meg must have been within hearing for she came at the first summons.

"You may begin the work tomorrow", said the Counsellor, "with your mother's blessing."

"Ah!" cried Meg, wth a low sound of delight.

"I didn't say tomorrow," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, reproachfully. "But I don't suppose it matters. My word doesn't count for much now."

"For everything, little mother, now as always," said Meg, running to her and kissing her.

"There, there, child, I'd rather you kissed me for something else. I don't like to look at you, Meg," pushing her away, sorrowfully. "What sort of a complexion do you suppose you'll have this day twelve months?"

"I assure you, Nora," said the Counsellor, the twinkle coming again to his eyes, "that complexions are quite gone out of fashion. So my cousin, Miss Egerton, who has just had a London season, tells me. What with lawn tennis and golf and bicycling, there really was no room for the complexion. It may come in again, but at present it's entirely out."

"There, you're laughing at me," grumbled Mrs. O'Donoghue; "and 'tis your turn to laugh, for you've had your way with me entirely, so you have."

(To be continued.)

CARPE DIEM.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

With will to do, and heart to dare,
  With soul to honor's chords a-tune,
  And lo ! the skies are full of June,
The fields forever blooming fair.

But deaf to honor's angel song,
  Of coward heart and wavering will,
  In every good man gathers ill,
And finds in every right some wrong.

Be resolute, be brave, be just,
  And earth her fairest garb shall wear,
  Shall make a joy of every care,
And light with gold the very dust.

FAME.

BY P. B. MELLISH.

Methought I stood before the brazen gate
That bars Fame's temple; and the throng was great
That sought for entrance there, but all in vain,
For one on guard still drove them back again,
Nor would an entrance grant, until that they
A fitting price for this great boon should pay.
Then one approached, a poet half divine,
Whose genius shone in every glowing line,
Sweet as the strains of Orpheus was his verse,
But in its depths there lurked a baneful curse,
Because he knew not God. He reached the gate,
And speaking to its guardian asked his fate,
What gift he gave I knew not, but anon
The gate swung back, its brazen hinges on;
And he passed in. Some looked with envious awe,
But one there was, upon whose face I saw
A look of pity, and I said "Friend, pray,
Why pittiest thou? What price did this man pay
That back for him the brazen gate might roll?
He turned to me and sighing said, "His soul!"

OTHELLO.

BY REV. JAMES H. COTTER, A. M.

If students could calmly consider the feelings Shakespeare creates, what classical criticisms would chorus the Master's praise. Our mental energies are, unhappily, ever clouded, sometimes benighted in sadness arising from the mystical sense of truest poetry; the while our little excited thoughts, flitting through a wilderness of disturbed feeling, give a vexatious gleam that, far from cheering our hearts or brightening our comprehension, intensifies the gloom. We cannot know Shakespeare without feeling his triumphant themes, so much heart is in them; and yet this very feeling ever inclining to excess is liable to impede alike the progress of our knowledge and the expression of our judgment. So heart distracts head and we end our study in an apology as unattractive as the face of that Moor, whose name is crystalized forever on one of the Master's four greatest dramas.

In the drama Othello, Shakespeare's own glorious words, given by his creature, fittingly return to the tongue of the Master; "I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none." All that became his polished power is here done, and parts appearing unfinished suggest, like Michael Angelo's "Day," more than complete expression could compass. What characters are these? Oh wondrous power that could make such lofty fancy realize in such glorious fact! The persons of this drama are so true we are loath to say that they are described but would prefer to say that they possess the power of description. We would not say, they were; but would rather say, they are; so truly does the freshness of immortality give them an unchanged and vigorous presence. Their minds think, their muscles quiver, their hearts dilate or compress in joy or sorrow, their eyes are brilliant with the beaming of love, lurid with the flaming of hate or shaded with lurking treachery; and brows bright with triumph or pleasure as the jewel burning thereon become forbidding in indignation or fiery in fierceness.

Titian's and Tintoretto's charming coloring, that made even shadows rich in the joys of light, surpasses not the exquisite handling of this dramatic artist. In the masterpiece we get the salt sea air of the Adriatic, the musical night and dreaming day of Venice, the peculiar ribaldry of the brawler and the proper dignity of the Doge; we have the city looking seaward with its marine messengers, and Othello, though Fancys' structure, standing in "Exotic grandeur" upon the shore, as majestic as the Moorish golden-domed St. Marc's and far more rich, in thoughts' luxurious treasure. Other dramatists have reached our minds through our eyes and ears with the stately stories of their grand imaginings, but Shakespeare, like his Richard "himself alone," informs us through all our senses;—we feel as well as see, we taste and smell and hear.

This grand drama excites profound interest arising from the ebb and flow of an ocean of feeling in a character, most sincere because most noble. The Moors' varying moods reasonably and naturally come from causes without as well as within himself;—his own burning candor and Iago's freezing sophistry. Like the gondola on its broad boulevard gliding, so went peaceably the first of Othello's wedded days until the villain; whose wretched vocation it was to see how miserable he could make

the lives of others, changed calm to calamity. Henceforth the trip to Cyprus is not more stormy than their lives' passage and war, one time a curious story for the gentle wife; "a moth of peace," now makes her own life its very bloody arena.

Othello bears a soul, whose love is as rich as tropical luxuriance is picturesque, whose hate is as barren as the Sahara of that awful Africa, his home. Othello "the honest"; whose glowing candor made villany appear to him honest! Othello, the true; whose life was neither tainted nor touched by any form of falsehood but whose every word and work bravely pronounced a soul sincere! Othello, the noble; unsuspecting because unconscious of coward tricks, until he was mercilessly felled by their strategy! Othello, the terrible; whose wrath, having wronged his love, turned his "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper" upon his mighty self to fall, alas, ingloriously, after so many glorious wars for Venice and The Cross.

Schlegel, in studying Othello, certainly did not heed the words of the hero's last speech; "speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate!" He proceeds to speak him an impulsive, revengeful negro, in whose nature cruelty to woman was bred. If this accusation could be maintained against the drama's entire history of Othello, the proud periods of Schlegel's splendid eloquence would certainly accomplish the task. The great German critic, however, in believing Othello to be an easy prey to his own ardent impulse, in the same degree, unintentionally underrates the unique power of the villany of Iago. Othello's impulse is that of the soldier, gemmed with adventures; his revenge is the slow and logical growth of an outraged sense begotten of the inimitable art of an Iago; his cruelty to woman is the sequence of a greater cruelty to himself, and the name of negro, though unjust, should not, never the less, be deemed prejudicial after the Duke's judgment;

"Noble signior, if virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

Othello's Vesuvius of passion first burns himself; its torrid flame tears from out his own fiery depths and makes ashes of his peace, destroys the fertility of his Fame, untops the mountain of his majesty and chars with black despair all the wide prospects of his life. The devil that stirred the Vesuvius was not Beelzebub but Iago. Let us follow the Moor through woes more strange than the wanderings of Ulysses. Othello was a man, who, generous in his views of men and things, could understand the manoeuvres of an army but not the movements of a man. As an expression of unruffled dignity, is there anything comparable to one who, advised to fly from a supposed mob, calmly stands with the declaration—

"Not I, I must be found
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly."

Later, when positively attacked, what can surpass the lofty grandeur of the quiet order— "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them!" In happy conformity to this masterly eloquence, came his speech to the senate; his tender prayer in Cyprus, with tenderest Amen, entrancing because unprophetic; his well-disciplined indignation, in the most trying time, at the "barbarous brawl" of the night watch. All this bespeaks the easy dignity of one, who was in manhood facile princeps and in manner a Prince; and all this undoes the indignities that Schlegel called Othello's. In the third act of the Drama Othello's clouded chapters begin. Iago is the Charon who oars him to his Hell. When it is question of the loss of his love, proudly reared on esteem, Othello's head and heart together fall in ruin. After being dexterously duped by Iago, who makes appearances proofs, dreams realities, guesses truths, and who leads Othello from possibilities to probabilities and from probabilities to certain-

ties of crime in his dutiful and devoted Desdemona, it is indeed pitiful to see the nobleman thanking a wretch who, having broken his heart and clouded his life, even then mocks him with deceitful solicitude that is intended to still more intensify anguish. Othello's horror at hearing imputations against his wife's honor, that he cannot gainsay chains him in passiveness. Soon he breaks out for proofs that he hopes will fail, and, failing, be the death of the slanderer. While thus raging, Iago's daring lie about a dream, dovetails a seeming truth about a love-token and, our Moor, in very epilepsy of soul, sobs his farewell to all the "pomp and circumstance" of his life; to be followed, after melancholy moping, with a plunge into that desperate state, where he declares himself "like to the Pontic sea." He then salutes Iago his lieutenant, plans with him the death of Cassio, and curses his devoted consort; whose kindly attention caused the loss of the arabesque in whose magic web love was indeed enmeshed. By insinuations, like blood letting, Iago gradually weakens the self control of Othello till, when he hears in a manner most positive of Cassio's supposed confession of his crime, he can stand no more. He falls to earth in a trance. For such a whole-hearted, single-purposed man, already unnerved, what wonder that the foundations of his life shook, when deceit, as damnable as complete, caused him to believe that Cassio's overheard interview with Iago had his wife as a theme for camp jest. What horrors crept over his afflicted sense, in that woful hour, can be deduced from its conclusion, "How shall I murder him, Iago?" The awful wrestling in his soul between memory and hope groans in the tripping and staggering exclamations—"but yet the pity of it Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" Chaos gives a blow that ends his love, and life soon follows. In his desolate sense, he would fain sympathize with what he believed desolate, his wife's soul. "Deep cried to deep"; so that sacrifice and not murder might make his once beloved it's subject. His dismay after her death, his tremendous terror on hearing the truth, his utter loneliness in imploring Graziano to "look in upon him", his despair that, in frenzy, roars the wish;

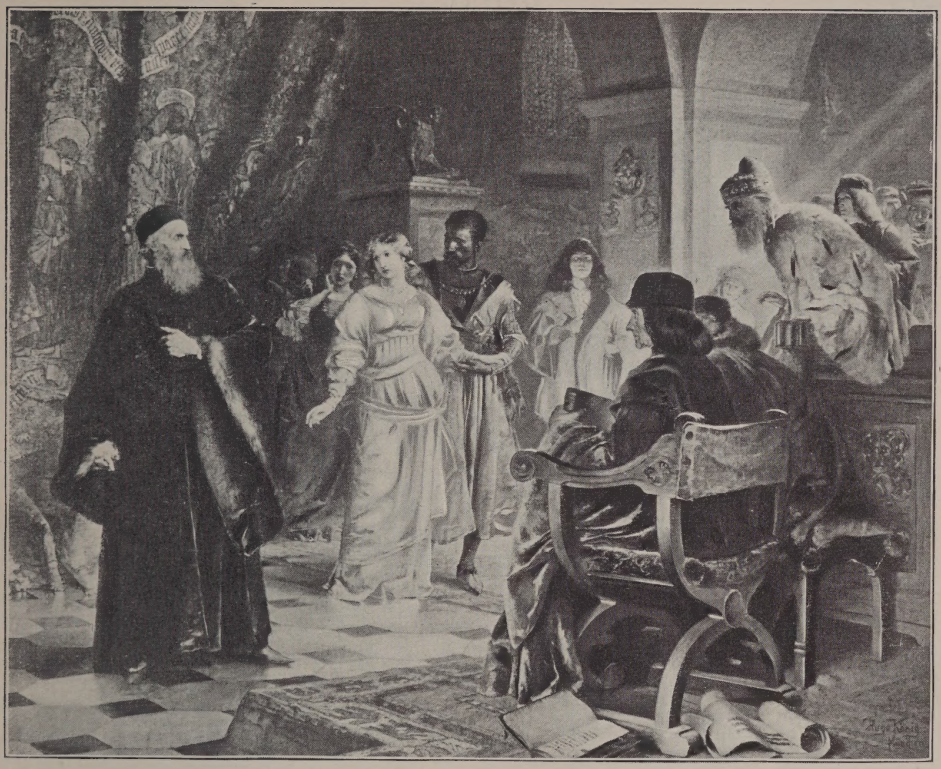
"Whip me ye devils
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!"

All these woes, murderous in themselves, disprove most solemnly the fancied right to murder, even in the wronged and exalted Othello. Never had murderer more unselfish motive, more provocations before, less gratification after his victim's death. Brutus struck his Caesar for Rome; Hamlet, his uncle for his father; Macbeth, Duncan for the crown; but poor Othello, poor after his noble consort's death, reached no purpose. A dupe to his own wrong conception of mans' right to life as well as to the misconception of Iago's character, our pity goes out generously to him; who is declared, in the beginning, by a begrudging critic as having "a free and noble nature" and is, finally, pronounced by the worthy Ludovico as "rash and unfortunate". Pity for the generous Othello is the measure of our boundless scorn for that villian, whose whispering, too late, was found to be the whining of a hell-hound.

Iago, cursed character! useful to teach mankind to be on the defensive against the possibility of such incarnate infamy, whose defeated purposes encourage the cultivation of virtue as much as do the triumphs of goodness, and useful, moreover, to give reasons for our admiration of the genius of Shakespeare who, though essentially gentle, could nevertheless, perfectly embody the perfect knowledge of hatred most harsh. Iago, the metallic hardness of whose character rasps in the doggerel—

"And let me the canaken clink, clink!
And let me the canaken clink!"

Iago, who moralizes like a saint and dates the thought for his moral from his own diabolical deed! Iago, the



DESDEMONA JUSTIFYING HER FLIGHT WITH OTHELLO.

consummate hypocrite; who consoles bereavement of his own creation with tact so skilful that his words appear gracious as those of a converted soul, when in reality their disguised purpose is "by indirections" to "find directions out" to a greater malice! Iago, whose tantalizing stops multiply his lies by giving him the appearances of conscientious scruples; when, in reality, he means to worry his proud prey with the vicious snapping of a wolf! Iago, whose nature is so brutalized that the most refined creatures appear to his Caliban sense as brutes! Iago, who seeing men as he sees himself, sees humanity degraded! Iago, whose delights begin when torture forks his victim! Iago, who, loving vice for its own foul sake, sits himself deliberately down to write, in a manner, the rubric for a murder, in the blood of his victim; Iago, to whom the poor attribute of honesty was a gibe, and deep indeed must be the depth of infamy that does not esteem honor and regret its want! Iago, with his frozen pose that neither the burning fire of the noble African's heart, the poetic summer of a Desdemona's nature, nor the warm truth of a Cassio could touch or thaw! Iago, who, if science has all to do with the head and nothing directly with the heart, can well be called a scientific scoundrel, for never was the quod erat demonstrandum at the conclusion of a problem in Euclid reached with more relish by a zealous youth than did our "Ancient" conclude some heartless design for some dastardly purpose! Iago, the Platonic philosopher in the stern soldierly manner in which he marshals his well-drilled means for an end, the Cynic in the way he dares danger! Iago, a learned demon in the deceit with which he makes his friend's frankness a gate through which he drives a very herd of devils!

Taine pronounces Desdemona an imprudent overgrown girl; but

strange oversight, he does not consider that if she could see what he sees there would be neither imprudence nor drama. Taine deems her imprudent, because he at the same time, saw the villany of Iago and felt the suppressed rage of an Othello. But did she? She did not look without her for reasons, as principle and not expediency was her Mentor, but went the dignified way of her innocence and, moreover, could not frustrate intrigue of which she was ignorant. Taine is unjust in viewing relatively what must be considered absolutely. If the drama could be without Iago, Desdemona would doubtless be to this critic graciously gentle on Mercy's errand; but from the life of the lady the villain was left out, for she did not even know of his existence. Supposing she did know, should her course be different or should virtue permit itself to have its way shaped by vice? Such a noble woman would, if I mistake not, pursue her honorable purpose for Cassio rather than to defame herself by stooping to outreach treachery or, in any way, to argue against a Gorgon, who turned to stone the heart of her Lord.

Desdemona looked from too great an eminence to see small things and so the geographical lines of this little world were over looked by her towering character, and her noble nature responded in love to the noble manhood of him who could say truly; "I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege." What a noble example is hers of constancy in wifely devotion! What gentleness combined with the strength of innocence! The grossness of Iago disgusts her, the laxness of Emilia surprises her, the strangeness of Othello confounds her; but through all, and beautiful above all, her devotion remains unchanged and unchangeable to the hour when the spotless bridal robes still suit her, stainless in her death.

Cassio in his simple truth; Emilia, who, though a plebeian, acted a patrician's part in the glorious advocacy of her dead mistress; Roderigo, whose small nature would find a roomy grave in a mole hill; these with the others are all finely drawn by him who could almost frame a character in a word. Shakespeare chose Venice, rich in taste and thought, to look upon him, and thus his picturesque characters are all finished so that they might royally stand before the keen gaze of a city full of artists.

The literary worth of the drama is immeasurable. It is a book of proverbs. Iago's speeches to Roderigo on hypocritical service, his estimate of the world and of men, his character of a good name; Cassio's exquisite eulogy on Desdemona as she disembarks at Cyprus; his condemnation of drunkenness; Othello's account of his love; his farewell to Fame; his speech, expressive of his chaotic state, that ends in a trance; his thrice bitter periods on the consciousness that he is made

"A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at;"

his awful soliloquy, "it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul"; his two long speeches after the murder;—these, in every clause, are texts for volumes, are lessons for centuries.

Before parting permit a thought on some of the exclamations. The "O! O! O!". after his hearing Emilia's brave truths, takes Othello's soul as completely as if the gasping of his will inflated one "O!" and his memory and understanding the other two. What shame and pain unbounded are spoken by the Moor's "so, so, so, so," on overhearing the Iago-Cassio interview? As the windings of the tail of Minos in Dante's Inferno, tell the depths to which a soul is damned, thus the "so, so, so, so," of Othello expresses the sudden and rapid descents of his soul into misery perpetual. The "Hum!" that choked Othello's speech, after his wife's prayer for her life, is another expression that a page could not bespeak.

The grand moral that rounds the many in this drama, tells,—besides the unerring failure of villainy, seemingly invulnerable, and the final triumphant

Othello and Desdemona.

justification of virtue,—the truth that suffering is nobly human in contrast to a state, utterly "void and empty" of heart—callous alike to either its pleasure or pain. For Iago, Shakespeare, with all his wonderful power, could not invent proper stage punishment; for as the villain did not live humanly he could not be permitted to die on the stage. He, therefore, led him off the stage to execution, in silence and in night, suiting the fancies of the audience. Man could not do this villain justice, and so the Master gives him over to the only devil who might be able to punish him, Iago himself.

"It is the Cause, it is the Cause."

"'TIS A FRAGRANT RETROSPECTION."

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

"My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Just do yer best, and praise er blame
That follers that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed that success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less.
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest."

A man of few words—so runs the story—forced upon the platform at a political rally, in his dire need of saying something, imitated the immortal Wegg by dropping into poetry. The poetry into which he dropped was James Whitcomb Riley's, and the line that caught the public fancy was used in a prediction of certain results that must come to pass: "When the frost was on the pumpkin and the corn was in the shock." The papers made much of the incident and the incident made the fortune of the Hoosier Poet, the genial philosopher whose "doctern" unfortunately is not more generally lived up to.

Despite his conviction that success is mixed with troubles "more or less" Mr. Riley was obliged to accept it and no doubt found compensation in the delight of such congenial friends as Robert J. Burdette, who, parodying "How it Happened," pays this glowing tribute to his friend:

"So I set here and wonder ef I know jest what it means,
When I see 'em print his poetry in all the magazines;
An' I see him on the platform with the James and Howells set,
An' hear the people sayin' 'He's the best one of 'em yet';
An' keep a winkin' back the tears that make my fool eyes shine,
Fer I couldn't feel no prouder ef he'd been a boy of mine."

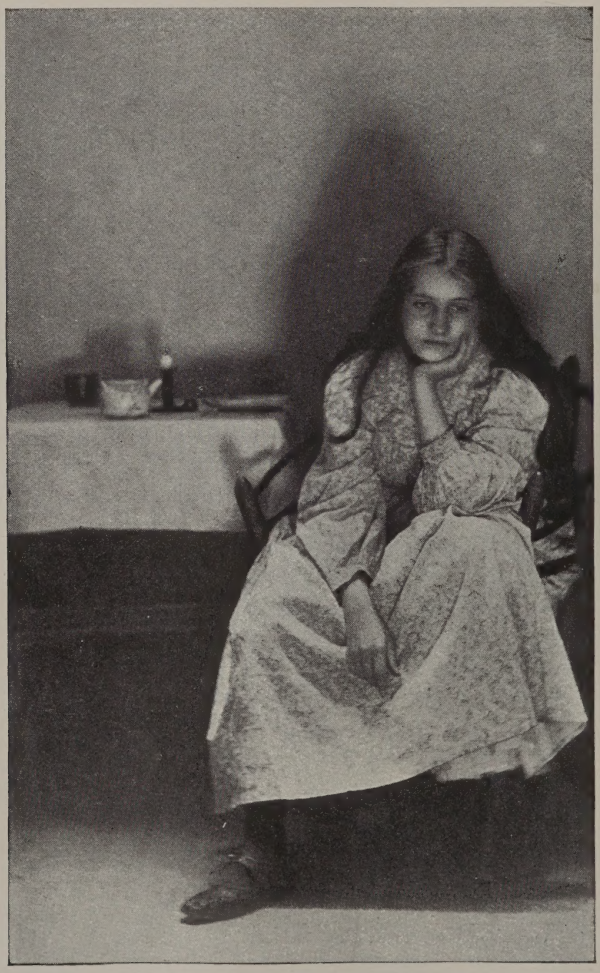
Here is whole-souled appreciation! And the familiar, homely phrasing gives it value beyond that of the dignified verbiage used by conservative writers in setting forth James Whitcomb Riley's claims to high place among American poets of today. It is a fine thing for the vast majority that Riley was not a profound poet; that he contented himself

"I Wisht Yer Mother Was Livin'."

with the home thoughts, early associations and heart throbs to which we can respond. His characters are delightful acquaintances and to cultivate their society is to insure many happy hours. There is keen pleasure in the remembrance of one's first reading of his child rhymes and meeting with Little Orphant Annie, The Raggedty Man, The Runaway Boy, and,—yes, even the Nine Little Goblins "that hadn't any sense."

In his Love Lyrics recently published are found many old favorites, notably, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, How It Happened, When My Dreams Come True, An Old, Played-Out Song and Nothing To Say. And though we know their story by heart, we do not tire of hearing it again. We are as interested as ever in the sacrificing Evaline,

"You might say jes' a-toilin' an' a-slavin' out her life
Fer a man 'at hadnt pride enough to git hissef' a wife—"



"When My Dreams Come True—Shall the Simple
Gown I Wear
Be Changed to Softest Satin . . ."

As ruthlessly as the poet we denounce the unappreciative John.

"A livin' all alone there in that lonesum sort of way,
An' him a blamed old bachelor, confirmder ev'ry day."

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—where is she?

A SONG OF LONG AGO.
"Sing it lightly, sing it low—"

Nothin' to Say sounds a note of pathos deeper than in any of the other poems. The simple, kindly father in his perplexity at finding his child a woman grown and deciding for herself is without resource to meet the situation. "I wisht your mother was livin'," he says, and the words are eloquent of his own need.

You look lots like yer mother: Purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about livin' here,—because she couldn't stay;
It'll most seem like you was dead—like her! —But I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page—

And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't a year old then;
And now yer—how old air you? W'y, child, not twenty! When?

Could genuine feeling and tender simplicity find more effective expression than in those dialect poems? And yet many claim that the poet achieves his highest success when he makes pure English the medium of expression and as an instance the Song of Long Ago is cited.

"I WAS RIDIN' HOME WITH MARY
AT THE CLOSIN' O' THE DAY—"

And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to git married that day?
I wisht yer mother was livin'! But—I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

"Sing it lightly—sing it low—
Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips we used to know
When our baby laughter spil'ed
From the glad hearts ever filled
With music blithe as robin ever trilled!"

The fragrance of the summer breeze, the apple buds and blossoms, the flickering shadows of the locust trees and the happy harmony of nature's minor singers are a part of this glad-pathetic

song, and to complete the pastoral the poet elects to

"Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whir of the locust and the bumble's drowsy drone,
And the low of cows that call
Through the pasture-bars when all
The landscape fades away at evenfall."

The fading of the landscape suggests thoughts of the dream world and affords a natural transition to that visionary realm in which the gentle-hearted poet seems so much at home and which he has peopled with creations of his own. With tender sympathy and marvelously delicate touch he reveals the heart yearnings of a maiden-dreamer whose innocent eyes look into the future with the hopefulness of youth and who does not say "if" but "when" while outlining the happenings that must come to pass in the golden days:

"When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear
Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair
Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest fairest gold,
To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?—
Or 'the summer of my tresses' shall my lover liken to
'The fervor of his passion'--when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves
Of happy harvest meadows; and the grasses and the leaves
Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun;
Till the noon swoons into twilight and the gleaner's work is done—
Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!
True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew;—
The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the eye
Than any lily born of pride that looms against the sky;
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,
My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true."

So much for the roseate thoughts of youth. The poet is equally happy in putting into verse the reminiscent mood of age. He makes the refrain "of an old song, Do They Miss Me at Home, set free a host of memories in the mind of one very near to the borderland, and yet recalling with zest his "sparkin'" time when he wore his "first neckercher."

"Though I'm wrinkelder, older and grayer
Right now than my parents was then,
You strike up that song, "Do They Miss Me,"
And I'm jest a youngster again!"

A youngster waiting for his sweetheart at the Spellin' and improving the long walk home to ask Marthy Ellen if she ever missed *him*.

"I can shet my eyes now, as you sing it,
And hear her low, answerin' words;
And then the glad chirp of the crickets,
As clear as the twitter of birds;
And the dust in the road is like velvet,
And the ragweed and fennel and grass
Is as sweet as the scent of the lilies
Of Eden of old, as we pass."

"Do They Miss Me at Home? Sing it lower—
And softer—and sweet as the breeze
That powdered our path with the snowy
White bloom of the old locus' trees!
Let the whipperwills he'p you to sing it,
And the echoes 'way over the hill,
Tel the moon boolges out in a chorus
Of stars, and our voices is still."

The Hoosier poet never allows his readers to be disappointed. Every one likes a happy ending, and recognizing this, the poet deftly turns the current if the course of true love refuses to run smoothly. Nor is he grudging of the time it takes to accomplish a happy consummation. A quarter of a century is not too long a courtship in his opinion and he shows as kindly a spirit in bringing about the union of old bachelors and faithful spinsters as in bringing together the merry folks in the heyday of youth. For instance, in directing Farmer Whipple's love affair he allows him to spend a wealth of love on the beguiling Mary, whose presence is accounted for by the fact that " . . . . . 'Twas one of mother's ways, you know, to want a daughter; so she took

a girl to raise." And for thirteen years from the time they "was little chunks o' shavers" to the day the farmer lad reached his majority they were "a lovin' pair." But there was a difference in the quality of their love as the boy discovered to his sorrow one memorable day. Let him tell in his own words how the calamity befell him.

"I remember onc't in harvest, when the "cradle-in" was done—
When the harvest of my summers mounted up to twenty-one—
I was ridin' home with Mary at the closin' o' the day—
A-chawin' straws and thinkin', in a lover's lazy way!

And Mary's cheeks was burnin' like the sunset down the lane;
I noticed she was thinkin' too, and ast her to explain.
Well—when she turned and kissed me, with her arms around me—law!
I'd a bigger load o' heaven than I had a load o' straw!

I don't pretend to learnin', but I'll tell you what's a fac',
They's a mighty truthful sayin' somers in a' almanack—
Er somers—'bout 'puore happiness'—perhaps some folks 'll laugh
At the idy—'only latin' jest two seconds and a half.'

But it's jest as true as preachin' fer that was a sister's kiss
And a sister's lovin' confidence a-tellin' to me this:—
'She was happy, bein' promised to the son o' Farmer Brown.'—
And my feelin's struck a pardnership with sunset and went down."

Surely here was a situation that well might defy the poet's skill, but Riley proves himself equal to the emergency. Having crushed his hero's hopes, he makes him the victim of an accident and the unwilling recipient of many favors from the successful Brown. There is refreshing candor in the statement of his sentiments.

"And my thoughts was as rebellious as the folks was good and kind
When Brown and Mary married—Railly must a-been my mind
Was Kindo' out o' kilter! fer I hate Brown, you see,
Worse n pizen—and the feller whittled crutches out for me—
And done a thousand little ac's o' kindness and respec'—
And me a-wishin' all the time that I could break his neck!
My relief was like a mourner's when the funeral is done
When they moved to Illinois in the Fall o' Forty-one."

But ungrateful and begrudging as Farmer Whipple may have been he was a constant lover, and for this the poet rewards him at last, bringing him, after thirty years, to the joyful moment when he "kissed and hugged the widder," and in the exuberance of his joy, took the public into his confidence:

"So now you've got an idy why a man o' fifty-four,
Who's lived a cross old bachelor fer thirty year and more,
Is a-lookin' glad and smilin'!—And I've jest come into town
To git a pair o' license fer to marry Mary Brown."

It is an odd coincidence that a "farmer painter" also found such inspiration in the line, "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock," that he, too, has come prominently before the public as the painter of a picture that will be shown at the Paris Exposition next year. James Whitcomb Riley was of the opinion that at the season he so poetically described the farm presented a scene that "no coloring could mock," but Alfred Montgomery, the rural artist, "mocked" nature so successfully that he has earned the honor of being known as "the James Whitcomb Riley in art."

The picture has been completed, and was recently exhibited in Chicago. It is six feet long and three feet wide, and represents a farm at the time of the year suggested by the ballad. A panel of rail fence is made to do service for a frame, and into this the painting has been thrust as if it had dropped and had caught there.

A correspondent in Bloomington gives the Chicago Record the following information about the painter and his way of living: Montgomery lives on a little place on the border of the town, which he calls a farm. He claims that he has taken no lessons save from nature. He has painted during a period

of thirty years hundreds of farm scenes. It is claimed that so realistic are some of the ears of corn seen in the pictures that they have at different times attracted the nibble of horse and the peck of a hen. The artist told the writer that the man who seemed most to appreciate his work was blind. In painting the grains on the ears he had made them stand out so that the sightless critic went over the canvas with his fingers, feeling almost every grain. Mr. Montgomery himself says that in thus making the grains stand out he has been accused of cutting off the end of real grains and pasting them on the canvas, but this charge he dismisses with a disdainful laugh.

The farmer artist is exceedingly odd in his habits. Some time ago he appeared in the Auditorium Hotel in farm garb, with a basket of huge red, white and yellow ears of corn. He checked the basket and invited the manager out in the hall to see one of his corn pictures.

Montgomery uses up an astonishing amount of energy. He will walk down street loaded with sufficient paraphernalia and pictures to fill a cart. One day, it is said, he arrived at the railroad depot at Lake Geneva with his load just as the train was pulling out. He wanted the conductor to wait, but the latter wouldn't; whereupon the artist began loading the front ends of the cars as they passed him, jumping on the last car himself.

The farmer artist says he will take his family and go to Paris with his pictures. It is said that he has made money from the sale of the wonderful products of his brush. He says he is building a villa in some Eastern State, and after the exposition he will settle there."

And live happy ever after? That may be if the farmer remains subordinate to the artist, and, satisfied with present environment, refuses to harbor the haunting thought:—

"What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door—
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!"

The cuts illustrating this article are from the holiday edition of Love Lyrics, and are used by kind permission of the publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company.

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

Upward he looked with his eyes so true,
My little boy, decked in his coat of blue,
And he said, "When I am grown up too,
I will buy a coat of the rarest hue,
And I will hold it, just so, for you."

Dear little boy with thine eager smile,
Thou art quiet, Oh, a long, long while;
Hast thou changed in that changeless isle?
Nay—thou art waiting, my boy, without guile,
Holding for me a garment meanwhile.

THE TRANSITION.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

"Well! Well! I declare if this neighborhood isn't going to the dogs" exclaimed Irving Rivers in great disgust, gazing from his window at the store across the way. His brief vacation of two weeks had ended the night before and he had returned to town with all the old realities of his humdrum life—which he had tried desperately to forget for fourteen days—already clamoring for the recognition that was to be theirs for another year. The prospect filled him with a distaste for it all that he knew would require many days to overcome. It was enough to put anyone in a bad humor—in the first place who ever heard of anyone being in a good humor the first thing in the morning—and that morning the beginning of a day filled with the cheery prospect that goes with ledgers and accounts. Therefore the fresh morning air which had awakened him so early failed to dispel his disgruntled mood, in the smallest degree.

"A fish store of all things!" he muttered ruefully "it needed but *that* to complete the charms of the district. Poor Eleanor—how disgusted she would be if she were here. His face grew pensively reminiscent. Eleanor was his wife who had been dead a year. His vacation had been spent with his boy far away at an old-fashioned farmhouse in the mountains; the boy had enjoyed it hugely, and he—well he was obliged to admit he had too, though it was quite different from his former mode of summer enjoyment. Irving had begun his career as a reporter, under the inspiring impression that he was destined for a journalist or literary celebrity, and had finished by becoming a bank clerk instead. Even yet it dealt hardly with him in this respect. He always wondered he had made such a capable business man. Of course, he told himself, it was largely due to his auspicious marriage to the cashier's daughter. With the cashier of a bank for one's father-in-law and the cashier's prospects of becoming president not at all remote, Irving felt that he really might have done worse—in which matter most people would have agreed with him. Still, he paused suddenly in his train of thought and gazed eagerly across the street. The fish store opposite was opening for business. A bustling little woman appeared and in an incredible time had opened up the whole front of the establishment it seemed to him, displaying in the process a scaly assortment of fish covered with cakes of ice; then as she turned about and the morning light caught her face Irving Rivers gasped—and uttered an exclamation.

"By all that's wonderful it's—it's Molly Eliot—as I live! Molly Eliot—my—old, one time sweetheart!" He turned about, laughed, and sat down on the side of his bed to recover. The situation impressed him as being too odd for words; the idea of the objectionable merchant across the way turning out to be his old time sweetheart—whom at an impressionable stage of his history had seemed the embodiment of all that was delightful and desirable in the world of femininity—struck him as being supremely ridiculous. These matters always *do* seem ridiculous when one is through with them, though their affair he reflected had never been a very serious one. It had lived and died in his obscure reportorial days.

Now that he could look sanely back upon the retrospect, it seemed to him

enthusiastic about it; she had received his attentions passively, evidently enjoying them while they lasted. Her buxom figure as he saw it across the way was anything but that of a lovesick, lovelorn maid, he reflected amusedly; yet, he felt inwardly nettled that she should have forgotten him so easily, it pricked his masculine pride, nothing more or less, to think she had not grown thin without him, though it never occurred to him that he had not become an invalid for memory of her. He got up again and strode over to the window; it was hardly six, and he would not have to leave for business until a quarter of eight which would leave him a little time to observe her.

"How fat and pudgy she has grown" he muttered. "Of course she's married though I never heard of it—Pshaw! how or why should I hear of it? Does she know I live across the street I wonder? And she's become a fishmerchant —Ugh" he gave a shiver at the thought. The idea of having loved a fish merchant offended his aesthetic sense. "But I never loved her" he protested, mentally. "I only thought I did, and found it pleasant to think so. By George! she has to work I suppose--pity you didn't take me, Molly. But then if you did my father-in-law wouldn't be as well disposed toward me as he is. He wouldn't be cashier of a bank and I wouldn't be—well—quite what I am."

He leaned contentedly on the sill watching the woman across the way as she moved about adjusting her stock of wares until her face shone perspiring and she paused for breath. She was dressed in some blue material and her sleeves were rolled up. Some women coming by paused to get a morsel for breakfast, whereat the little woman turning quickly called loudly but not unmusically "Carrie,Carrie, I want you, hurry up!" in response to which a duplicate of the little woman herself—aged about six, appeared.

"Here get these oysters ready for this lady while I—where's your father?"

"Pop's not up yet" Carrie replied, hovering over the oysters.

"Her girl I suppose" exclaimed Irving "or rather one of them,for of course there are several editions." It appeared there were for almost immediately two other juniors each smaller than the other appeared from as many different places; the smallest, a mere toddler of two or thereabouts got as far as the doorstep which it no sooner reached then it sat down abruptly and forthwith began to squall with a vigor that seemed to say that was all it came for; whereat Carrie dropped the oysters, darted over and shook it desperately.

"My! My! what is the matter with her?" Irving heard the mother say as she handed the customer her change. "Viola! stop this minute!"

"Viola" repeated he "it appears that Viola is the last edition and Carrie the first. Molly too it seems has the modern craze for fancy names, the idea of calling *that*—Viola."

In truth poor Viola in her dirty little dress, her bare little feet which were just now doubled over one another as though to imitate her fists which she was screwing gimlet fashion into her eyes, seemed woefully out of place with her name. Carrie in obedience to the maternal command had dutifully sought to ascertain the cause of the little one's distress—at least Irving so concluded—by picking her up, shaking her vigorously, then setting her down again, Viola renewed her previous vocal efforts with redoubled energy.

"Just leave her alone" observed her mother "she'll get tired and forget all about it," and forthwith she and the older girl went about their work.

"A very practical way of ridding oneself of an annoyance" ruminated Irving, "pon my word! Viola is doing just as her mother said she would, which only goes to prove that half the troubles of life are such merely because

we get some poor foolish creature to notice them, or believe in them. Viola with no one to fuss over her forgets to cry and stops of her own accord, while Viola, the object of maternal solicitude, becomes perfectly distracted. The next thing to discover in this interesting family is the man! the gentleman who succeeded to the honors once destined for me. Ah! this must be he!" and despite his satirical train of thought Irving was conscious of a curious combination of sentiment—half pique, half disdain—that defied definition, as a large, loosely-built man appeared in the doorway. He was good looking, with an air of graceless indifference to the cares of life, and the fish business particularly, that impressed the watcher across the way. His clothes were shabby, his face was covered with a neutral growth of beard that was merely definite enough to emphasize his slovenliness, while a trampish-looking cap adorned his head and Irving would have sworn he had not gone through the formality of a wash; then too, he was more youthful looking than Molly which it seemed to the other he had no right to be. In the meantime the subject of his criticism strode leisurely to the front of the shop, and pulling out a discarded box sat down. He carried a gun in his hands which he was evidently going to clean, or perhaps it was merely to convince himself that he had really found something to do. His wife and all the juniors gathered about him a moment later.

"Pop! gimme a penny" cried Viola as she clambered about him. "Gimme a penny won't you—'jes a penny Pop."

"G'lon" he cried, not ill-naturedly waving them off. "Ask your mother, she's got lots of 'em."

"Talk sense" interrupted his wife sharply," and look here Dave Milligan it's time to go to the depot for the things."

"Milligan" repeated Irving "never heard of him—but he's undoubtedly a bargain for Molly, wherever he came from." For Milligan, with a negative shake of the head that withal was very positive, observed lazily as he bent over the lock of the gun "I ain't goin' for no stuff to the freight house—not me."

His wife paused to wipe the perspiration from her face with her apron. "And do you mean to tell me that I'll have to go as usual, after my hustling around this place since daylight and you sitting there with nothing to do? It's mean Dave. I'm just getting sick of it."

"You are, eh?" he cried suddenly, dropping the butt end of his gun with an ominous thud and whirling quickly about to frown at her "you're gettin' sick of it—eh? Well, you'll get a sight sicker if you keep on—do you hear me? I'm not goin'—that settles *that*—I never said I was goin' and I hain't got any idea of goin'. Are you satisfied?" He turned about again with the air of having disposed of a foolish question and bent to the gun with that same ugly frown. Molly said nothing but turned quickly back into the store; even the little ones kept by themselves as though conscious this was no time for trifling. In the action Irving read the history of a family ruled by a domineering, useless man who for that very quality was waited upon and feared. He felt he disliked Milligan heartily. A moment later Mrs. Milligan came out dressed for the street.

"I am going to the freight house, Carrie, you mind things till I come back," she said as she turned away.

"Poor girl" murmured Irving "I'm afraid you made a mistake—a big mistake" and forthwith he strode down to breakfast, I suppose he beats her" he reflected as he was on his way down to work "he looks fully capable of it, the worthless wretch."

Now there are certain disadvantages in being the son-in-law of so august a personage as the bank cashier, one of which was that Irving was overwhelmed

with inquiries as to how he had enjoyed his vacation, how well he was looking —and all the rest. It was a tribute they felt it necessary to pay him, and measuring it at its true worth he answered laconically, and fell to thinking of his new neighbors across the street. By the time he had donned his office coat his father-in-law had arrived which necessitated another interview in which all the particulars of his trip were to be rehearsed and gone through with; the pivotal point being whether Harvey, the boy, was well and thriving on mountain air and country diet; and hearing that he was, the cashier was satisfied. Irving often reflected that were it not for the "boy" *his* interests would be very vague indeed; as it was however, he felt he must be of some importance because he was the father of Harvey, whom the cashier undoubtedly thought a wonderful youngster in every way. And Harvey's tenure of life was none of the best just now; he seemed to have inherited a goodly share of his mother's delicate constitution. Nevertheless Irving felt that did he but weather the next year or two, he would be past the uncertain point, which meant that his own prospects would become just that much more pleasantly definite too, from which reflection he turned to remember how sturdy Molly's children seemed to be. Viola who had displayed such wonderful lung power was probably two years younger than Harvey; Viola—and Harvey! why should he think of these two in an intimate way? he asked himself, and not being able to answer set diligently to work—to forget.

In the evening when he came home again he had almost forgotten about the Milligans till he discovered the gentleman still leisurely at work on the gun and seated on the selfsame box, just as he had left him in the morning. Mrs. Milligan, looking tired and worn, was bustling about waiting on customers while Carrie was belaying a neighbor's child for something or other. Going inside he found a note from the country informing him as he had expressly stipulated, how Harvey had gotten on in his absence. He had cried at first, the note said, then drank a quantity of milk and later seemed to be in very good spirits. After absorbing and duly considering this inspiring information, Irving betook himself to the shadow of the porch below, and from its dark recesses observed the family across the way until he grew too sleepy to observe anything intelligently.

PART II.

Washington Place was undoubtedly falling from grace at a very rapid rate. There was now nothing at all private about the retired little street. Its name, Irving felt, was a misnomer. Common vegetable stores, fruit stands and laundries began to crowd the old respectability out; there were even one or two saloons poked in between as a promise of things to come. It was disgusting, it was discouraging. His own little brown stone house that had been his father's before him still preserved its inate privacy, its discreet gentility; something seemed to mark it out and set it apart from all the rest. Perhaps it was the iron fence that gave it such a conservative old fashioned air; in any event it was the only dwelling in that vicinity that still preserved the old-time respectability. The latter quality seemed as lasting as the brown stone of which it was built, nothing but annihilation could change it. He was often tempted to leave it for good and all—but then he was really not quite prepared to do so yet, first, because it was a very comfortable place for a man who was all alone; and secondly, it was his home; it would do, it must do, for him until Harvey grew old enough to share life with him; after that perhaps they could have something better. Therefore he remained a resident of Wash-

ington Place, content to watch the transition going on around him.

It seemed everything partook of a transitory nature, now. The buildings were changing, the people were changing, he was changing! Catching a glimpse of the small bald spot on his head and the grey hair about his temples convinced him of it! looking at Harvey's latest picture—a boy of twelve dressed in the uniform of of a private school—was proof of it! and lastly, his neighbors across the way were eloquent of it! Yes, they were all changing. Even the bank was changing. His father-in-law had merged into president while he himself stood very near the cashiership. It was encouraging and depressing at the same time; encouraging, because his worldly prospects were almost assured; depressing, because the assurance brought additional cares. There was more to do, less leisure in his life. He was becoming important, and to become important nowadays means to be largely, if not wholly, at the service of some one else. He was not enthusiastic about it, he never had been to tell the truth; it all seemed to come to him without design on his part; he would have much preferred to have met success in some other calling, though it matters little to most men *where* they find success so long as they *do* find it! But his ambitions at twenty-one had been so different; he had never dreamed of becoming a banker, a financier, a successful business man, his inclinations had been all the other way; but the other way had failed him. There were some individuals who seem to be selected by a designing Fate for the good things of this life; Irving seemed to be one of these, for circumstances had taken charge of him, and wholly without effort on his part had borne him along on the crest of the wave to the success for which many a man would have died. He realized it well enough; his father-in-law, in accordance with modern methods, was connected with a variety of enterprises which as he grew older it devolved upon the younger man to manage. Nevertheless, at times, the fact did not interest him as much as did the family across the way. Molly had grown stouter, older and more careworn; she worked hard, he could see that, while Milligan lived contentedly on her labor, looking no older than on the day of their first acquaintance; he was always mending guns or fishing tackle, and he always seemed at the same stage of shabby, unwashed respectability. As to the other Milligans —they were no longer so very diminutive though they had become a deal more noisy; they were undoubtedly a healthy lot, just as they were a very rough lot. Carrie had grown into a girl of sixteen with a figure whose angles were beginning to change into curved lines; there was an air of prospective womanhood about her that made Irving feel old. Viola had grown old enough to forego begging her father for pennies, and she no longer seemed as addicted to the doorstep as formerly. She was a fat, shapeless child with puffy cheeks that glowed with health and she was as rough as a bear; indeed he often wondered if there had ever been such very rough girls as the Milligans. He often rejoiced to think Harvey was far removed from any possibile contact with them; Viola, in bedraggled skirts and flying hair seemed always dashing after some fugitive companion and Mrs. Milligan always talked in a loud harsh way that jarred his sensibilities; he was aware that there were frequent disagreements in the family—no one living where he did could have been unaware of it. At such times he pitied Molly —his one time Molly—just as he despised her shiftless husband.

About this time too, the Young Man appeared; Carrie was of the age when the Young Man becomes a phase of most girls' lives and of course he became her satellite, she being the only

one of the family who was old enough or attractive enough to merit that type of admiration.

"Of course she'll marry him" Irving said to himself as he saw the Young Man leave her covertly at the corner every evening, "just as her mother did before her—without a particle of thought as to whether he can provide her with anything, or would care to do so if he could. It's inevitable! And yet she is firmly convinced that she is having a glorious time attending picnics with him or dancing herself into general debility. She thinks it so romantic too, to have to be so sly about it—to have one's mother disapprove and all that. Poor foolish girl! So blind to that figure of her father sitting there over his gun—or her mother's daily slavery."

This Young Man seemed to be of the conventional type, that is, his hat was cocked over his eye at a rakish angle while a cigarette hovered perpetually between his teeth as though it were part of his facial anatomy. He overheard Carrie's mother one morning in confidence with a neighbor relate how it was getting impossible to control her daughter any more.

"She's running 'round the streets all the time" she said "but what can I do? When I tell her to stay in, her father says she can go out if she wants; no use in my saying anything after that you know."

"No!" admitted the neighbor.

"Why, do you know what she told me the other night when I asked her to wash some dishes, and I so tired I could hardly stand? She turns around and she says—"Say Mom, don't you know it's getting old-fashioned to do housework when you're working all day? Well it just is and I ain't going to do it." I turned to Dave and said "Are you going to say nothing to that? but he only laughed and said "Good for the girl—she's all right." And then he tells her to do just what she wants. She's adoing it too. This morning she comes and tells me she's just going to pay her board—nothing more after this. And I can't say a word for her father backs her in everything. He don't seem to care whether she marries that young fellow that's always hanging 'round or not!"

"Yes, I saw them last night," observed the neighbor "he came up almost to the store there—but Carrie she didn't seem to want him to come any further."

"And how I used to hammer that girl when she was younger for her obstinate ways" exclaimed Mrs. Milligan "but she's gettin' too big for that now—she might hammer me."

This little piece of open air confidence gave Irving some food for thought, both as to the causes of the Milligan difficulties—as well as to the results; he tried to excuse Carrie.

"It's part of her inheritance" he reflected "there's Milligan the elder with a standing objection to energy of any kind, as well as an engrossing selfishness that makes the thought of anyone else a burden; result—Carrie is naturally indifferent to her mother's plaints when her own enjoyment is at stake; then too, the fish store with its environment has become too narrow for the girl. And it is sordid! Sick of the squabbles, the dirt and the noise, Carrie betakes herself to other scenes, to dance halls, late hours and picnics—all of which seem gay by comparison."

Yet with all his observation he merely saw things on the surface, he did not see their inner workings; it was not given him to be one of them. After a time he discovered that Carrie had vanished from the scene, that the family seemed almost to have forgotten all about her; from which he concluded that she had succumbed to the Young Man. Her disappearance caused no change in the life of the family; Molly was none the less stout and rugged and her husband still stood by his old box heroically, while with Carrie's effac-

ment an intermediary Milligan stepped in and filled the breach. And in a very short time the Young Man made his appearance again.

Thus the process of transition reached Viola at length and brought her to a sudden awakening, as it had the others; an awakening to many things she had never dreamed of before. First it dawned upon her that she, the baby, was eighteen—no longer a fat, shapeless child, but a decidedly handsome, young woman; the puffy cheeks had lengthened into a faultless oval, the brief little nose had straightened itself out very creditably, and the eyes had grown large and brilliant. Simultaneously, it seemed a more desirable thing to be less loud and rompish in one's manner —to be more quiet and subdued, just as it seemed desirable to be many other things that had never appealed to her before. She was thinking of these things one afternoon in a dreamily reflective way, when she happened to look through the open doorway into the other room. Her mother, down on her knees, was scrubbing vigorously at the floor, while her father's figure seated on the box, lazily smoking his pipe, showed plainly. As her gaze turned from him to her mother again something seemed to tug violently at her heartstrings. That their mode of life had something radically wrong with it—something fearfully unjust—had never occurred to her before; yet now it seemed beaten into her very brain. She had always really loved her father, but now that love seemed suddenly to dwindle; her mother's crouching figure there on the floor seemed to mean a great deal to her. She had never been given to much sentiment that she knew of, yet now, when her mother paused a moment and with a tired gesture that spoke volumes, placed her hand wearily to her head, Viola's eyes dimmed strangely and a warm tear-drop splashed on her hand. When she brushed it away it was to discover her mother gazing at her wonderstruck.

"In goodness' name—what's the matter girl?" she demanded, wringing out the mop "you look like a ghost."

"It's— it's Oh, I don't know just what it is— Mom—" the girl burst forth impetuously "something just seemed to come to me as I watched you working so hard." She strode over hastily, and, placing her arms impulsively about the astonished woman's neck, stooped and kissed her.

"Well I declare" cried her mother, a strange look on her face "this beats anything! are you sick, girl?" It was the first time that one of her grown-up daughters had caressed her or seemed to notice her in any way. Something must be wrong with the girl—!

"There's nothing the matter Mom— with me— only— I feel so sorry for you" murmured the girl, her voice breaking off abruptly.

"Sorry for me" repeated her mother, still uncomprehending "sorry for me? What, for working this way? I'm used to it now I guess— I've been doin' it for years."

"I know" said Viola "that's what I've just been thinking of." The words "doing it for years" seemed to roll up into a monstrous injustice. Again the mother looked at her inquiringly; then slowly, as she perceived the girl's tear-dimmed eyes, she seemed to comprehend. A subtle change moved her own features; a revelation— that here was sympathy, real sympathy for her— the hard-worked! and that from her own daughter—caused her breast to heave.

"You are sorry for me—Viola" she whispered almost hoarsely "really sorry for me?"

"Yes, Mom" murmured the other folding her arms about her mother and kissing the warm, damp face with a sudden new sense of its worth to her. Perhaps the kiss repaid the elder wo-

man in a measure for the long, long years of toil; at any rate it brought tears that came from her heart—and for once they were tears of joy. This happening marked an era in Viola's awakening, an awakening that was noticed even by her father, who could not understand why she should be so different from the rest.

"She ain't got no life in her at all" he observed at times, when instead of rushing out hurriedly in the evening after supper in a frenzied desire for amusement as Carrie and the other had been wont to do, she remained quietly at home, apparently content to find more pleasure in washing the dishes. Mother and daughter without the medium of words understood one another much better now; Mrs. Milligan's burdens began to lighten and would have lessened even more, but now that she found Viola so solicitous she was determined not to let her overdo it. It satisfied her to know that the girl was so willing to help; filled with that conviction her labors seemed not half so burdensome. Her older sister was wont to sneer at what she termed her "notions."

"You'll get over your ideas" she said disdainfully "you're just a little too high-minded starting out. You'll find it don't pay to be acting like a swell—when you ain't one. See if you don't."

Perhaps it was acting "like a swell" that kept the Young Man at a safe distance; in any event none had materialized in Viola's case, so that she was spared the society of a cigarette-smoking Adonis to leave her at the corner. One day she slipped quietly out; a sudden determination had been born in her mind, and without a moment's hesitation she made straight for a large dry-goods store where she had seen many well-dressed girls whose lot she had been envying keenly of late. She had never been so keenly conscious of her own disadvantages as when she entered the great store; it only seemed to impress her, to weigh her down with its dread significance when she stood inside the great swinging doors. Then the well-dressed crowd of stylish, prosperous women jostling one another before the counters seemed to wound her, while her eyes, keenly alive to everything, perceived a sneering smile on the faces of some of the saleswomen, blended with astonishment on others as, faltering, she paused to ask if they needed any help.

"Don't know— I'm sure" tartly replied the person she had addressed, "just ask Mr. Willis there, he's the manager of this department. He'll let you know" and Viola turning about with a flushed face heard her ask with a distinctness she never forgot "Did you ever see such a fright?" But the "fright" persevering found Mr. Willis and discovered him not to be the ogre-like man she had feared. She knew she was at her worst when she addressed him, her hands clasping and unclasping themselves nervously—perhaps Mr. Willis knew it too—for he said they did need help, and leaving her for a moment he held a brief conversation with an elderly man. When he returned she had regained her self-possession, and answered him with a confident air that seemed to impress him agreeably.

"You may come tomorrow, we will give you a trial for we are very busy" he said finally. She heard the words that meant so much to her, with a dazed feeling that made her forget to thank him, then her strayed wits returning, she made her way to the street, and home.

"I've gone and done it, Mom" she said that night after supper. Her mother gazed at her uneasily; the girl's face was all aglow and she suddenly realized that her daughter was a very pretty girl—prettier than the others had been—but she was hard to understand. Viola comprehended her mother's thoughts.

(To be continued.)

BROWNSON'S MIDDLE LIFE.

"I had no schooling," said Orestes A. Brownson, recalling his early years, "but I had early learned to read, and I cannot remember when I did not know my letters, and also a child's prayer, which I never forgot to say at night before going to sleep. Good reading became my greatest delight, and my greatest want was books. I gathered through the day in a bit of woods pine-knots which did not decay with the trunks to which they belonged, to make a light by which I could lie on the hearth and read during the long winter evenings. I had a book in my hand whenever I had a leisure moment."

"I have had my joys and my sorrows but I have never known or imagined on earth greater enjoyment than I had as a boy lying on the hearth in a miserable shanty reading by the light of burning pine-knots some book I had just borrowed. I felt neither hunger nor thirst, and no want of sleep, my book was meat and drink, home and raiment, friend and guardian, father and mother."

The boy who learned thus early to find his chief pleasure in reading was destined to contribute much to the literature of his time and to become an important factor in the intellectual development of New England. The story of "Brownson's Early Life," as told by his son, Henry F. Brownson, has been supplemented recently by another volume taking up the happenings of a most important decade of years, that following his profession of belief in Catholic teachings.

That he had been unconsciously preparing himself for this change while performing the duties of a Protestant minister, was made evident on several occasions. In 1842-43, while delivering a course of lectures on the Middle Ages, Mr. Brownson condemned the ungenerous prejudice of Protestants against the Catholic Church; and a little later he is found studying with deep interest and genuine pleasure Bishop Hughes' views on the importance of a Christian basis for the science of political economy. And this, despite the fact that he "had long ago decided that the Catholic Church had outlived its mission." And yet "here was that Church in the person of one of her most influential prelates proclaiming the doctrine he thought most needed at the present time, with the vigor of a living and thinking friend of the people. This not only gave him a favorable impression of the bishop; but greatly increased his growing sympathy with that Church."

The following incident is suggestive of the trend of some minds towards Catholicity.

"Brownson returning from a round of lecturing, related that while in Washington he was one day discussing with Calhoun and Buchanan the necessity of the Catholic Church for salvation, when Daniel Webster joined them, and Buchanan said to Webster: 'We were talking about the Catholic Church, and I, for one, am pretty well convinced that it is necessary to become a Catholic to get to Heaven.'"

"Have you just found that out?" asked Webster. "Why, I've known that for years."

Presently, finding himself in doubt, Mr. Brownson determined to place his difficulties before the Rt. Rev. B. J. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston. In telling of this experience he pays high tribute to that prelate. "What most impressed me in this interview with Bishop Fenwick was the firm and un-

compromising character of his Catholicity. He used not a single unkind word in speaking of Protestants; but with all my art,—and I did my best,—I could not extract from him the least conceivable concession. He saw clearly what held me back, and that I believed I was prepared to join the Church if I could only have some assurance that individuals dying out of the pale of her communion need not necessarily be despaired of; but neither by word nor tone did he indicate that he had any such assurance to give. He was a Catholic heart and soul; he had learned the Church as the way of salvation, but he had learned no other. What he had received, that could he give; but nothing else. He was not the author of the conditions of salvation, and he could not take the responsibility of enlarging or contracting them. It was well for me that he was thus stern and uncompromising in his Catholicity. A man brought up a Protestant is apt to distrust the sincerity of another's faith, and in general looks upon a well educated and intelligent Catholic priest or bishop as acting a part, or merely speaking from his brief, without any firm conviction of what he professes. He also understands in advance that Catholicity is exclusive and boldly asserts that salvation out of the pale of the Church is not possible. If, then, I had found him less uncompromising; if I had perceived in him the least disposition to soften what seemed to me the severity of the Catholic doctrine, or to conceal or explain it away, I should have distrusted the sincerity of his faith, have failed to give him my confidence, and have lost what I had in his Church."

At this crisis in his life Brownson found much comfort in the loving sympathy of his wife, who not only offered no opposition to his plans, but advanced towards Catholicity with her husband and embraced it immediately after he did. In his home Brownson was an affectionate husband and father, notwithstanding that as a pastor of a congregation he might have grown arbitrary and somewhat despotic.

When Mr. Brownson became a Catholic he found himself confronted by the problem that so many have been called upon to solve under similar conditions—the question of support. His maintenance and that of his large family had hitherto been derived from his lectures and from his Quarterly Review, of which he was both editor and publisher. With his change of faith he felt compelled to discontinue the Review, as he could no longer make it a medium of religious discussion, and without such discussion he considered that it would not be welcome to his readers or satisfactory to himself. In his perplexity he thought of the law as a profession, in which he might win success and possible preferment, and he confided his plans to Bishop Fitzpatrick, who had received him into the Church, October, 1844. The Bishop's opposition to this plan and his reasons for wishing the gifted convert to pursue another calling, form the subject of a very interesting chapter in the history of "Brownson's Middle Life."

"When Fitzpatrick was informed of this intention he was very decided in his opposition, both on account of his interest in Brownson and of his desires in relation to the Church. He believed Brownson likely to win great success at the bar, but what, he asked, would it amount to after all? One who had led so many astray could only make reparation and atone for the evil done by devoting his life to spreading the truth which God had mercifully led him to confess. The best service he could render to his country was to labor for its conversion. The Bishop was attached to this, the land of his birth, and its constitution, and saw that Catholic faith and practice were all that were needed to make this country the most prosperous and beneficent on earth. He did not look upon our republican form of government as repugnant to Catholic principles, or opposed

to the maxims of the Gospel; but he knew that of all forms of government the republican or democratic requires the most religious practice of the sublime virtues of Christianity, and that only the virtue which perfects man, and lifts his aim to the supreme good, and the light of nature strengthened by the teaching of the Gospel, can furnish a solid foundation for the republic."

"The Bishop was also aware that he had an earnest and bold champion for Catholicity all ready for the fight, and one was needed at that time. The mass of the Catholics in the Eastern states were immigrant laborers, looked down on with contempt or hatred by the native population; in danger of violence and mobs; their churches and convents set on fire; whilst the descendants of Catholic-American families timidly aimed to talk and act in such way that their Catholicity should be lost sight of, or at least forgiven, if not forgotten. The sectarian journals were unrestrained in their hostility to Catholics and their religion, often misrepresenting both, whether from ignorance or from malice. Here was a field suited to Brownson and Brownson's Review."

"In continuing Brownson's Review as a Catholic periodical, the editor devoted his labor for several years chiefly to controversy. His old friends, Emerson, Theodore Parker, W. H. Channing, Sarah Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke, The Christian Register and The Christian Examiner, received much attention from him, while Bishop Hopkins, Theodore Jouffroy, Richard Hildreth, Dr. S. F. Jarvis, James H. Thornwell, Horace Bushnell, The Methodist Review, The Episcopal Observer, The Mercersburg and Edinburgh Reviews were also opposed for unchristian or anti-Catholic doctrines."

One of the first persons to assist the editor of Brownson's Review by valuable contributions was the Bishop of Philadelphia. His first article, Christian Ethics, was published April, 1846. When transmitting this article, the Bishop wrote:

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your wishes I have draughted an article for your Review, which I submit entirely to your judgment and correction. The choice of subject was determined by the request of Dr. Bellinger of Charleston, that the excerpta of Dens, published by Sparry, should be refuted. Unwilling to encounter a foul adversary, I have chosen this indirect means of meeting the difficulty, but as the matter is delicate as well as dry, I do not press its admission into your columns. I offer it merely as an evidence of good will. Wishing you every blessing, I remain, Your Faithful Friend,

Francis Patrick Kenrick,
Bishop of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 13, 1846.
O. A. Brownson, Esq.

The Rev. George F. Haskins, the founder of the House of the Angel Guardian, was also a contributor to the Review. That his standard was high and his requirements exacting, is shown in his severe criticism of his own work. In replying to Mr. Brownson's request for permission to publish his lecture on the Albigensian heretics, this impartial judgment of his own efforts finds characteristic expression.

Boston, May 23d, 1848.

Dr. O. A. Brownson,

My Dear Sir:—In looking over the lecture again, I am more than ever of my former opinion that it is not worthy of publication in a periodical like your Review. It might make a good series of articles for a newspaper and I think it would. If you will take the trouble to look it over, you will see that it "reads" very differently from what it "sounded" when delivered. Besides, after all, it is a mere compilation, and not the most skilful one, either. The style, too, I perceive, is harsh and often out of joint, and in many places ap-

pears more like a bungling translation than like an original composition. The conclusion strikes me as stiff, awkward and far-fetched, as though the writer was at a non-plus to find something to finish off with. It is for these reasons that I do not feel courage to undertake the task of making it what it ought to be, for I am sure I should fail and perhaps be in a worse pickle than before.

Still you are welcome to it or to any information it contains (and there certainly is a good deal picked up from many sources) if you feel disposed to make an article or cause one to be made upon the subject of the Albigenses. One important point was neglected in the lecture and that was the description of the person, character and prowess of Simon de Montfort—that might make a good conclusion for the article.

Most sincerely, sir, your friend,
Geo. F. Haskins.

The Tractarian controversy did not enlist Brownson's fullest sympathy. His biographer tells us that: "The question was never in his mind a question between the Catholic Church and some other, but always between the Catholic Church and none at all. At any time for twenty years previous to his conversion, if satisfied that our Lord founded any church at all, he would have been satisfied that the Catholic Church was the one, and that out of that there could be no salvation. The thing, for him, always lay on the surface of history, and he had not been a minister for a year before he preached a sermon against all idea of a Christian Church on the ground that if the idea was admitted, he could not stop short of Rome. The thing was as plain to him as that two and two make four, and he could never understand that Protestant state of mind which rejected Catholicity and still claimed to have a church, or that could dream of calling any church Catholic but the church in communion with the See of Rome. When subsequently he felt the absolute need of a church to keep men straight, and enable them to save society and their own souls, and found that men could not make one, and that a church could not grow up of itself, he was led to ask if Christ had not foreseen our wants and founded a church. He had, on obtaining an affirmative answer, nothing to do but to go to the Catholic Church, and beg to be admitted as a member. No person was or could be less fitted to sympathize with the Tractarians, and nobody less than a Tractarian could sympathize with him. Yet there were noble elements in that movement, and under what seemed its childishness, its absurdities and its apparent inability to see anything save through a distorted medium, or to draw a plain, logical conclusion, there was a deep and earnest tone of thought, a sincerity of purpose, a longing after truth and true Christian communion, as facts have proved."

The broad sympathy and kind tolerance shown by Cardinal Wiseman for the followers of this movement are attributed to the fact that he knew "what not every one knows, how to make allowance for men brought up in error and seeing the truth only dimly, as the man in the Gospel saw men as trees walking. He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, and he met these men in a kindly spirit. He yielded to them no point of doctrine; he made no concessions, no compromises; but he gave them full credit for their honesty and sincerity of purpose, and encouraged them to hold fast every truth they had attained; and firmly, determinedly, but with courtesy, Christian meekness and gentleness, pointed out and refuted their errors. Let any one read today his essays on what was called the Oxford controversy, and he can hardly fail to be astonished at the wisdom and address as well as eloquence and erudition with whch he met the movement. A rougher, though more energetic method of dealing with those men, like that which Brownson was compelled to adopt towards the sort of opponents he

found in his own country, would have repelled them, would have driven them back on their errors, and probably lost to English Catholicity all the fruits it has reaped from their movement. All men are not alike in all things, and the sort of treatment which would be just the thing to command the respect of a bold, frank, strong-minded Vermonter or Kentuckian, would have overwhelmed the delicate Oxford student, and made him withdraw entirely into himself, as a snail within its shell; that is prior to his conversion. After it, he ought to be able both to receive and to give hard knocks without losing his equanimity."

A strong contrast to the Cardinal's thorough equipment for meeting the issues of the day is afforded in the struggles of Brownson, forced to engage in the discussion of controverted questions, while he was himself a learner, untrained by Catholic discipline and ignorant as yet of Catholic phraseology. "He had to learn as he wrote." Nor were his perplexities all due to his own lack. His opponents were of a widely different class from those Wiseman met and vanquished, gentlemen and scholars engaged in a movement already far advanced on the road to the Church, and seeking in sincerity and earnestness for opportunities of embracing the truth."

"Some such undoubtedly there were and are in this country, but too insignificant a portion to be considered in conducting a controversy with the Acatholic public. For the first nine years that he conducted his Review as a Catholic, he asserted that in but one single instance had he met a fair-minded and honorable opponent of Catholicity. He had to address a community, indifferent, fanatical, bigoted, and to his most serious and elaborate arguments on the most momentous subjects that can occupy the mind or the heart of man, the gravest response he was able to obtain was a newspaper squib, a joke as to his frequent changes of opinion when a Protestant, or at best a flippant and scurrilous article in some magazine. So little seriousness, candor, and gravity was there in the country that even Catholic journals, when they felt called upon to dissent from some things he had ventured to advance, pretty generally followed, when they did not surpass, the tone of the Protestant and secular press. How in such a country, with such opponents, is it possible to conduct an argument for the church and against Acatholics in an elevated, dignified and courteous manner? Look into our Catholic journals, and see in what terms they speak of one another, when there happens to be a matter of difference between them, and then think what must have been the tone and temper of journals conducted by men who had none of the discipline or graces of Catholicity to restrain them. A man can discuss the questions Wiseman had to discuss, and meet the arguments he had to meet, and bear with the men he had to bear with, with some hope that he is not laboring in vain and that his words will not return to him empty. Brownson had little reason for hope of the sort, and sometimes felt that the most he could hope to do was to keep up the tone and courage of his brethren."

Brownson's attitude towards Newman was one of deep reverence for the personality of the leader of the Tractarians whom he reverenced as a man of acknowledged ability and learning, of deep and tender piety, of sincere and fervent zeal, ready and willing to do all in his power to save his own soul and the souls of his countrymen.

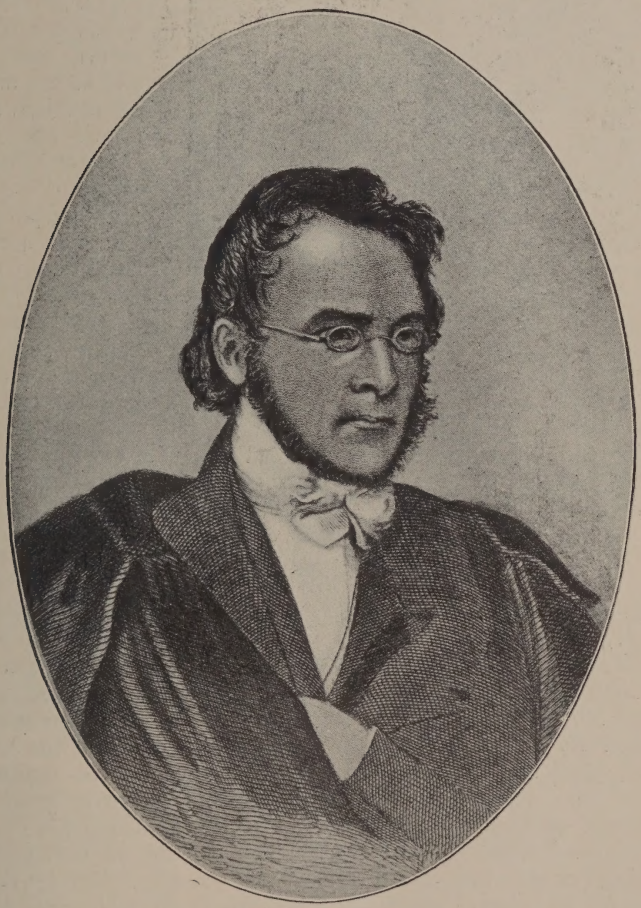
As a proof of the esteem in which Brownson was held and of the respect his writings inspired, and also as an index to the character of his colleagues, it may be permissible to introduce here a letter from J. Coolidge Shaw, a son of the elder Robert G. Shaw of Boston. He was a convert from whom great achievements were expected.

On entering upon the study of theology, after his conversion by Father Glover, he wrote to Brownson as follows:

Tivoli, Oct. 14th, 1845.

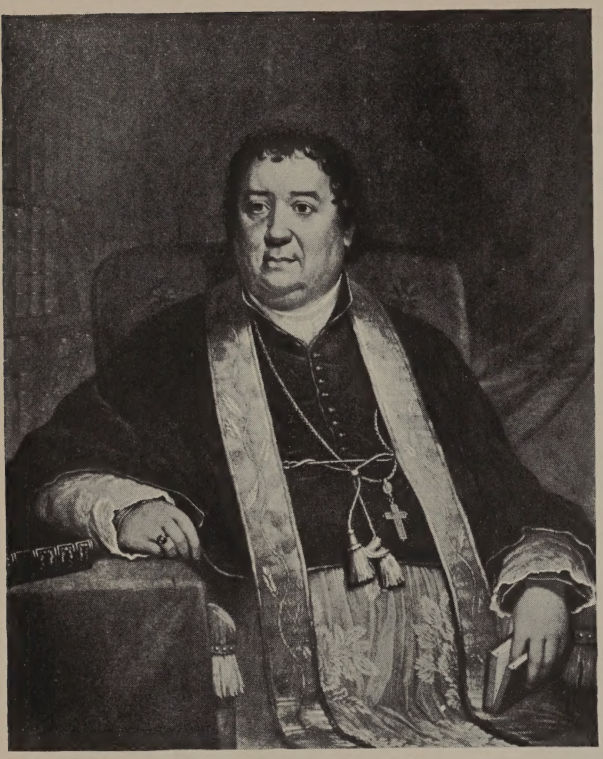
My Dear Sir:—

The hurry of departure prevented me answering at once the very kind note which you sent me with three numbers of your Review, but I have been very negligent in not acknowledging them directly to you until now, though I long ago asked Mr. McIntosh to thank you for me, in a letter which I learn did not reach America till he had left. Of the Reviews, I kept one, with many thanks, for myself; one I left at St. Sulpice for M. Carriere, I think; he and the other priests being unfortunately absent, as it was vacation. The third I gave to Father Glover, a noble old English Jesuit in Rome, to whom, under God, I owe my conversion, and who has the soundest and profoundest mind of any man I ever met. He read



ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

that and the other numbers of 1844, and that for last July, which I afterwards lent him; after remarking that he thought it too much for any one man to undertake to produce so much every year, and making a few verbal criticisms on such expressions as "conclude to," "Conceive of," "have a fling at," and a few others; that even the setting



RT. REV. B. F. FENWICK, D. D.

of so precious a gem might be perfect in its slightest details, he took off his spectacles and said with great emphasis: "This man astonishes me; he is clear and strong beyond compare; that is the most masterly refutation of Kant I have read." And again, after reading several of the articles a second time, he returned to the attack. "He pleases me more and more," he said. "I think God has raised him to hunt down and destroy the absurd principles now in vogue in politics, in philosophy, and in religion; but," and he went on very solemnly, "but, his very greatness makes me fear for him; for unless he be solidly grounded in humility, the success which so great power applied to teaching the truth assures him, will turn his head and make him forget that he has all from God and none from himself. May he remember that there have been Origens and Tertullians as well as Augustines." I give you Father Glover's remarks entire, because I think you would prefer them so. He is not the only one in Rome who knows and admires your work, but I think his judgment worth half a dozen others; and permit me to add to his my own warm admiration, and my happiness and gratitude to God for having made you His and ours; and may He long preserve you for His holy service and the happiness of your friends.

As you may suppose, a second year's experience of religion, and that, too, in the very center of Catholicity, has only served to ground me more firmly in the faith, and to fill me with an ever increasing longing for the time when I shall be prepared to go on His mission whom alone I love and teach others to love Him; for it seems to me that we to whom God has shown such unspeakable mercy are in a peculiar manner commissioned, like His great precursor, to go before the face of the Lord and prepare His ways," Ad dandam scientiam salutis plebi ejus in remissionem peccatorum eorum, per viscera misericordiæ Dei nostri, in quibus visitavit nos oriens ex alto, illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent, ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis." And oh, pray God for me, that I may not be unmindful of His call.

I do not know our people as well as I could wish, for I left home at 19, passed more than three years abroad, and spent the ten months after my return for the most part quietly at Cambridge.

I should think, however, that though they may be more ignorant of the Cath-

olic religion than any other part of the country, and on that account may seem farthest from it, they have, nevertheless, more solidity, more sound

warmth of the South mere impulse and climate. But my intercourse in Boston, etc., has been chiefly with Episcopalians, Unitarians, and infidels, who are,

RT. REV. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, D. D.

principle and more good will than either the South or the West, and hence would make better and more earnest converts than those who appear at first sight to be of more generous nature, for I am inclined to think much of the

I imagine, a much better set than the Presbyterian and Methodist part of the community. I wish you would give me some more correct information as to the different sects, and the general spirit of the N. E. people. The Unitarians, in-

REV. JOSEPH COOLIDGE SHAW, S. J.

fidels, etc., the most sensible, decidedly, are best acted on by sound reasoning; the others, I suppose, by the Bible, and by church history. Is it not so? The four years of Theology stretch out before me interminably long, and intensely interesting as the study must be, nothing I think would make me go through with them, except obedience, and the sense of my inability to be of any use till I have gone through a long preparation.

Mr. Connelly having spoken to Prince Borghese of your Review, the Prince wishes to become a subscriber; before the commencement of next year I will send my brother the necessary instructions for Mr. Greene for the best manner of sending them, etc., etc. Mr. C. was made a priest in July; he leaves us early in the spring, else he would wish to subscribe himself. I hope the number has not fallen off since you became a Catholic.

If I can be of any service in giving you information with regard to anything in Rome, it will be a pleasure to me. Should I address you at Boston or Chelsea? Please to direct to me, College de Nobili, Rome, care of Baring Bros. & Co., London.

I hope you will give me a place in your prayers, as you have in mine, and may God grant you length of days with all happiness and prosperity.

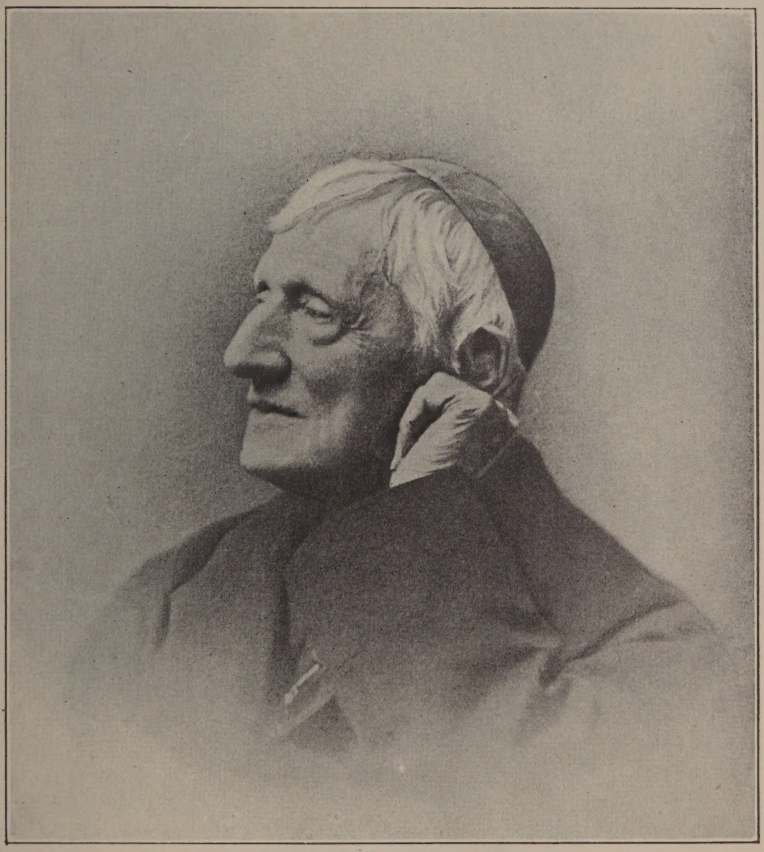
Truly yours in Christ,
J. C. Shaw.

Editor McMaster of the Freeman's Journal, in a characteristic letter to Mr. Brownson makes known that even in those good old days reviews were not always written with exceeding care. There is a touch of fine humor in the afterthought seeking to excuse the reviewer.

"The truth is I was sick when that number of the Journal came out; I had written the part of the notice that begins with the article on Recent Events, which was the only article that I had been able to read; as I wanted the number noticed immediately, I sent to Dr. Cummings asking him to prefix a general notice to what I had written, and so he, without reading it, reviewed the article on Thornwell—he had good intentions."

Brownson's great industry is evidenced by the amount of work he accomplished in addition to his lectures and to the getting out of his Review. It is told of him that once "on returning

home from lecturing after the first of March, with nothing written for the next number and without assistance he wrote the whole April number in time to have it printed and sent out several days before the end of March, and the ginning to end. Such are found among his papers, written at every period of his age, down to the very last. The only bodily exertion that never seemed to fatigue him was that of writing, until his hands and eyes began to give



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

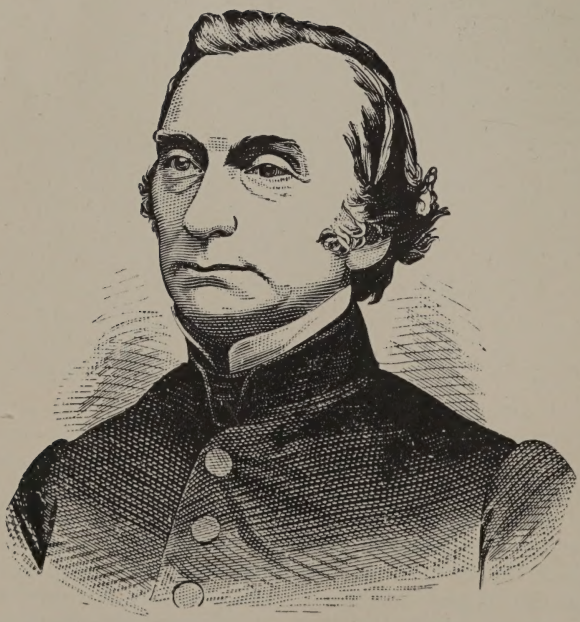
number was more than usually praised by the journals. Many of his writings, however, were more studied than any one would suspect. There are many of his articles that he began over and over again, sometimes writing a few pages, and sometimes a great many, and then throwing them aside and starting over again. Frequently, too, the whole essay was rewritten from be-

out. It was, then, from no wish to gain relief, but solely to render his Review more attractive and more useful that he sought out every one who was likely to help on that work."

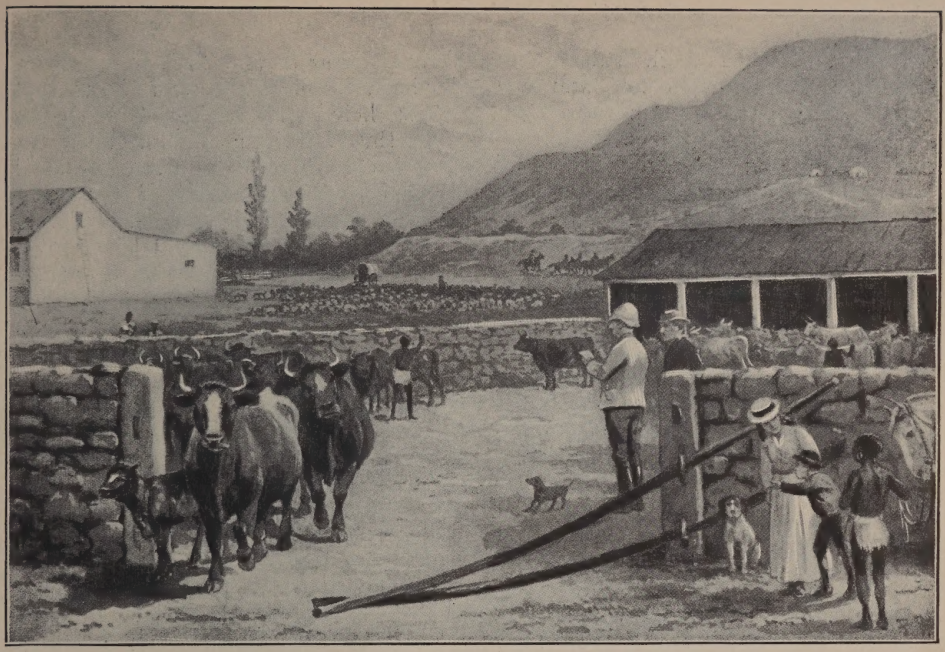
He traveled much and met many notable men and had numerous adventures. On one occasion on his way to Chicago and Milwaukee, while near Chatham, on the Great Western road

one of the most disastrous accidents occurred. Those who escaped injury, among whom was Brownson, were working to relieve the suffering, when one of the most active in this work asked if any one had any brandy for one of the sufferers. Brownson offered his flask and the gentleman, on taking it, inquired to whom he should return it, Brownson gave his name; whereupon the other said, "If I fail to find you, ask for Thomas F. Meagher." This led to an acquaintance, that, on resuming their journey, made them better known one to another.

There are many interesting letters from men whose names are prominent in the history of the century, reproduced in "Brownson's Middle Life," and with the recital of his own struggles, defeats and successes, they form a valuable contribution to the literature of the period; how valuable the reader can judge for himself after careful perusal of this part of Brownson's biography.



REV. GEO. F. HASKINS.
Founder of the House of the Angel Guardian.



TAKING AN INVENTORY ON A DUTCH FARM IN NATAL IN VIEW OF COMMANDEERING.

The custom among Cape farmers of giving a few head of cattle to each child explains the eagerness of the little boy who is pointing out his own particular cow.

BOER AGAINST BRITON.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

The farmers of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State are engaged in firing shots heard round the world. Morning after morning people scan the news to learn the result of their latest shooting. Astonishment increases as the returns are reported; all preconceived notions and calculations are overborne by the facts—men are amazed and questioning whether the victory will eventually be gained by the big battalions. Certainly the world has not witnessed, for many generations past, the sublime spectacle that is now presented on the borders of the two little South African republics, where a handful of farmers, undisciplined, unskilled in modern military tactics, without a well-organized commissariat are confronting and defeating the numerous and best troops of England. The scene recalls to mind the heroism of the Swiss farmers who fell upon Charles the Bold at the head of the picked chivalry of Europe and defeated him, more than four centuries ago.

The writer is not superlatively astonished at the efficient work of the Boers in the conflicts that have taken place. It was my good fortune, a number of years ago, to make the intimate acquaintance of a man who knew Paul Kruger and the people of the Transvaal well, one who held office in the republic and who fought in the ranks of its citizens at Ingogo, Laings Nek and Majuba Hill in 1881. This man was Alfred Aylward, an Irishman who fled from Ireland after the abortive Fenian rising of 1867. He reached the Transvaal, was employed by Kruger, was among the foremost in the rush that

captured Majuba Hill, subsequently lived for a time in Boston, and now rests quietly under American soil. From him I learned much of the customs, habits and manners of the fearless people who, to preserve their independence, are defying the power of England.

I asked him on one occasion if the typical Boer was the dirty, ignorant, cruel specimen of humanity that he has been pictured by Rider Haggard and English writers generally. Warmly and at once he replied, "Rascally English lying invented to serve as an apology or pretext for the robbery of the Boers by England, under the specious plea of extending Anglo-Saxon civilization. England is not only the chief pirate among the nations but the most unconscionable Pharisee. Hence the torrent of lies let loose against the Dutch Africans, whose ready rifles stopped the British plunderer in short order, on more than one occasion."

A simple, honest, hospitable, God-fearing farmer-folk are these Boers. "God-fearing" probably best expresses their religious sense. The commandments delivered on Sinai amid the thunder and lightning are to them real mandates of pregnant, every-day application. Little versed in modern Biblical criticism they regard God as a personal Being to be worshipped with humility and reverence and to be feared as the dread Judge, who will condemn the evil doer. Their views of life in many respects may be narrow if measured by the British standard, but they are distinct and sincere. Lust of gold or commercial greed is not regarded by them as the chief cardinal virtue; the seven deadly sins have for them a significant meaning. A Puritan people, religious-fanatical it may be—addicted much to psalm-singing and praying and reading of the Bible, there they stand trusting in God and their good rifles to defend their homes against the might of England. Stalwart, deep-chested men they are, of an average height of six feet, capable of enduring great fatigue, clear-sighted and of deadly aim with their familiar rifles. Accustomed from boyhood to shoot the wild beasts that infest their native veldt, they apply the skill thus acquired to hunt down the English soldiers, who come to steal their country in behalf of the gold-mining corporations created by England.

The two little republics have, including women and children, a population of about a quarter of a million Dutch Africans, or a number about equal to one-half the inhabitants of the city of Boston. From that number the fighting strength of the republics has been recruited, with some small accessions of strength from the Dutch kindred in Natal and the northern portion of the Cape Colony and some thousands of Outlanders or foreigners living in the republics, who have taken up arms to resist the criminal aggression of Britain. The republics have had no standing army or regular system of military training save that within the past three or four years a corps of artillery men have been carefully instructed in artillery practice by experienced European officers so that that arm of the service in which the Boers were utterly deficient some years ago might be prepared as far as possible for the British attack.

But although they had no enforced system of military training, every man, as has been stated, was an expert marksman. He was liable, according to law, to be called out for active service at a moment's notice, to take the field against the uncivilized tribes in his neighborhood, who much outnumbered his people. Thus he was obliged to hold himself in constant readiness for action with rifle, cartridge belt and horse prepared. The Transvaal and Orange Free State are divided into districts over each of which a field cornet, as he is termed, is appointed to exercise a certain magisterial as well as military jurisdiction.

When the call for military service is issued from Pretoria, each field cornet has personal notice served upon the citizens of his district, who

BOER PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO PIETERMARITZBURG.

are competent to bear arms, commanding them to repair without delay, armed and equipped, to the rendezvous of the district, thence to march whereso-ever the commandant orders. From farm to farm the order is carried in hot haste by the cornet who pushes his horse to the utmost as he is held responsible, by his superiors, for the alacrity with which the quota of his and his horse or horses and wagons if he be wealthy.

In the general levy that has been made to resist the English assault on the independence of the Transvaal, every male from sixteen to sixty years, in the two republics, has been called to the field. The mothers, daughters, sisters, the aged, infirm and infants are alone, left in the homesteads scattered widely

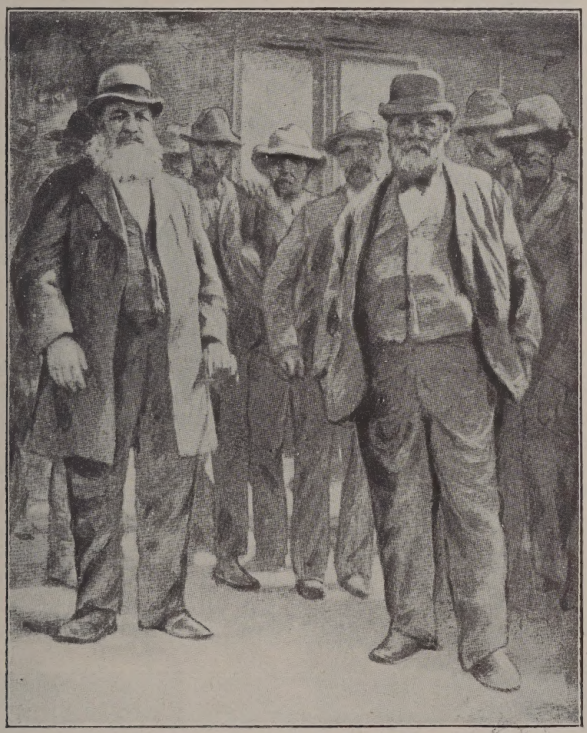
ENGLISH TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE NEW TOWN HALL, KIMBERLEY.

district responds to the summons. The farmer who is summoned takes his cartridge belt, his rifle, his haversack with dried beef enough for a week's ration, bids good-bye and "God bless you" to his wife and little ones, jumps on the horse which he has probably just taken from the plow, and rides hard to join his friends and neighbors at the place appointed. If the call is not for a general levy of the full fighting force of the district the cornet may at his discretion accept from a citizen a valid excuse for not attending, or he may "commandeer" or impress into the service a citizen's military equipage over the veldt surrounded by great numbers of the half-civilized native population. Their natural protectors are far away,—many of them, alas; never to return,—on the banks of the Modder and the Tugela, barring the way of the hosts of imperial piracy, of plunder and murder. The Boer father and his sons with their friends and neighbors fighting side by side, furnish an illustration of patriotism and heroism that the world has seldom witnessed. A pigmy against a giant, a handful against a host. We sound the praise of those who held Thermopylæ until they died, who foiled the Persian at

Marathon,—but here in our own day, before our very eyes are Christian men, simple farmers, writing out an epic of heroic deeds that probably transcends anything to be found in the pages of ancient history. The so-called Christian nations of Europe, fresh from the Peace conference at the Hague, speak

missions to pirates such as Drake, Frobisher, and others, down to this hour.

England claimed and demanded that the South African Republic must admit to citizenship such Englishmen as were residing in the republic, engaged in working the gold field. She said "these people are paying taxes and



GENERAL JOUBERT AND SOME FRIENDS.

no word and make no sign to stop the murderous work. The republic of the United States under the guidance of William McKinley and Mark Hanna is dumb as the stones of Bunker Hill monument. Yet the God of Israel lives and may be He is speaking through the rifles of the gallant Dutchmen whose ancestors He inspired to burst open the dikes and call the mighty ocean to their aid against the Spaniards.

What is England's pretext for this iniquitous war, for pretext she has? She has never been without one, at least, from the days when she gave com-

you must let them vote on such qualifications as I prescribe or I will compel you to do so." That was the naked proposition made to an independent state simply because it was a weak state and consequently safe to bully, safe as it was to bully Venezuela until President Cleveland interfered. President Kruger under threats of compulsion agreed to shorten the term required for naturalization, but that was not satisfactory. Other demands were forthcoming and insisted upon. Every concession was met by an increased demand on the part of Mr. Chamberlain.

Leading Englishmen of the best type like Mr. John Morley, Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt and many others, declared against this high-handed course.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, one of the ablest British writers, in an open letter to Lord Salisbury, set forth in the following trenchant sentences, the true facts of the arrogant bullying of the republic. "The point in dispute solely relates to the internal relations of the Transvaal. No one pretends that the dispute concerns the dealings of the republic with foreign nations. From nine years to seven years, from seven years to five years, from one demand of the Outlanders to another, the Boers have given way. They have already conceded the whole of the original demand made on them, and have even added more. And at every fresh concession Sir Alfred Milner, (South African High Commissioner,) is instructed to make further demands, until throughout the Transvaal, and we may well add at home, the impression prevails that it is not concession of claims which is sought from the republic but submission, humiliation and loss of independence. Is this how negotiations have been carried on with Russia, Turkey, France and the United States? This is not negotiation. It is war—war of naked aggression! war wherein the Boers will not yield without a desperate struggle and after bloody combats; a war which cannot be closed by a few victories, nor the traces of it wiped out by a few promises or proclamations; a war where in many true and patriotic Englishmen devoutly trust that the Boers may not be ultimately crushed."

While Mr. Chamberlain was playing his bullying game, his allies and friends in South Africa procured a petition addressed to the Queen, purporting to be signed by 24,000 Outlanders in the Transvaal, in which their alleged grievances were set out at great length and in which they begged her gracious majesty to come to their relief. It was alleged that the signatures to this petition were obtained chiefly by the agents of the gold mines in the Rand, and not one tenth of the signatories had the slightest interest in the petition. On the other hand a petition signed by more than ten thousand Outlanders was presented to President Kruger, denying many of the most striking allegations contained in the petition to the Queen, asserting their loyalty to the Transvaal and its institutions, and declaring that the other petition was gotten up by capitalists. Copies of the last mentioned petition were forwarded

THE 10th MULE BATTERY CAPTURED BY THE BOERS.

to all the courts of Europe and also to President McKinley.

Since the Outlanders petition has been laid before the Queen, and the contrary Outlanders memorialized Mr. Kruger and the executive of their respective countries, a vivid light has been thrown, by the course of events, on the value of each petition and the bona fides of the signatures to each. Before the opening of hostilities a great exodus of foreigners from Johannesberg, the centre of the mining district, occurred. They fled southward and eastward to the British settlements, Cape Town and Durban. But,—and here is the point of unmistakeable significance,—a number of foreigners have remained to share the fate of the Transvaal and of that number, according to the best information available, about nine thousand took arms to defend its integrity. Four thousand Germans, two thousand Irish, and the remainder Scandinavians, Americans, Englishmen and other nationalities make up a valuable accession to the forces of the republic. The signatures of these latter to their petitions meant something. We have heard of them in battle, from British sources, have learned that a German colonel has been captured by the British, that Blake, the Irish leader, has been wounded,—but we have not yet heard of these Outlanders,—whose alleged grievances Mr. Chamberlain so thoroughly exploited last summer,—taking up arms for England, although frantic appeals have been made for recruits. It is now quite certain that the petition to the Queen was mainly the work of the agents of the mining corporations, in the interest of Cecil Rhodes and his fellow conspirators.

The pro-British press of the United States has ceased upon one of the alleged grievances of foreigners in the Transvaal and exhibited it, with skill and persistent effort, to justify or at least extenuate the bullying course of England, that provoked the war. They say, "Behold a large number of foreigners in the Transvaal who cannot become naturalized and exercise franchise rights unless they live in that country continuously, for a great number of years, and yet these foreigners constitute, it is said, about seventy per cent of the population and they pay about ninety per cent of all the taxes of the country." The cry of no taxation without representation, appeals with great force to Americans who adhere to the old ideals of our republic, but it sounds queer from the mouth of those who advocate the subjugation of the Philippine Islanders, the forcible imposition of military rule upon them and the levying of such taxes as we see fit, without their consent. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind to one another. The American Tories led by Mr. McKinley are rapidly becoming one in thought, feeling and purpose with the British Tories under the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain.

Let us analyze the statement that seventy per cent of the Transvaal population (foreigners) pay ninety per cent of the taxes. First we perceive that about twenty-five per cent of all the money received into the Transvaal treasury is derived from the state royalty on the output of the gold mines and the income from the dynamite monopoly. The royalty claimed by the Transvaal from gold mining corporations is five per cent of the product. This is the chief source of revenue. The farmers of the country are practically untaxed. The government has laid the weight of taxation, in the interest of the whole people, upon the natural opportunities of procuring gold within the national domain. It placed, sagaciously in the opinion of good economists, the burden upon the shoulders competent to bear it. These shoulders, if corporations can be said to have shoulders, were chiefly foreign and chiefly English,—Cecil Rhodes and his confreres of all nationalities who worship mammon dominating the whole. The foreigner under

the law paid no tax other than the Boer paid. The latter who engaged in gold mining paid the royalty like the former. The local taxes in Johannesberg, the great mining centre, the objective point of the great Jamieson raid, were exceptionally heavy as compared with other districts of the republic, because of the vast expenditure required for a new and rapidly growing city and the salaries of the great number of police officers necessary to control the floating, turbulent population gathered there from all parts of the world. With less than one quarter of the population of the city of Boston it required about the same number of policemen as in Boston to maintain order. The foreigners had developed the liquor shop industry and other less reputable business to an extent that amazed the slow-going, Bible-reading Boer, who found it extremely difficult to keep these outcroppings of Outlander civilization within bounds. While the Outlander press of Johannesburg, controlled by corporations, extolled the progress of the municipality but lamented the Boer incubus resting heavily upon it, the Boer with his old-fashioned views regarded it doubtless much as Lot must have regarded the cities of the Plain. He regards it, too, as the centre of the conspiracy against the independence of his country, and so Paul Kruger built a strong fort overlooking the city, equipped with modern artillery to greet the English forces if ever they reach there. All this enormous expenditure has been paid mainly by the royalty and the gold output. Hence it can be seen that the corporation working as a rule under English charters pay most of the taxes and that the statement iterated and reiterated by the pro-British American press that foreign residents of the republic pay ninety per cent is simply an untruth. It may be pertinent here also to observe that in British territory wherever gold mining is carried on the authorities exact a royalty of ten per cent on the output, just double the amount imposed by the Transvaal.

The methods followed by Mr. Chamberlain and his agents in bringing on the war are the old ones pursued by England in every quarter of the world in dealing with weak nations who were worth plundering; first trade, then intrigue, then a veiled pretext to use force. Fraud, falsehood and money without limit from the Secret Service fund have been used unsparingly. So it has been in respect to the Transvaal. From a number of such incidents as have come to light, I will refer to a few which will serve to show the character of the propaganda worked against the republic. While Parliament was in session last spring—at the very time when Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Chamberlain's agent in South Africa was dictating terms to Mr. Kruger, insolent and overbearing, as the official correspondence which was subsequently laid before the House of Commons, shows,—a very significant question was asked by a member of the House of Commons. It was this: Is it not a fact that under the laws of the South African republic Roman Catholics cannot exercise civic rights and are excluded from holding office. The member who asked the question was well-known for his anti-Boer sentiments, and Mr. Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary, had the usual twenty-four hours' notice to enable him to prepare a proper answer. But mark Mr. Chamberlain did not personally answer; he permitted or instructed another to answer for him and the answer was to the effect that the speaker understood the law and custom of the Transvaal in reference to Catholics to be precisely as the questioner had stated. The question and answer were published and circulated broadcast, showing the religious animosity of the republic to Catholics.

But mark again! Within twenty-four hours after, Dr. Leyds, the representative of the Transvaal in London, formally declared the answer was untrue, that Catholics were entitled to civic rights and to hold office, and he named a number of Catholics, (includ-

ing himself,) who held responsible official positions under the republic. The object of the question and answer is of course obvious. It was to discredit the Transvaal in the estimation of Catholics, and liberal minded people generally. And that lie concocted or assented to by Mr. Chamberlain has been copied again and again by the pro-British press of the United States and the contradiction that started twenty-four hours later has not yet overtaken it and never will. In connection with this point I may say that one of the yellowest of the yellow journals of New York, a pro-British paper, published that falsehood in unusually conspicuous type, in its most conspicuous editorial column, declaring that England would put an end to such bigotry in the South African republic. I wrote a short note of eight lines to the editor of the yellow journal publication, stating the truth on the subject, but it was refused publication.

In reference to the treatment of Catholics by the Boers the following letter from a zealous Catholic priest, Father O'Haire, to John Dillon, M. P., is explanatory.

"36 Rue de Parc, Charenti,
France, 10th Nov., 1899.

"Dear Mr. Dillon:—I spent twelve years in South Africa, Cape of Good Hope, Western District, four of which brought me into daily contact with the Boers in what is called the 'Great Karroo.' The territory of which I had charge was twice as large as Ireland, with one church, and I the only priest. The Catholics, thinly scattered, did not exceed 250 all told, and many of these were laborers and tenants on Boer farms. I spent half my time traveling about, ministering to my scattered flock and had to depend upon the hospitality of the Boers—who were all Protestants. That hospitality was never denied me. I found the Boers simple, honest, moral, religious and kind people. I bore this testimony to the Boers in my book entitled, 'Twelve Years in South Africa,' and I gladly repeat it now. In 1875 I returned to Europe in broken-down health and after many years of missionary work in England I went again to Africa three years ago, this last time as an invalid. I traveled all over Natal, Transvaal and Kaffraria—a guest of the Catholic Bishop of Natal and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. I entered the Transvaal soon after the 'Jameson raid,' and was surprised to find that all those of whom I asked the question—what are the grievances of the Outlanders that I see paraded in vague terms in the English newspapers? answered—'That is all a get-up of capitalists and a dodge of England to take the Transvaal from the Boers.' I was in Natal while the 'commission' was sitting in London to exonerate Chamberlain and Co. from all complicity in the raid, and I well remember how people laughed at the thinness of the whitewash that was used for this end.

"I view the present war as simply Raid the Second, but this time by Chamberlain and thousands of soldiers.

"The determination is to wipe out the Boers, who stand in the way of gold grabbers. If the Transvaal had been a vegetable garden there would have been no war; but it is a rich gold field—the richest on earth—and therefore the owners, the Boers, who are unwilling to be robbed, must be mowed down to feed ambition and greed.

Yours,
James O'Haire."

Another instance of the Chamberlain method was exemplified in the House of Commons last October. The official correspondence between the British authorities and the Transvaal had been laid before the House by Mr. Chamberlain. It included, of course, the important proposal of the Transvaal government to abridge the term of residence required in the republic for naturalization. Members friendly to the republic read the proposal as it was printed under the supervision of Mr. Chamberlain's office and they were astonished to find that the Transvaal's conces-

sion stopped short at naturalization. It occurred to them that naturalization would be of small substantial value unless it carried with it in the natural way the right of voting, at least under some conditions. One of them went so far as to publicly arraign Mr. Kruger for bad faith in the whole transaction. Dr. Clark, the member of Caithness, at length procured a copy of the proposal from Dr. Leyds, who had moved his quarters to Brussels. Then the trouble was explained, the puzzle was solved. In some way the words "with full franchise rights" after the word "naturalization" was left out of the official document as published by Mr. Chamberlain and laid before the House.

Dr. Clark and other members demanded an explanation for such a significant omission at such a time. The Colonial Secretary had a hot half hour endeavoring to throw the blame on the Transvaal officials. There were not wanting members both British and Irish, who intimated that his office had committed forgery to cast obloquy on Kruger and the handful of farmers whom he tried to bully into submission.

These few instances will suffice to show the kind of game Britain has been playing with the Boers. The latter finding every fresh concession on their part was succeeded by a fresh demand, have seized their rifles and stand at bay. The hirelings of England are moving against them by tens of thousands. From the farmers' bivouacs by the Orange River the Modder and the Tugeula every night before "taps" prayers arise to the God of battles for the safety of the little republics. And the prayers of the helpless ones in the lonely farm houses on the veldt join theirs. God save the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

TOWARD THE MOUNT.

BY BROTHER EPHREM C. S. C.

Fair Sinai's top! Sweet thoughts crowd through my mind,
As I ascend thy height, and calmly view
Thy far-famed crest. 'Twas here—while whirlwinds blew,
And lightning's flash with thunderclap combined,
In awful wrath,—that God to man consigned
His holy laws; and hither angels flew
With Catherine's body, raised from earth anew,
To grace this tomb, which angels' love designed.
Dear Lord! On earth though yoked to humble task,
I fain would win a glory like this Saint.
O, grant me, through her life so pure and blest,
Which earned so great reward, the boon I ask:
That in life's way I walk all free from taint,
And thus deserve on Sion's Mount to rest!

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER III (Continued.)

"Why not?" carelessly queried Jack, adding more cream to his coffee and bestowing an admiring glance on the pitcher which a china collector would have travelled miles to see.

"Why will you go?" returned Clifford, treating his guest to a swift glance.

"Because Miriam—beg pardon," with a laugh—"Mrs. Preston invited me, I suppose. And some of Matthew Jonett's best portraits are to be found in that old Preston homestead. I am always interested in the study of—art, my dear fellow—as Willy Barlow would say."

"Jack, you're a fool!" said Clifford.

"So you catalogued all artists this morning, and I'm an artist," and Jack folded his napkin with studied care and laid it beside his saucer.

"And I'm a fool!" continued Clifford.

"You are best fitted to pass that sentence on yourself!" returned Jack, taking a cigar. Sometimes they talked, in snatches, of art and things artistic; sometimes they smoked in silence, until Clifford laid down his pipe; then Jack tossed his cigar into the fire, and rising took his hat and overcoat.

"What will you do with the dog when we go down to Kentucky next week?" he asked.

"Take him along to give him back to her."

"Give him back?" and Jack paused in the act of putting on his hat.

"He is hers. She brought him with her from that indescribable home of hers. He got out one day, and those brutes licensed by the city to capture animals, for their superiors, picked him up—for their own profit. I broke my walking stick across the head of one thief, and—"

"And got the dog! He will be glad to get back to the country," Jack went on, "and you will enjoy seeing Preston's old pictures—"

"And you studying Preston's young wife?" added Clifford.

But Jack was gone, leaving a laugh that might be carelessly light or lightly mocking for his answer.

While they talked, hiding deepest feelings, under insincerity, Miriam and her husband were being carried far down into the great heart of the country, and as each revolution of the iron wheels bore her nearer the home that she was henceforth to share with him, the indefinable fear to which Margaret's words had first given life grew in size and power. He had bestowed on her all. She could go through his life from the first hour that recollection kept for him until the present one, as freely as she would soon pass from room to room of the old house to which he was gladly, proudly, taking her; while she resolutely shut him out from her innermost soul ,where white-faced fear kept steady watch. She turned her glance toward the fast flying landscape. They were now leaving the hills that God has set in circling guardianship for that great fertile belt of country, with whose praise the world has rung, and as her eyes fell on the

declining ranges, looking bleak and barren under the mercilesss January sun, she thought of her grand-mother's poor home on the bare knoll and remembered her last hour in it and Howard Stewart. She had not told Margaret that, after his return home, he had written her a letter filled with words that seemed to scorch her eyes as she read, the words of a man who makes his last, fully aware that it is his last, appeal for that one gift ever desired by the heart of men, happiness. And with the consciousness of her past folly never so sharply alive, the remembrance of the girlish heart he had stripped of all trust and hope and love never so sadly pathetic, she had done a thing she had instantly regretted, as she would regret it while she lived. From its long occupied place between the pages of his volume of Poe, she had taken the brief, tear-blistered note that he had written her the day after their sojourn in the Land of Happy Illusions, and, adding to it this line; "The words you once sent me, I now send you," returned it to him for his answer. So the man's foolish pride was paid with the woman's foolish scorn; and then fear took up her dwelling in the soul of the one and hate ruled in the heart of the other.

But love is powerful, and when Miriam's eyes came back from the bleak landscape, as they soon did, and rested on her husband's face, she knew the old joy that had prompted the words she had spoken to Margaret on the bridge.

The old Preston home stood five miles beyond the city of Lexington. To it, since the Virginian Preston had laid its foundation of logs, hewn from the virgin forest, had been taken many a young bride; but never was one given a more royal reception than the unknown Miriam received. It did not matter to those many representatives of the name she now bore, who, were they not "too proud to care from whence they came," could trace back their descent, through illustrious generations, that their young kinsman had brought among them a stranger for them to receive as their own and love; it was enough for them that she was John Preston's wife. That implied she was one worthy of their love, if she wanted it, their protection if she needed it, and come good fortune or ill, the splendid respect of their silence always. The girl's heart that had ever craved for affection responded to their generosity as do the chords of an æolian harp to the lightest breeze and the young husband saw with deep happiness, that he had not alone brought the woman he loved material prosperity, but what is more precious, a kingdom of affection.

"I am not sorry they are gone," he said, as he stood with her on the veranda, watching the carriage of the last guest roll away, "I was beginning to grow jealous, so completely were you monopolized by my many brothers and brothers' wives, sisters and sisters' husbands, and cousins galore,"

"But they are coming back, in a month," she laughed. "They all promised to do so, and Cliff and Jack will be here, too, the dear fellows!"

"Are you certain you're not lonesome for Cliff and Jack? that you won't ever regret the old happy days with them, Miriam; nor your art?"

"Not while I have your love, John," she said, the fear in her heart brimming her eyes with tears.

"Then you will always be contented in your new life," he said, kissing her.

That day and the next they were alone in the great house. With her hand in his, he had escorted her through its many high ceilinged, square rooms, from the stately parlor, with its priceless furnishings, to the great attic where relics of many a past mistress were religiously stored, and where generations of Preston boys and girls had spent many of childhood's strange

lonely hours. As he stood there by her side, a soiled, torn picture-book lying on the floor caught his eyes and its familiar cover awoke a memory. He stooped, and picking it up said:

"This belonged to my first sweetheart. I loved her from six to sixteen, and wanted to shoot myself when she jilted me for my older brother. I told her I intended to die, but when she coolly offered to get the shot-gun for me, I concluded she wasn't worth the sacrifice. But would you believe it, young as I was then, I never had the same old unquestioning faith in woman's sincerity after that—until I met you? Older folks look on such occurrences as of slight account; still, I think they leave an impression on the young heart. So I passed from sixteen to thirty without falling in love. Can you say as much?" he finished, laughing at her, because her face showed a deepening of its color.

"There was one—my father!" she made answer, and the emotion of face and voice silenced ever after such questioning from John Preston.

The holidays passed, but not for years had such a gay season been spent in the old home that was as home to many of the guests. Clifford and Jack came, and for once the former forgot to growl, the latter to lightly scoff, for in Miriam's great heart-happiness they grew happy. But Clifford took the dog home with him. The winter months passed, as did the holidays, briefly, happily, for the young couple, and though society grumbled, because they buried themselves in the old home, they paid no heed to its dissatisfaction; and John Preston would confess to himself a sense of deep satisfaction when the opening of the morning shutter would show him a day of blinding snow or swift descending rain, making his daily journey to Lexington impracticable. "The seekers of legal advice will knock in vain at my office today," he would think and without any regret. But when February began to clear the sky of winter clouds, he took up his work again in earnest and the days it permitted him to spend at home were few. But Miriam was not lonely. All the old charm of country life had rekindled in her heart. It was very interesting to watch the negroes turning the black soil for the spring's planting, and the smell of the upturned earth was sweeter to her nostrils than the odor of paint and oils; and certainly she had never watched a picture grow under her hand with the all-absorbing delight inspired by the wonderful one God was developing on the brown canvass of earth. A rain fell one night in early April, and in the morning the peach trees had stolen the mantle of dawn; and when the sun came to look upon the culprits, the red-bud trees held up their part of the spoilation. The rockets and daffodils dotted the yard by middle April; the lilacs, white and purple, came along a little later, and May returned to find the orchard already blooming and the violets weary waiting for her coming, while the birds had already begun to build their nests, and the trees had put on their green. Old Uncle Joe, who had been born on the plantation as his father and mother had been, declared to his latest mistress that in his sixty years he had not known a spring to come so early, and, escorting her after the stately fashion of the old-time negro, to the garden, pointed out the ripening berries and the long rows of blossoming peas. The black of the plowed fields now was hidden under a quivering veil of green, while the grass was thick and high in the meadow lands. June lingered dreamily with her rose-scented days and moonlighted nights. July passed with her splendors, and when August came John Preston closed his office door and shook the city and its work from him. What days were those spent as their fancy dictated! the happiness of them made

the young wife's heart tremble, for only those to whom joy comes after sorrow has been the first tenant in the heart fully realize how precious a thing is her presence, and, alas! how fleeting. Autumn came, golden crowned. Nature had put forth her best that year. The land was overflowing with plenteousness, and the silence around the old place was broken by the buzz of saws and click of hammers, for more houses had to be built to hold all the garnered grain.

"It has been my most prosperous year," he said, as they watched the men shoveling the yellow corn into the great bins, one late November day, "and the happiest," and he held her even closer to him. They watched the strong negroes, until the last golden ear had been lifted from the wagon, then as they retraced their steps to the house, he said:

"I notified the Bartletts to-day, Miriam, that we will need our house by the first of next month. I know you would not like to go to Frankfort, and I want to have you comfortably settled in Lexington before I leave for the opening of the General Assembly in January."

And Miriam suddenly remembered that, in the recent election, Harold Stewart had been successful in his home district.

(To be continued).

DAY DREAMS.

BY JOS. P. LOUGHRY.

Rose leaves and violets, Sweet be thy bed,
Pleasure thy bower;
Smilax and lavendar pillow thy head,
Bright be thine hour.

Tinged be thy skies with the blush of the rose.
Brief be thy stay,
Whom memory cherishes fondest are those
Longest away.

FROM CANTERBURY TO ROME.

DR. DE COSTA'S STATEMENT.

For the last forty or fifty years an impressive procession, composed of clergy and laity, has been moving on from Canterbury to Rome. The significance of this spectacle is too evident. It cannot fail of application in connection with new individuals. It would be idle at this late day to credit recent examples to impulse, misunderstanding, or transient emotion. The current is as steady as the flow of the Gulf Stream, and points to world-wide causes. The Romeward movement is prompted by a re-reading of history and an increasing knowledge of the issues involved. It is guided by an irresistible logic. The individual example is significant when furnished by men of large learning and incorruptible character. Persons of this stamp carry with them a weight of authority, and their case serves to indicate the strength of the reaction in favor of the Catholic Church. These universal testimonies possess evidential value. Newman's "Apologia" and Ives' "Trials of a Mind" not only serve to blaze a path through the dim, tangled Anglican wildwood, but they powerfully convince many of the legitimate nature of the call to accept the Roman position.

When thinkers like Newman pass out from their environment and render their obedience to the Papal authority, thoughtful men must pause and ask what it means. Not a few of those in doubt and unable to make an original investigation, might reasonably accept the experience and counsel of men like John Henry Newman. For myself, however, I may say, that, if the gifted author of "Lead, Kindly Light," had never spoken, and if Manning, Faber and Wilberforce had never lived, my own mode of thinking must inevitably have led me to my present faith. The Protestant world has now reached the advanced stage predicted by Newman, and its acute symptoms furnish especial reasons for leaving Anglicanism, that never existed before. The moribund theologian may not be aware of the state of modern thought, yet, nevertheless, when the curtain of the Twentieth Century rises, men of alert sense and ingenuous minds will recognize a new world. Living men among non-Catholics are even now somewhat conscious of the actual religious conditions. This is one explanation of the "Higher Criticism," which has discovered that the whole Reformation system is in peril, proposing to meet the emergency by the use of a reconstructive criticism which forms simply a sop to the Cerberus of unbelief, strengthening the appetite it would appease, creating a demand for still more preposterous propositions, and piling difficulty upon difficulty. Pelion upon Ossa. All the while, such seems to be the confidence inspired by this new learning, that the new Rabbi is able, in the presence of an unparalleled exigency, to maintain his hostile attitude with an imperturbable aplomb. Confident of his methods, he cannot realize that Reformation Christianity is deemed "intellectually bankrupt" by thoughtful and discerning men, and is rapidly approaching a catastrophe. This is evident, not only from an examination of principles, but from its actual condition in our working-day world. Though the Reformation Party has had possession of this land ever since the first permanent English colony was planted at Jamestown, in 1607, one nevertheless dis-

covers from the last census, that, in 1890, this party had not only failed to take religious possession of the United States, but had left forty-two out of sixty-two millions of the people outside of any Ecclesiastical Organization. The advocate of the Reformation has indulged in high play, and has lost.

Feeling the emptiness of the situation, multitudes are turning away from the personal recognition of all religion, while others, with better thought, finding religion to be an inextinguishable craving of the soul, are anxiously asking: "To whom shall we go for the words of eternal life?" In this great crisis the Catholic Church appears, fresh, fair and strong, after the conflict of the ages, "her brow and breast made beautiful with scars," offering the wavering world Salvation through Christ, the One Mediator between God and Man. Many turn away with scoffing on the lip, but with a dread presentiment in the heart, the dark foreboding that plagues the souls of those who sin against light; while, on the other hand, others are giving themselves to inquiry as never before, and are becoming convinced of the justice of the Catholic claim. Today the study of the Fathers, the Schoolmen and the Councils is being prosecuted anew, with the facilities that have been placed within reach by the labors of the last half century, rendering it comparatively easy to obtain the benefit of knowledge bearing upon the claims of the Catholic Church. Therefore, the authority of the Church is becoming apparent to intelligent seekers after truth, whose minds are not hardened into confirmed hostility to Catholic thought. I do not, however, propose to offer any apology for entering the Catholic Church. Standing in the midst of modern religious systems toppling to their fall like columns in the Temple of Karnak, no defense need be offered for accepting a firm and unshaken Catholic Faith. I shall not enter upon argument or seek to detail reasons for rendering allegiance to Rome, but will speak in a general way on one branch of the general subject, namely, The Position of the Holy Scriptures in the Teaching System of the Catholic Church.

In what I have to say, I trust that I may be understood as desiring to express my views with all due respect for opinions of non-Catholics, and that I may transgress no rules of charity in any allusion to the views of those with whom I was so long and pleasantly associated and whose happiness and welfare will always remain, as in the past, subjects of affectionate solicitude and regard.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

But while the Church thus carefully protects the Word of God, and holds a position from which in the ages to come there can be no retreat, it may, nevertheless, be supposed by some that the authorities are unfavorable to the circulation and use of the Bible. This is quite untrue. The memorable Encyclical from which I have quoted, shows in the most conclusive manner that it is the duty and privilege of Catholic scholars to study the Bible thoroughly in the original tongues; while the Papal Brief of Dec. 13, 1898, shows that it is equally the duty of the laity to read the Bible in vernacular languages, special favors being granted to the faithful who read the Scriptures not less than fifteen minutes each day. If any one inclines to say that this is something entirely new, let him honestly inquire into the history of the case; since, from the days before the invention of printing, when the Bible was chained to pillars in churches for the free use of all comers down to the present day, the Catholic Church, while restrictive on certain occasions, has always encouraged the proper use of the Sacred Word among all classes, though no invitation is given to the ignorant and the unlearned to expound it to their own destruction. As an example, take the letter of Pope Pius VI., addressed, in 1778, to the Archbishop of Florence, thanking him for sending

out an edition of the Bible in the Italian tongue for the free use of the people. He tells the translator: "You judge exceedingly well, that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources, which should be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity." He adds: "You have not swerved either from the laws of the Congregations of the Index or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV." It may indeed be said that the Catholic Church requires the faithful to read the Scriptures in an authorized version. For English readers that of Douay is generally recommended. Protestantism, however, expects its adherents to use the version of King James, though it has never been shown that this version is the more correct. Indeed, the revised version contains several thousands of amendments to that now in use, while a certain denomination will not be reconciled to any version save that which favors its own creed.

Likewise, it may be said that the Catholic Church claims the right, and recognizes the duty of fixing the interpretation of Holy Scripture. I am glad to know that this is also true and that the obligation is possible of performance. Thus in all lands wherever the Bible is read, it may be understood by all substantially in the one and same sense. Among Catholics the Bible forms no Babel. It speaks with no uncertain sound. It tells of one Faith, not of many.

Finally, it may be suggested that the Catholic Church does not hold to "the Bible only," but supplements teaching with Catholic tradition. The Encyclical, Providentissimus Deus, quoting the Vatican decree, says that the Church "is herself a great and perpetual motive of credibility and an unassailable testimony to her own divine mission." It is also declared that the Council of Trent, "following the examples of the orthodox fathers, receives and venerates with an equal affection of piety and reverence, all the books both of the Old and of the New Testament—seeing that one God is the author of both—as also the said traditions, as well as those appertaining to faith as to morals, as having been dictated, either by Christ's own word of mouth or by the Holy Ghost, and preserved in the Catholic Church by a continuous succession."

The value of tradition is generally recognized and allowed in many most important relations. In connection with our American Constitution we hear about the "traditions of the fathers." Religionists in general, when no controversy is in hand, do not hesitate to employ tradition, even though the word may not be used. Christianity, like the American government, has its traditions. The Church is their guardian. These traditions are really unwritten Scripture. They include things referred to by St. John, where he says that the world could not contain books that might be written. Protestants themselves, and Episcopalians in particular, form an example and are forced to use traditions, unconsciously using many that were too firmly fixed to be displaced even by the Reformation. While the Catholic Church accepts and defends the Bible without compromise, she does not treasure the Bible at the expense of her own authority any more than the banker holds himself inferior to the money in his vault.

There are two authoritative sources of guidance, the written and spoken Word, and no one should fancy that the Living Voice is inferior. The Catholic church is a voice that spoke with unquestioned authority before the New Testament existed, even as the Jewish church authoritatively preceded the Old Testament. Indeed, we should not forget that generations of divinely in-

structed and God-fearing men lived before the first words of Genesis were recorded. The Apostles were not commissioned by our Lord to go and write books, but to give oral teaching. The Scriptures do not say that Christianity was founded upon the Bible, but rather that the Bible was based on a living and authoritative Christianity. It is the Church, not the Bible, that is declared to be "the pillar and ground of Truth." The Church was fully organized, speaking with an infallible authority, before the first line of the New Testament was written. The Church has never lost her authoriative position and in every age the traditions of the Church have been recognized and obeyed. The Church does not fear to submit her dogma, discipline and general practices to the test of Scripture, since Scripture and tradition agree. The Bible was composed by Churchmen, who wrote, guided by divine inspiration. The Bible is a Book of the Church, which fixed the canon, and authenticated the contents, thus giving it authority. If that authority were withdrawn, if the Church should declare the Bible not to be the Word of God, the world would refuse to honor it. The Church having authenticated the Bible holds a true position toward the Bible. This is what renders it safe in the midst of a hostile world. The Church stands behind the Book, and cannot allow it to fail. The Bible might perish but the Church would remain. We are indeed familiar with the declaration, "The Bible only is the religion of Protestants." This is the famous saying of Chillingworth, but it does not form a notable declaration when taken in accordance with its context. If its author could return today and hear himself quoted, he would be profoundly surprised and would repudiate the shibboleth. He teaches a Protestantism quite different from the Protestantism of our day. He understood the value of tradition, and says: "It is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture," having subscribed to St. Augustine's declaration, "We would not believe the Gospel unless the authority of the Catholic Church doth move us. Having gone thus far, Chillingworth declares the assertion, "Scriptures alone to judge all controversy in faith," is "a plain falsehood," affirming that "Universal Tradition is the rule to judge all controversies by." Again he says, "Neither doth being written make the Word of God the more fallible, nor being unwritten make it less infallible, while the true Church shall always both maintain and teach all necessary truth;" and "we grant and must grant, for it is the essence of the church to be so." Here we have an essential principle. The old Protestant war cry is repudiated by its alleged author; while many critics are discovering that the position of Hooker is untenable, where he teaches that tradition is a fundamental error of Rome. The fact is also pointed out that, finding their Scripture authority gone, a class of Protestants are inventing a doctrine of tradition akin to that of Rome. It is clear as charged, that the failure of Protestant religionists to maintain the integrity of the Bible is dissolving the entire intellectual basis of the Reformation. The cry now is, "The Bible only when we agree with it." The old form palls on the ear. The Bible has fallen down from its high place, where it had been enthroned superior to the Church of Christ, which formed the Canon of Scripture and clothed it with authority. This is one inevitable result of venerating the Book at the expense of the Church, for which is greater, the Temple or the Builder? On the principle of private judgment, the Book alone could not stand. It must be ever so. An infallible book calls for an infallible interpreter. The human cannot comprehend the Divine. The Catholic Church alone can interpret and protect the Book. Under her care it can never lose its authority in the eyes of her children. Protestantism is an

anachronism, a carnation of prejudice, and stands dazed before the Twentieth Century with its gates ajar.

It is time for candid non-Catholics to address themselves to the subject of infallibility, and learn that the notion that it interferes with individual liberty is as true as that the mariner's compass renders the sailor an abject slave. Without instruments and guidance the sailor would be as free as the ancient Sidonian in his ivoried galley with purple sails, without even an astrolabe to take the height of the polar star, dead-reckoning and guessing his way, gazing with strained, uncertain eye over pathless sea and perilous shore. The freedom that the devout Catholic loses is the freedom to lose his way in storm and night and fog.

. . . . . .

Still a few non-Catholics are becoming more candid in their estimate of the Catholic Church, both as a moral power and as a necessity of our national life, recognizing that if it were taken away society would lose a needed cement and that the Republic itself would be insecure. There is less heat today in the discussion of the Catholic claims than twenty-five years ago, and we hear fewer of those unfounded charges from men's lips that they do not dare to subscribe with the hand. The Catholic Church is specially adapted to the wants of the American people, in that with needed safeguards it is eminently favorable to real freedom of thought. Its claims are nobly supported by history and philosophy. A man argues the case against himself when he attempts to ignore the character and standing of Catholicity. The Catholic Church holds the key to the mental, moral and spiritual problems of the age. When rightly understood by the American people, the Church will be found capable of meeting all its varied requirements. Whoever desires a church must inevitably find it in the Catholic Church. If the Catholics are wrong in their belief, then there is no Catholic Church anywhere. Singularly, the same is true, if Protestants are right in their belief, since they deny that the Roman is the Catholic Church, and do not themselves pretend to be the Catholic Church. In denying the Catholicity of Rome they sign their own death warrant; even as the man proves his own poverty when he proclaims the universe insolvent. On the Protestant theory there is no visible church, the only body being a mystical body in the air. On this theory, Christianity has failed. The Empire that triumphed over the Roman Empire has perished. This is simply pessimism run mad. Reformation religionism, therefore, offers no moral or intellectual outlook for coming generations, and leaves the world forced at last to choose between Rationalism and the Catholc Church. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and the Life Everlasting.

THE VAGABOND OF THE CAMP.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

"There is always one moment in a man's life when he can, if he will, Show the Divinity Within Him."

"The Hoodoo" was the most goodfor-nothing person in the whole of the great Southwest.

What his real name was, or how long he had been in that part of the country, I never learned, but I heard of his worthlessness long before he came within a hundred miles of the Santa Anna ranche where I was passing the winter with my friend, the owner. He was known in every mining camp and cattle ranche from Nevada to Arizona and New Mexico, and in none of them was he ever a welcome visitor.

Just why, one would be at a loss to say. For with all the odium surrounding him, no one had ever been able to fasten a crime upon this pariah of the mountains. His qualities were all negative. He never drank, never swore, never gambled. Perhaps, if he had been addicted to some one of these vices, had killed a man, or cheated at cards, he might possibly have stood higher in favor with the western civilization of that day and generation. But a man who was worthless as a man, and yet would neither gamble, nor drink, nor fight, was absolutely "no good" in the vernacular of the mine and ranche.

Yet, never was fact more patent than that he was disliked from north to south and east to west of that tract of the United States, in those days devoted entirely either to mining or cattle raising. And if anything definite could have been alleged against him, he never would have been allowed to remain more than one night in a place. Miners and cowboys alike alleged that failure in mines and disaster to cattle always followed in his wake.

When he first arrived at the Santa Anna ranche, a month after my own advent, I had pitied his condition, believed the others were prejudiced, and tried to draw him out with kindness. But all my efforts failed, and I, too, acknowledged that the verdict of ranche and camp was a true one. He was so absolutely good for nothing that he was not even interesting.

Stretching down Southward until it buries itself in the burning sands of Arizona is a spur of the mountains, running off from the main range at a slight angle for a time and then turning to the South and keeping parallel with it. The canyon between it and the main range, a mile to the Westward, was strewn with great boulders. To the East, and nestling in its shadow, stood the Santa Anna ranche, a collection of tents around the single frame building occupied by the owner.

Christmas afternoon I climbed up this spur of the mountain to lie down and think of home and the East. I had not been there half an hour when "Hoodoo" came shambling up the slope from the South, that being the easiest point of ascent, and I feigned to be busier than I really was or cared to be with my book which I had brought along as an excuse for my solitary ramble. However, he seemed to have no intention of disturbing me, for lying

down several rods below, he idly gazed over into the canyon.

An hour passed, shadows of the Southern clouds speckling the slope and giving us passing relief from the sun which even at Christmas was warm in that latitude. I alternately read and gazed out at the far horizon in the south, a misty line of sand and sky, dreaming of home and the circle that would be gathered around a bright wood fire at that time of the evening. For in Eastern time it would then be near sunset.

Once I turned to the West, attracted by I knew not what, and saw that the little daughter of the ranche owner had wandered around the base of the hills and was playing among the boulders in the canyon.

Again I turned to my book, and half an hour, maybe more, passed, when one of those strange premonitions of danger which will at times affect the soul came to me, and starting up, I looked down into the canyon. The little girl was still playing among the boulders as before, but, beyond, coming across the canyon with great bounds, was a mountain lion, leaping straight for the child.

I sprang to my feet with an exclamation of horror, certain death was approaching her. I was unarmed, and there was no one in sight except the good-for-nothing fellow below, who could not be depended upon for assistance, even if, as was not likely, he had any fire arms about him. For help to reach her from the camp would mean a trip of a quarter of a mile around the foothills, and before even a rider could reach the place, the lion would be upon her.

"Hoodoo" had risen at the same time and, in the second during which we stood looking down into the canyon, I found myself wondering what he was going to do.

"Run away!" I contemptuously answered my own unspoken query.

He did run, but not away!

Instead, he made a dash down the rocks into the canyon, and before I could realize what he was doing, was half way across to the girl.

He was going single-handed and unarmed to rescue her at the risk of his own life!

I stood motionless, watching him as he ran, lightly jumping over the smaller rocks, straight for the little one, still playing, unconscious of the near approach of death. But, to my surprise, he did not stop when he reached her; scarcely slackened his speed, although I could see him wave his hand as he passed, as if motioning her to run to the cliff.

Then the supreme heroism of his act came to me! It was not rescue, but sacrifice! His life for hers!

A hundred feet farther on, he stopped. The lion paused also. The breeze bore to my ears a sharp cry and some words that I could not distinguish. At the same instant the "Hoodoo" raised his hand and made a sign before the animal. Thus they stood facing each other for probably half a minute. Then the lion turned and bounded back to its den on the other side of the canyon. The man also turned immediately, and, slowly, unconcernedly, made his way back to the ledge he had left.

The child unmindful of his warning, had not moved from the spot where she had been playing, but he did not stop, or seem to notice her.

I had remained standing during the whole brief scene in the valley below, and when the vagabond returned to his former place on the slope, I went to him and held out my hand. He did not see it, and I drew back ashamed under the silent rebuke from the worthless outcast of the mines and the ranches of the Southwest.

"You are a brave man," I managed to say.

Looking into my face in a manner that puzzled me, he abruptly asked

"Did you see them?"

"See what?" I asked in return.

"Then you did not," and a look of disappointment passed over his face. "And you will not believe me when I tell you that the instant I stopped in front of the lion, two angels stood by my side. I can see by your looks already that you think me crazy. People do not see angels in this age and in this country, especially such vagabonds as I. Then say that it was my imagination. But what put angels into my head at such a time? But whether a dream, or a vision, or a reality, I saw, or rather at first, felt, the presence of two angels by me, and from that moment I was strong. It was they, not I, who saved the girl!"

"But it was a noble act however you may put it! There were no angels by you when you ran down that slope to her rescue!"

"Who knows? There may have been. But even if there were not, that was no credit. It was done on the spur of the moment, and I had no time to think!" he said with noble simplicity. "It was not until I stood, unarmed, face to face, with the lion, that I began to tremble, and that instant I felt the presence of the angels."

And as we returned to the ranche together I found myself humming over an old tune I had been taught, years before at my mother's knee.

"God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

AND YOU, SWEET ROSE.

BY AGNES HELEN LOCKHART.

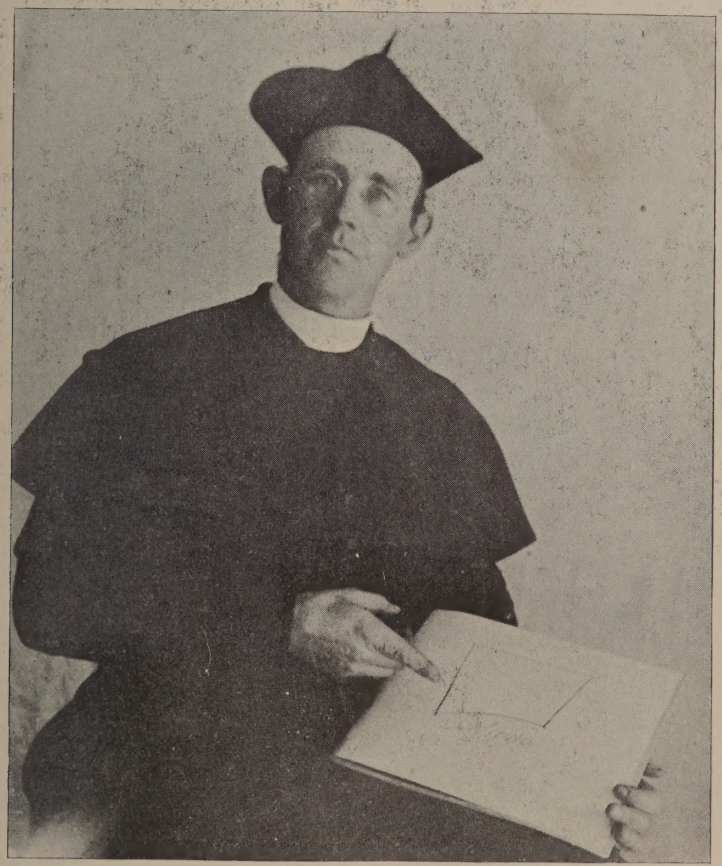
Ah! crimson rose,—deep fused with gold,
Your perfumed heart rare secrets hold!
Unfold your petals, flower most fair,
And tell me what lies hidden there!
Your rosy lips—what would they speak?
What says the dewdrop on your cheek?
Within your heart lurks there a tear,
The while you smile upon me, dear?
Smile on, smile on, while yet you may—
Have no regrets for yesterday!
Live for today—my crimson rose!
Tomorrow—ah! Your radiance goes
Forth with the sands in Time's frail glass—
And you, sweet rose, must fade—alas!
Not from my memory shall you die—
Within my heart, enshrined you'll lie
Forevermore,—until I cease to be!
Then on Eternal Shores, will you still bloom for me
My fragrant crimson rose?

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

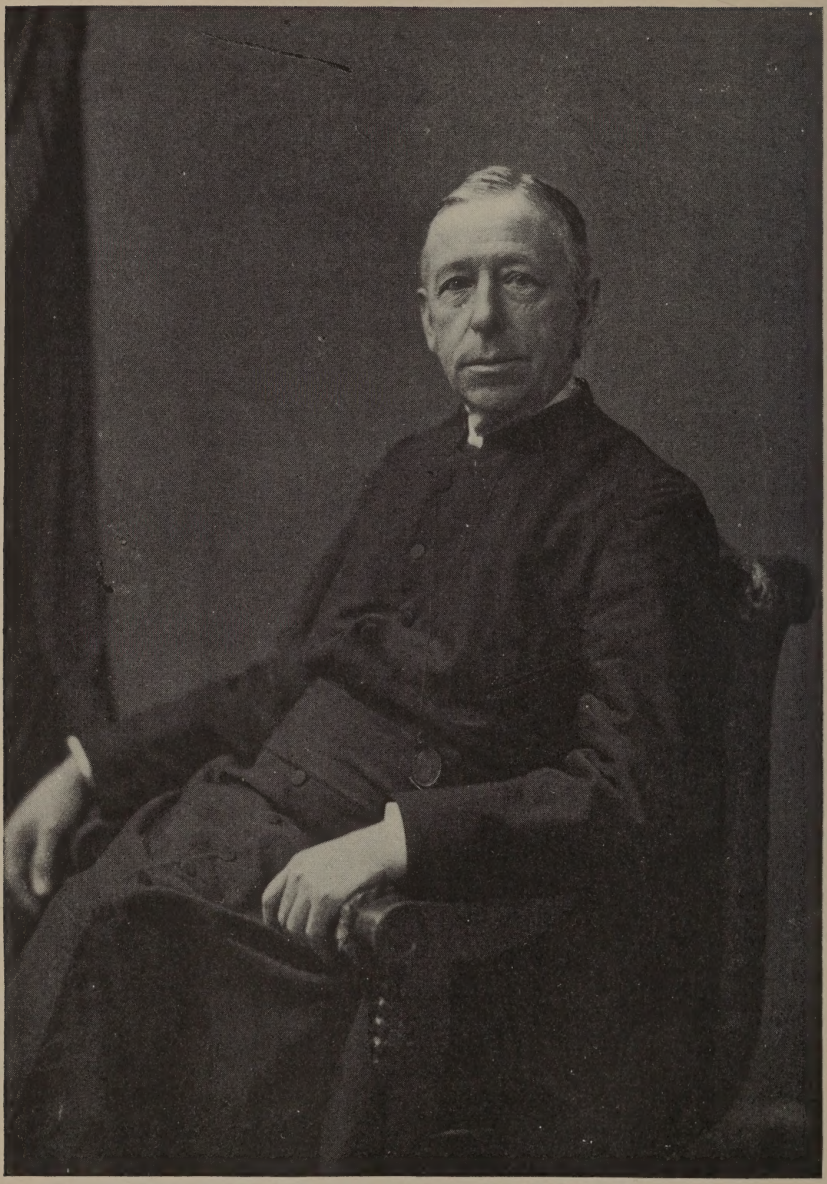
BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. P. J. O'Brien was born in the historic little seaport town of Bay Bulls, which is situated about twenty miles south of St. Johns. At an early age he developed a great love for mechanics, theoretical and practical, and was no sooner able to handle the tools than he set about draughting boats. He availed of every opportunity to practice carpentry of every kind, but his great delight was to build boats and sail them.

At the age of seventeen, he was sent to St. Bonaventure's college to prepare for some secular profession, giving special attention, however, to the study of ancient classics. During vacations modeling and sailing were his favorite recreations. Finishing his studies in 1880, he spent a few years in secular pursuits, devoting much of his leisure time to the practice of carpentry, especially in building boats. His uppermost thought all the while was to become a



REV. P. J. O'BRIEN.
Showing Plan of His Invention.



DR. DE COSTA.

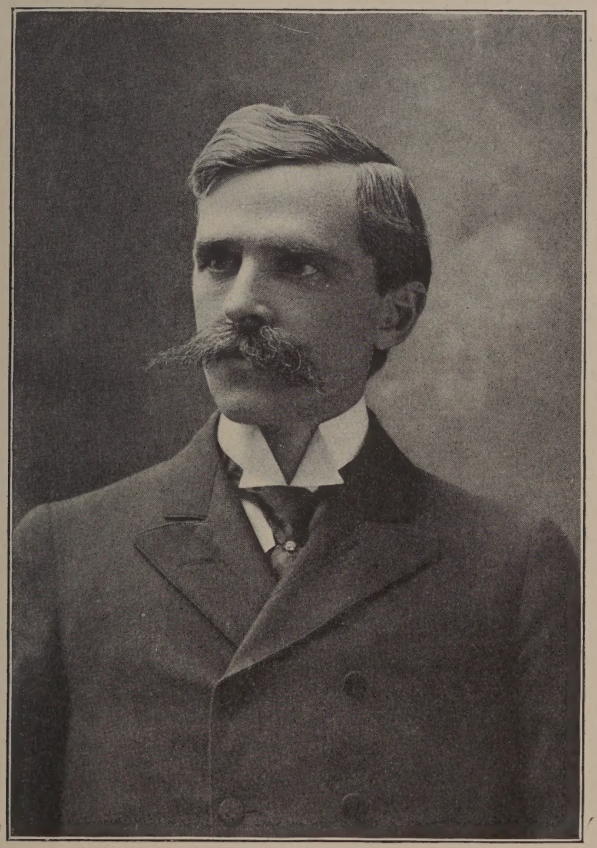
priest, and believing that was his vocation, he resumed his studies in his Alma Mater, under the Rev. M. A. Fitzgerald, then president of the college , now a distinguished pastor in Brooklyn ,N. Y.

No matter how deep the study, or how absorbed his thoughts, visions of fleeting yachts, or of storm-defying steamboats haunted him. In April, 1897, when enjoying a few days of relaxation from study, he took to his favorite pastime, modeling, and while chiseling away at a block, happened to strike out the general lines of the draft with the square edge at the bilge. Immediately came the thought: Why not have it there? Very little reasoning soon discovered to him the mechanical advantage of the hollow bottom with the angle at the bilge. The more he studied out this new revelation, the more he became convinced of its

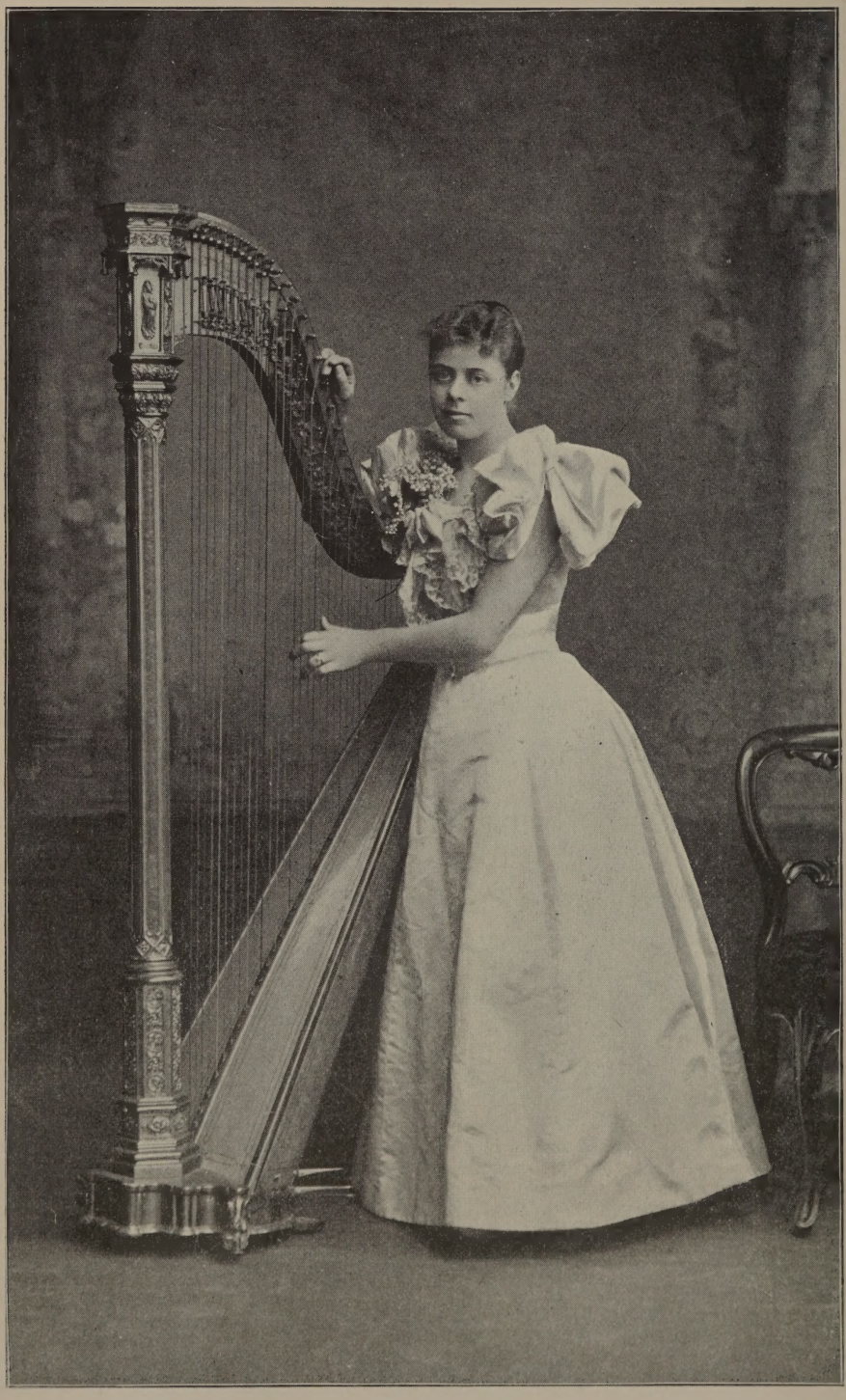
usefulness to the marine world; and making up his mind to publish it some day, he wrote the patent agents at New York that he had a new design for the construction of boats and ships.

The young inventor entered the great missionary college of All Hallow, Dublin, where he finished his course and was ordained priest, June 24th, 1890. In July of the same year he was appointed curate in the city of St. Johns, where, excepting for seventeen months spent in charge of a mission outside, he has zealously discharged the arduous duties of his calling.

Through all, Father O'Brien retained a passion for carpentry and lost no opportunity to keep his hand in. During his leisure hours in the spring of '92, he built a little yacht on the principles of his theory. Like most new things, it met with some ridicule, but when the little cutter was fit for sea and Father O'Brien at the helm in a good breeze, seamen soon began to think there was something in this new idea. After many severe tests in wind and sea, he became convinced that he had discovered a principle in ship construction that may one day revolutionize shipbuilding. He applied for a patent in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, and in Oct. '94, received from New York the gratifying announcement that his invention was patented. Since that time, Father O'Brien has built two other yachts, the Columbia of Bermuda fame, and his present yacht, "Regina." These boats have been a wonderful success. They have proved great seaboats, swift and stable. The patent is now before the world on its merits and the inventor hopes by his invention to do some material good for the marine world, as well as helping along the Bark of Peter. Boat and ship builders are beginning to



HON. C. J. SMYTHE.



Courtesy of Mr. Chas. A. Young. MISS JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN.

adopt his plans and he expects to see the day when his theory of shipbuilding will be universally applied.

As a preacher Father O'Brien has few equals in the diocese. He is spiritual adviser of the Total Abstinence society and director of the night school in the West End of the city. He planned, built and equipped this school himself, and is really a wonderful man of energy, ability and tact.

Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, whose reception into the Catholic church took place in New York a few days ago, has written an article in which he explains his reasons for the step he has taken.

In beginning, Dr. De Costa thanks God for giving him "grace to overcome the deep prejudice implanted by false education," and declares that his change of belief is not the work of a day or a year, but began very long ago. "The sad, fallen estate of post-reformation belief," he adds, "has forced upon me a reconsideration of principle, the result being the conviction that the reformation was not based upon any true foundations."

Dr. De Costa then alludes to the "passing of studious Angelicans over to the Catholic church." "The current," he says, "is as steady as the flow of the Gulf Stream," and he refers to Cardinal Newman and others who forsook Protestantism. He declares, however, "if the gifted author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' had never spoken, and if Manning, Faber and Wilberforce had never lived, my own mode of thinking must infallibly have led me to my present faith."

Dr. De Costa then speaks of the position of the scriptures in the teaching system of the Catholic church. He declares that the Catholic church stands before English-speaking people and Protestants everywhere as the unique and solitary defender of the Bible in its integrity and entirety.

"The Church," proceeds Dr. De Costa, "never changed her methods of dealing with science. In this connection a scholar should not allow his mind to become befogged. The issue is not simply one of science or simple interpretation. Primarily it is the mystery of the incarnation that criticism puts on trial. The case is dogmatic. It means a revision of the Bible. This the Holy Catholic church will never approve."

Dr. De Costa denies, however, that the authorities of the Catholic church are unfavorable to the circulation and use of the Bible, saying that it is the duty and privilege of Catholic scholars to study the Bible thoroughly in the original tongues.

Constantine J. Smyth, the present and first Democratic attorney-general of the state of Neb., was born in the county of Cavan, Ireland, in Dec. 1859. When a little more than eleven years of age he came to this country.

He entered Craighton college, Omaha, shortly after going to that city, spent three years there, and one year in the study of the classics under a private tutor. He then took up the study of law.

In 1890, he was chosen without opposition a member of the Omaha school board where he served three years, declining a renomination.

From the beginning of Hon. W. J. Bryan's career as a public man Mr. Smytn has been his firm friend. He was a member of the convention that first nominated Mr. Bryan for Congress, and, as chairman of the committeee on resolutions, reported the platform on which the race was successfully made—a platform declaring for the free coinage of silver.

Mr. Smyth in his private practice has been connected with some of the most important litigation of his state.

The Democratic State Convention of 1898 nominated him for Governor, but he withdrew in the interest of fusion. While Mr. Smyth does not parade either his religion or his nationality, he is a staunch adherent of both and always ready to defend either when necessary.

As the harp is typical of Irish melody, so in the hands of a genuine Irish girl is its real soul made to speak. And thus it is with Miss Josephine Sullivan, the famous Irish harpist, who augmented her reputation so signally last season and is booked for a number of important musical affairs in different cities in the United States.

IRISH PLACE NAMES.

BY REV. E. O'GROWNEY.

As far as we know, there were no stone houses in Ireland before St. Patrick's time. It used to be thought, before Dr. Petrie's book was studied, that the Round Towers were of pre-Christian times and that they had been built by sun-worshippers. Many well-meaning persons wrote volumes on this assumption. It is now certain that the Round Towers were built between the 7th and 17th centuries. Before St. Patrick's time the only stone monuments were the stone forts that are found along the west and southwest coasts, forts that date back to several centuries before the Christian era.

The houses of the Irish people were of wood or clay. The coming of Christianity was signalized over the face of the country by the erection of buildings of stone; churches, cells, houses, monasteries, towers, great crosses. These were, of course, known to the first missionaries by their Latin names and these names were adopted into Irish with such modifications as they would naturally undergo on the lips of an Irish speaking people trying to reproduce the Latin pronunciation of that period. A few names were formed from Irish words.

From the Latin cella, a cell, thus came the Irish ceall, now usually kil, in place-names, as Kilpatrick. bride, Kilbarry, Kilfinnan, Killowen, Kilcommon, the cells or small churches of Patrick, Brigid, Barra or Finbar, Finnan, Eoghan, Cummian. In a paper like the present, it would be impossible to give an explanation of even a small fraction of all the place-names formed in this way. In most of them the word for church is followed by the name of the original founder, as Kilkenny, (St. Canneach or Kenneth,) Kilcolman, Kilbrandon, (Brendan,) Kilkieran, Kilannin, (St. Flannin,) Killeedy (St. Ita.) In others the word for church is followed by an adjectional phrase as Kilmore, Kilbeg, (great and small church,) Kildress, church of the briars, Killarney of the sloes, Kilrush, church of the wooded hill. Killeybegs the little churches, Kells in Kerry is in Irish na cealla, the churches, but Kells in Meath has come through the mediæval English from Kenlis, from the Irish name Ceannanus.

As a rule the earliest Irish churches are very small; some of them are roofed over with stone, as the stone oratory of Gallerus, near Kilmalkedar in Kerry the pride of all antiquaries.

Some derive their name from striking events; thus kilcoo, the church of mourning, near Armagh, is so called because the people of Armagh bringing home the body of St. Patrick from Down, rested there a night. Such at least is the legend. Killaloe is the church of the two St. Lua's, as Glendalough is the glen of the two lakes.

In modern times Cill is often used for the churchyard. From the Latin domus, a house, came the Irish domh, which is now used in only one name, that of Duleek, "domh liag," the stone house of St. Kianan in Meath. The Irish word for house (teach) is more generally used. Thus Taughboyne in Donegal and Tibohine in Roscommon are the house of St. Baoithin.

The most famous of the name was the friend and companion of St. Columcille, of whom the latter as the pangs of death interrupted his work of interpreting the Scriptures, said, "Let Baoithin write the rest." Crossboyne in Mayo, is, in the same way, the cross

of St. Baoithin, in modern Irish Crois Baoithin.

Tydavnet in Clogher is the house of St. Damhnait or Dympna, also venerated on the continent.

Kildownet in Achill Island is the church of the same Dympna. Tyholland is the house of St. Callan; hence Mulholland, servant of St. Callan. Tashinny in Ardagh diocese is house of St. Senach. Timoleague in Cork is house of St. Molaga. This last name introduces us to a peculiar habit of the early Irish Christians of putting to the name of their favorite saints the endearing prefix "mo" my. So we have the St. Molina of Clonfert, Mo-Laga of Timoleague, Mo Erna from whom are called Portmarnock and Kilmarnock. In these two last names there is even added the endearing diminutive suffix, og, so that the two place-names just given mean landing place of my little St. Erna and church of my little St. Erna. In harmony wth these are Kilmaluog, church of my little Luaghaidh and Kilmachalmog, church of my little Colum, in the Highlands of Scotland. The St. Moluog here referred to is a sixth century Irish saint, one of the apostles of Scotland. He landed at Lismore, at a spot yet called Port Moluog and built the first church there. His "Chair," a large rock and crozier, are still preserved.

Examples of this form of name are Kilmallock, in Irish Cill-mo-cheallog, the church of my little St. Celleach; Kilmorack in the Hebrides is Cill-mo-Bharrog, the church of my little St. Barra. There are many traces in the northwestern Hebrides of St. Barra of Cork, from the Island of Barra to Sutherland and Rosshire, just as St. Brendan of Mount Brandon in Kerry has left his name all over the West Highlands, even in St. Kilda, the most distant of the Hebrides.

As we have said, these Kil names usually contain the name of the reputed founder, but there are instances of another usage in such place-names as Kilchrist, Church of Christ, Kilmurray or Kilmuir, Church of Mary, Kilphedar, Church of St. Peter, Kilmichael, Church of St. Michael, Kilchrist, the Church of Christ, is in the Isle of Skye. Kilmuir, in the same island, is in Gaelic Cill-Mhuire or Church of Mary. It is an old burying ground containing many curious tombstones, amongst others the following: "Here ly the remains of Charles Mac Karter whose fame as an honest man and remarkable piper will survive this generation." Near Dunvegan in Skye, is another Kilmuir or Church of Mary; one of the inscriptions in the churchyard shows the wide diffusion of the Scottish Gael: "Sacred to the memory of Norman MacLead of Bernisdale, also his spouse; their eldest son Donald, died at Bengal; their son Alexander drowned in the West Indies; their only daughter died at Portree; their son Roderick was killed at the siege of St. Sebastian; their son William of Orboob and Archibald of Maryvale, New South Wales, are still living."

The name of St. Brigid is met with more frequently than that of any other saint. Tobar Brighde or well of Brigid, and Kilbride, Church of Brigid, are common all over Ireland and Scotland.

The Gaelic legend taught that Brigid's father was the innkeeper who repulsed the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph at Bethlehem and that Brigid afterwards hurried to the stable and wrapped the new-born babe in her cloak, is a common phrase in Irish today.

Mr. Wm. MacKenzie of Edinburgh, who has written most learnedly and sympathetically of the old ecclesiastical remains of Scotland, quotes a Gaelic poem describing Brigid as the Foster Mother of Christ.

We know that Constantinople derived its popular name of Stamupbone from the Greek phrase "eis ten polin," (going) into the city; and in the same way some of our ecclesiastical places take their present names from the phrase in the house of St. So-and-So.

Thus Stanannon near Drogheda is "in the house of St. Benignus," who was a native of that district, but who is buried at Kilbannon, near Tuan.

His very small but beautifully preserved church, Teampull Benen, is the first object that strikes the eye of the traveler to Aran. Stamullen in Meath and St. Mullens in Carlow are "in the house of St. Molins." Staholmock, also in Meath, is in "the house of little St. Columcille." The local pronunciation of this name is much nearer the Irish istigh Cholmog; natives of the district usually say Histy Holmug and a worthy and well-known priest whose duty it was to attend that church and baliwick always spoke of "going over to Histy."

There are many places in Ireland known by the name of Cloghan and some of these, at least, take their name from an early church or cell named in Irish Clochan or built of stone. This name was given usually to small cells and as may yet be seen on the Island of Inismurray in Sligo bay, High Island in Connemara and other places.

But it seems that the word was also applied to a somewhat large stone edifice used for a church and to the present day this is the ordinary use of the word with Highlanders, "a'dul do'n chlochan," going to church. It must be remembered that the word clochan is also applied to the stepping stones across a stream and in a secondary sense the village that usually grew up at such a place.

The clachan of Aberfoyle will be a familiar phrase to readers of Walter Scott.

We are familiar with the word Basilica as a name for a church. In reality it is a Greek adjective, meaning kingly and in this way probably stands for the house of the King of Kings. Apparently the Latin adjective of the same meaning was used in a similar manner to some extent; at all events we find in use in Ireland from the earliest Christian times the word domhnach, taken from the Latin adjective, meaning (the house) of the Lord. Thus we have Donoughmore, the great church, Donoughpatrick near Navan in Meath, Balindowney, the town near the church, and the surnames Muldowney Mullowney, Moloney, servant of the church. Mr. MacKenzie mentions Tobar an Domhnaich, or the church well, the present name of a well in the Isle of Skye—near hand is Tobar na Slainte, the health-giving well.

The word domhnach in Irish also means Sunday, (the day) of the Lord, and it seems to me that this is the reason why in Ireland today we have several places called Sunday's well. There is one on the outskirts of Cork city, there is another in the s... ...e ancient town of Mullingar.

Local antiquarians endeavor to explain the name as Tobar righ an Domhnaigh, the well of the Lord of the Sunday but a simpler and more natural meaning is the church well. We may distinguish the religious of the early ages into three classes: the hermit or anchorite, the pilgrim and the ordinary ecclesiastic or missionary.

The retreat of the hermit was called dithreabh or unpeopled place and also diseart, a form of the word desert. Hence we have several places called Dysart in Ireland, meaning the Hermitage. Desertmartin, the hermitage of St. Martin; Desertenos, the home of St. Agenus; Dysartberg, the little hermitage; Kildysart, the church in the solitude; Clochan an Disirt, the church in the wilderness, is the name of a parish in Argyllshire, Scotland. Dysartenos, above mentioned, was the home of the celebrated Aengus the Culdee of Tallaght. This name Aengus was one of the most usual in ancient Ireland; we yet hear it with Highlanders as Angus, and it has given rise to the surnames Maguiness and Henessy.

The oraculum or oratory of a saint became known in Irish as aragal, a Gaelicised formerly Latin name, thus we have Errigal Kieran, the oratory of St. Kiaran, Errigal Truagh, the oratory of Truagh, (probably triucha, the

name of a district,) and Errigal, a well-known mountain in north-western Donegal.

The abodes of the saint or hermit or the places connected with chief incidents in their lives, soon became a resort of the pious people, who went on pilgrimages to these places to revive the memory of the lives and virtues of the patron saints. Hence we have so many places of "turns" or pilgrimages in Ireland. Very often the church which was the original place of pilgrimage disappeared, wrecked [illegible] hand of time or that of the persecutor and all that remains is a lowly wall, a little well, or a fragment of a sculptured cross. In other places again the place of pilgrimage remains in a good state of preservation; and in some of them, such as St. Patrick's Purgatory on an island in Lough Derg, the arrangements for pilgrims are quite elaborate. St. Patrick's Purgatory has been for centuries the most favorite pilgrimage; "to go to Lough D'yarrug" is a phrase familiar to half of Ireland. Like everything else, places of pilgrimage are liable to abuse; in some cases the feast of the patron of the place became a scene of disturbance, so much so that the word patron, or patthern as we usually called it, became a synonym for fun and fighting. These disturbances and the little family feuds that resulted were carefully fostered by the agents of the English government as a means of keeping disunion among the people. Even St. Patrick's Purgatory was at one time closed by the ecclesiastical authorities on account of temporary abuses, but the pilgrimage is now carefully supervised by the local clergy.

Croagh Patrick is another great place of pilgrimage, on account of its associations with the National Apostle's life. The name means the rick of Patrick; the mountain is so called from its shape.

Throughout Donegal there are several pilgrimages sacred to Columcille, at Kilmacrenan, Gartan and not least at Glencolumcille, where the route of the pilgrim is a mile and a half in length. Some of the sculptured stones that mark the stations of this pilgrimage, are of very high antiquity, up to the seventh or eighth century.

In the south of Ireland the favorite shrines are Gugan Barra or the Dell of St. Barra or Finn Barr. This is one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland. At Ballyvourney, near Macroom, is the pilgrimage of St. Gobnet, and by the way, the name Gobnet as a female christian name is in use locally. The Sgeilg Mhichil, or great Sgellig, a precipitous rock out in the Atlantic to the west of Kerry, is a place of penitential resort, especially about Shrove-tide.

The Holy Island of Iniscaltra, on the Shannon, is another favorite shrine. After the lapse of centuries of neglect, it is still beautiful in its ruins, its almost perfect round tower, its Church of Mary, founded in 645, and its other shrines and monuments attract the idle sight-seer as well as the pilgrim.

Iniscaltra was at one time a great school, and the waters of the Shannon reflected ships that brought students from the distant land of southern Europe. The traveling student, or the pilgrim who journeyed over the whole world to visit the various religious centers, was quite an institution of the 5th to the 12th century.

We find frequent mention of the eilethir, or other-lander, and the deoraigh De or God's pilgrim. They were much reverenced in every land, and were in great request at anamcharaid, soul-friends or confessors.

The church of St. Dubhan the Pilgrim, stands on a promontory of the southwestern Wexford coast; St. Dubhan was born in Wales, of Irish ancestry; his parents were converted by an Irish missionary who even before St. Patrick's time had visited Rome, Brittany and Wales. The promontory of Dubhan or Rinn Dubhain as it is in Irish, is now called Hook Head, simply because dubhan is the Irish for a fishing-hook. Here we see another re-

sult of the mania for giving an un-Irish form to everything.

Another pilgrim saint was St. Brecan, of Aranmore; that is to say he is buried there in the Seven Churches under the inscription, "A prayer for St. Brecan, the pilgrim." This saint, like St. Brendan, was a great traveler; from him is called the whirlpool of Corryvrechan in the Hebrides. Kilbrickan is Church of Brecan, Ardbraecan is Brecan's hill. In Aranmore, near Kilronan, is St. Ronan's Bed, another place of pilgrimage. Not far away is the well, Four Beautiful Ones. And in the same island may be seen the grave of seven pilgrims from distant Rome who came to end their days in Aran of the Saints.

With the pre-Christian Irish such was the respect for learning that wherever there was an ollamh, or learned man of the highest rank, there was a sanctuary for the fugitive. This privilege was at once extended to all Christian shrines of importance, and the stone inscribed with the cross usually marked the bounds or termini of the sacred enclosure within which was the immunity. Hence arose the name Termann, or Sanctuary, and so we have today Termon fechin, the Sanctuary of St. Fechin In Louth, Termonbarry, Sanctuary of St. Barry in the diocese of Elphin, and Termon as the name of several places.

From the Latin word templum, a temple, we have Templemore, the great church, Temple Patrick, the Church of Patrick, Ballintemple, the village beside the church and many others. Templemartin is easily understood; Templeorum may be compared with Tubberorum, the well of some St. Orum; Templedouglas, the well of Dubglas, which may mean a person of that name, so called from his dark gray hair, or may mean the dark stream. St. Camin of Iniscaltra, built a Teampull Muire or Church of Mary in the year 645.

Many of our ruins are connected with curious local legends well worth preservation. Near my own native place there is a churchyard and ruined church called in English, "Mimber Church." In Irish the old people have kept its name of Teampull Cuimhne, or Church of Remembrance, and they explain the name by the tradition that St. Patrick on his way westwards through Meath, founded the Teampull Dubh or Black Church, some three miles away, and "forgot his book" there, and did not "remember the book" until he had reached the spot where "Mimber Church" now stands. From the Latin ecclesia, church, comes the Irish eaglais, eglish, modern aglish, church, hence place-names such as Eglish, Aglish, Ballynahaglish, the village near the church.

Mainister, a monastery, is another word of Latin origin and gives rise to such names as Monasterboice, the monastery of St. Buithe, Monasterevin that of St. Evin in Kildare, Monaster Kiaran in Aranmore.

To say of a man that he would rob a monastery or church, is to the present day about as bad a thing as you can say in Irish of a fellow-being and for many centuries the word cill-airgtheach, church-despoiler, was a term that conveyed much the same degree of opprobrium as "sheepstealer" did in the early part of this century, but that as people say, is another story. St. Columcille in the year 550, near the waterfall of Eas Ui Fhlainn, (in a certain little pasture field,) founded a monastery, hence it was called the Monastery of the Buaile or pasture, now known as Boyle.

But the present monastery or abbey of Boyle, as it is generally called, is of more recent date and stands at some distance from the original site. It was erected by the Cistercians in 1661. The abbey of Boyle is one of our most beautiful historic monuments, and is associated with our native literature through Donough Mor O'Daly, abbot and poet, our chief sacred lyrist in modern Gaelic times. In some respects he resembles Longfellow more than any other poet.

MAGGIE.

By CLARENCE MASTERS.

Maggie Carroll stood in the doorway of her little room on the third floor of Mrs. Fitzgerald's apartment house. She had just come from the office, with her wages paid in full, and a notice that her services would no longer be needed. They were going to reduce the force of clerks one-third, the junior member of the firm had said, and of course the last comers must go first.

She had feared it might come, and had even prepared for it as far as possible by seeking work elsewhere; but in vain. There were far more applicants for work in the city than there was work for them to do.

So nothing remained for her but to go back to the little cottage at Chippenham, where the meadows were broad and sweet and the air pure and the sky free from smoke; to the careworn, gentle-voiced father and the seven boisterous brothers and sisters, all younger than herself. Her eyes kindled at thought of them. It would be like heaven to go back again after the long dreary year in London.

But the glow faded even quicker than it had come, and her eyes grew moist with regretful tenderness. The careworn father had more mouths to provide for now than it was easy to do, and her going home would only add to his burden. It had been to help him that she had striven to get a position as governess or public-school teacher, and failing in this hope, that she had gone to London to work as a copying clerk at a pitifully small salary. But meagre as the salary had been, one-half of it had paid for the tiny room on Mrs. Fitzgerald's third floor, and furnished Maggie's inadequate supply of food and clothing, and the other half, until the last two months, had gone regularly to the little cottage at Chippenham.

These last two months had made a new division in her salary. Now it was in three parts, and the third went up to the fourth floor of Mrs. Fitzgerald's apartment house, to a room even more tiny and bare than her own. She had heard a low moaning one day, apparently from the room above, and had gone up and tapped anxiously on the door. Several minutes had passed before she heard a feeble step cross the floor, and then the door had opened and she had loked into the sweetest, most refined old face she had ever seen; but ah, so wan and patient and hopeless!

No, nothing was wanted, the old woman had said; she had only lost control of herself for a moment, that was all. And she smiled with pitiful cheerfulness as she closed the door.

But Maggie had seen enough. That face, and one brief glimpse into the room beyond, had sent her hurrying down stairs after her own bowl of soup and bit of bread and butter. And in spite of the old woman's protests and entreaties, she had literally forced her to eat, laughing, but unyielding and firm. And with the first spoonful of soup there had come a light into the woman's eyes which made Maggie turn abruptly and walk to the one small window, choking back something in

her throat. It was as she had suspected, only worse. The old woman had been literally starving.

Since then they had been good friends; Maggie, tender and imperious, bringing her own oil-stove and provisions to the fourth floor room, so that there should be no more question of hunger; and the old woman deprecatory but yielding. It meant less for the little cottage at Chippenham, and less for herself, but Maggie scarcely thought of these things. Her father would have it so, she knew; her old friend was in greater need than they, and should be looked after first.

She was thinking of her now as she stood in the doorway and glanced about her little room. What would she do, with no one in all the great house to care for her? She was not like these people, not accustomed to battle with poverty. Maggie had read that in her voice, in her language, in her soft, delicate hands, in all her dainty, refined ways. She knew little of her history, only that she had lost her family in Australia, and her fortune; and that she had had just money enough left to reach London. From a few chance sentences, Maggie believed there were wealthy relatives in England, and that the old lady was too proud to seek them. She did not know, but probably there had been an estrangement, and the fault had been theirs.

Well, perhaps she could obtain a few music scholars at Chippenham, or find some other work to do. If she earned anything, part of the money should be sent to Mrs. Fitzgerald's lodger. And in the meantime, she should have the oil-stove and the small supply of provisions on hand. And—yes, she should have that bit of carpet she had bought. It would be warm for the poor old feet.

So when she went up to the fourth floor to say good-bye, she carried the bit of carpet, and a teapot, and some books. An hour was spent in talking and planning, and then she turned to leave, the old woman following her to the door.

"I will not try to thank you, dear," she said, softly, "words are so inadequate. But you know" —she removed a curiously-wrought circlet of gold from her finger and slipped it on one of Maggie's. "I want you to wear this to remember me by. It is not valuable, but my father brought it from India, and gave it to me long, long ago, when I was a little girl. He said the tiny setting was a luck stone, and that the ring should be my talisman to good fortune." She smiled wistfully, and added: "I hope the fortune will be better for you than it has been for me, dear."

The next day Maggie found the train toward Chippenham crowded. There had been a political gathering of unusual importance, and now people were going back to their country homes. Every compartment seemed full, and at last, as though in desperation, the guard thrust her into a coach and hurried away.

Inside, Maggie stood irresolute, looking about, All the seats were occupied save one, and that contained the wraps of a young lady, a little older than herself. Opposite sat an old man, doubtless her father, and a young man reading a newspaper. Evidently it was a family party, and she hesitated to intrude. But the young lady noticing her hesitation, smilingly removed the wraps, and Maggie with a sigh of thankfulness, accepted the proffered seat.

On rushed the train, past Uxbridge, and Eton; though broad, rich meadows and noble parks; over the Thames and through estates whose only divisions were hedges, tall, green, and ancient; with glimpses here and there of stately homes almost hidden by foliage.

Many of the passengers left at Reading, and Maggie made a movement as though to go across to one of the vacated seats opposite. The young

man looked up from his newspaper. For a moment he scarcely seemed aware of her presence, then his glance happened to fall upon the ring on her finger.

"Why, I— I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, in startled surprise. "I know it is very unusual, but would you mind showing me your ring? The design is very odd. I never saw but one like it in my life".

Maggie raised her hand, and he looked at the ring more closely.

"Exactly like it," he said, "exactly."

The old man had been regarding them indifferently. Now he leaned forward with sudden interest.

"What ring?" he asked. Then, with evident surprise in his voice: "So it is, like your mother's, exactly." He regarded the ring for a moment, then leaned back, "Not so very odd, though, perhaps. These jewelers make everything nowadays; and if a design is quaint and old-fashioned, so much the more eager are they to get it. But there's a rather odd story connected with the original design of that ring, young lady. Harold's grandfather brought two from India, and gave one to his mother and the other to his Aunt Clara. Talismans or luck stones, he called them. Not very valuable, perhaps, except for their association and the fact that their design was invented by an Indian rajah."

He paused and glanced from the window, then touched his son on the shoulder.

"Balston Hall," he said.

The train was rushing through an open piece of country, and in the distance, almost hidden by trees, rose the white walls of a stately edifice.

"Part of our property," the young man explained to Maggie.

"Yes," the old man said, musingly, "ours because all trace is lost of the true owner. Sometimes I wonder if the property has any real heirs. I would like to know, for the old man did not treat Clara right at her marriage. I think he realized it himself, and that he wished to atone when he left Balston Hall to her or her heirs, in trust, through all time. Well ,what is it?" as he noticed the eager, wondering light in Maggie's face.

"That name is inside my ring— Clara," she said.

"What!" Then, imperiously, "Let me see it."

Maggie gave him the ring, and he examined it eagerly, critically.

"Yes, it is the same," he concluded. "How did it come into your possession?"

Maggie explained in a few words. When she finished, the old man sprang to his feet and glanced from the window. They were approaching Wootton.

"I will stop here and take the first train back to London," he said, hurriedly. "Harold, you and Edith go on to the hall, and tell your mother not to expect me before to-morrow. Perhaps I shall bring some one with me."

Ten days later a note was brought to Maggie at the little Chippenham cottage. It read:

"My Dear Friend Maggie:

Will you come and be my companion at the hall? My sister and brother and their children are very good; but I need some one who will be with me all the time. I can think of no one but you. In fact, I want no one but you. Will you come? The salary will free your father from all further cause for anxiety.

Your friend,
CLARA BERKELEY.

GENERAL FUNSTON IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IDENTITY OF JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

The following letter from the Rev. Edward P. Dempsey, St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, Cal., received some days after our December number went to press is published as further evidence of the extent to which looting was practised by the volunteers. It also gives some information relative to the character of the writer of the article "Church Robbers in the Philippines," information that if proof were needed would convince readers that Gen. Funston's efforts to find Mr. Sullivan were as real as his deeds of prowess in Manila.

San Francisco,
Nov. 26, 1899.

To Editor Donahoe's Magazine.

Dear Sir:—

The article on Church Looting in the Philippines, which appeared in the November number of your magazine, has been, as could be expected, the cause of much comment. Many attempts at denial and many statements from different sources have been made. General Funston, whom later developments have despoiled of all glory, upon arrival in San Francisco, made an effort to discredit the article by throwing mud at the author, Mr. John J. Sullivan. In a letter to the San Francisco Call, the exploded general, by slurs upon the name Sullivan and by professed inability to find in the San Francisco directory any one of that name occupying a higher social position than longshoreman or elevator boy, tried to destroy the effect of and throw doubt upon the article. As to General Funston's effort it would suffice to state that did the newspaper hero possess as good a character as Mr. Sullivan he would not now be obliged to resort to ways that are questionable and ungentlemanly to prove that he ever had a character. Mr. Sullivan is well and favorably known to me and to other priests of this city. Journalism has been his profession for six years and the only one he has ever followed. During that time he has been on the staff of two daily papers of San Francisco and today he is doing journalistic work for the leading paper of the Pacific coast. He was born and has grown to manhood in this town and in the Cathedral parish.

The soldiers returning from Manila brought with them tons of Church property. This is a fact known too well to people here, and beyond denial. The junk-shops and pawn-broker establishments of this city are filled with stolen church goods. Visitors to the Presidio, where the returned regiment encamped until mustered out of service, saw articles of this nature everywhere. The writer of these lines has seen vestments, chalices, monstrances, missals, crucifixes, altar candles and baptismal records which were brought here by the returned regiments. Such sights naturally aroused indignation and awakened a pity for the good name of the American army, as also a desire to make some effort to prevent further acts of vandalism. The thought came that if publicity was given to this matter the government would take steps to end such desecrations. Facts were needed. Mr. Sullivan went into the camp tents at

the Presidio and talked with the soldiers. Since the volunteer regiments commenced to return, the pawnshops of this city have had agents at the Presidio to gather in as much loot as possible. Their work was very open, going so far as to distribute their cards everywhere. Under circumstances of this kind Mr. Sullivan easily got all the facts he desired. That the churches on the Island of Luzon were robbed, and robbed by our volunteer soldiers, is beyond denial. There is no doubt also that the Chinese did some of this detestable work, but the question why were they not prevented, places the responsibility beyond the Chinaman.

Yours Respectfully,
(Rev.) Edward P. Dempsey,
St. Mary's Cathedral.

And now there is a change of spirit in General Funston's own following. Glorification has given place to open expression of disgust at the conduct of the fallen hero. This extract from the Kansas City Times is not at all complimentary to the doughty warrior who lay "in mud and safety" while the fight went on under his subordinate.

"The development of the real facts of the campaign in Luzon, as they are being brought out the past few days by officers and men of the Twentieth Kansas, has amazed the plain, stay-at-home folk, who have been but just now so superlatively uproarious over the returned heroes, especially Generals Funston and Metcalf. They are a bit ashamed of their Parisian extravagances of a fortnight since. To hear from men of character and reputation, who were right on the spot, eye witnesses, that many of the tremendous deeds of Generals Funston and Metcalf at the other side of the world were really, for the most part, done on paper with a lead pencil by a Kansas reporter, has been, to say the least, startling and disquieting. And it makes the adulation that has been given the men of war rather ridiculous, too. Think of it—this reporter having his chosen heroes risk their lives over and over again—in his dispatches—much as the press agent of a comic opera diva bathes his employeress in milk, or robs her of a fortune or so in diamonds, and then all America going wild over it! Isn't it a joke? By the testimony of officers and soldiers who were most certainly on the field of battle at Guiguinto, though they did not figure in General Funston's reporter's glowing reports, General Metcalf was never in sight of the fighting there. He was twenty miles away, or thereabout, headed for the hospital at Manila, having been struck on the toe by a stray shot at the skirmish at Boccue, while from a half mile to a mile in the rear of the firing line, with the reserves. He never got within ten miles of Guiguinto. And yet Metcalf has been breveted a brigadier general for his gallantry in that battle.

"Then there was Funston. He was herofied and duly promoted for stories of natatory feats that delighted the nation. He scored in the newspapers the country over as a latter day Bayard, without fear and without reproach. He got to be the central figure of the whole disturbance in Luzon. And now it develops that, after all, this Ajax, according to Lieut. Callahan, lay ingloriously on his stomach behind a rice dike at Guiguinto in mud and safety, while the fighting went forward under the leadership of his unadvertised lieutenant-colonel. And Funston never plunged into the Bagbag in the face of a hail of bullets and led his men in an amphibious charge. Neither did he breast the turbid floods of the Rio Grande "while the Mauser balls zip-zipped about him." All this he has been credited with, but it was the press agents work."

It is to be hoped that this unkind thrust will not reach the General in his far away retreat. Though if it should he would have no hesitation in affirming that the charges were unworthy of a "gentleman."

ACHIEVED COURAGE.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

It may be permissible to say that there are three kinds of courage; that, in fact, some men are born courageous, some achieve courage and some have courage thrust upon them. With regard to the statement that some men are born courageous, hardly any further explanation is necessary than the assertion that some men are naturally brave just as they are quick or slow or clever or dull. It is equally indisputable that men are sometimes forced to be courageous simply because of the desperation of their situations. If you drive a stag which has fled from you with the speed of the wind, into a corner it will turn and fight because that is all that remains for it to do and courage has been, so to speak, thrust upon it. So, there are human stags who can be driven into a corner. But the truest case of all is that of the man who achieves courage; and it is this sort of courage that we meet with most frequently. Achieved courage is the courage we read of, talk of, delight in, and admire. We hear of desperate courage only once in a great while and men of great natural courage are rare enough to be almost unheard of; but the men of achieved courage are the men whose deeds are recorded on every page of history, the men of whom we make heroes, the men in whom "a good cause makes a stout heart."

Who would not despise fear when a just and honorable cause is his? No one can stand so well the jibes and insults of an unthinking world, no one can so easily hold in contempt its good opinion, that opinion for which other men wear out their lives, as the man in whose secret consciousness lies the knowledge that he is doing what is right and in the best way he knows. This is the courage that has made heroes on the battle-field, martyrs in the persecutions, saints in the sinful world, and noble men always.

We are courageous because we are fearless; and the fearless man may be said to be the honest man. The man whose whole life and whose every acton is such that he is always ready to proclaim himself, to acknowledge his convictions, is the man who is fearless. With no secrets to hide, no thoughts that cannot bear too strong a light, he is never in dread of a surprise or suspicious of discovery.

So, if we would have true courage, our ambitions must first be true, our ideals able to bear the light of day and our aims open; then courage must follow and when there is such true courage there must be success in the end.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Second Crusade preached by St. Bernard and undertaken by Louis VII of France and the Emperor Conrad of Germany, furnishes a fruitful theme for F. Marion Crawford in his latest novel, "Via Crucis." It is the broadest canvas upon which the now famous novelist has ever attempted to depict the incidents of a story, and one which is crowded with historical personages, a panorama, we might say, of mediaeval life and customs, yet under his magic touch it glows with brilliancy, and, while grand in its proportions, loses nothing in the distinctness of its component parts. The very nature of the subject allows great scope to the wonderful descriptive powers of the novelist, and we are not surprised to find that ne has made full use of his opportunity and paints a picture which for breadth of conception and skill in the bringing out of its many details, surpasses anything that has heretofore come

from his hand. The hero, Gilbert Warde, a young Englishman, in the time of King Stephen, left for dead on the field by Arnold de Curboil, the treacherous slayer of his father, and secret lover of his mother, who marries her after her husband's death and despoils Gilbert of his patrimony of Stoke Regis, recovers his health at a monastery and crosses the Channel to seek service in the court of Geoffrey, Duke of Normandy. On his way he meets the Duke with his son Henry, the future king of England, and goes with them to the court of Louis VII. He finds favor in the eyes of Queen Eleanor, who begins secretly to love him and to lay siege to his young heart. But Gilbert's love has already been given from his boyhood days to Beatrix de Curboil, the daughter of Arnold de Curboil, and despite all the arts of Queen Eleanor he remains true to his first love. Gilbert's nature is a religious one, singularly faithful and upright, disinterested and honest in a rare degree. He is the very soul of honor and while grateful to Queen Eleanor and sincerely attached to her service, he is also true to himself. He flees to Rome, where he meets the great mediaeval revolutionist, Arnold of Brescia, with whom he shortly becomes familiar, but whose visionary ideals make little impression upon the practical mind of the young Englishman. Recalled to Paris by a letter from Queen Eleanor announcing the arrival in court of Beatrix de Curboil, Gilbert's troubles begin anew. Again subjected to the queen's attentions, every opportunity of seeing Beatrix denied him, his honest heart is sorely tried and his constancy put to a severe test. The struggle of honest love in the heart of the young knight to maintain its ascendency and the struggle of the baser passion in the heart of the woman and its final overthrow by the spirit of self-sacrifice and Christian love becomes thenceforward the central theme of interest around which revolve all the other incidents of the story. True love triumphs in the end. During the course of this struggle the stirring scenes of the Second Crusade are taking place. Bernard of Clairvaux, appears before the multitudes to preach the redemption from the power of the Saracen of the Holy Land. He first appears in the procession of a Benediction service, "the supernal vision of a heavenly dream. His head thrown back, the delicate silver-fair beard scarcely shadowing the spiritual outlines of an almost divine face, his soft, blue eyes looked upward, filled with a light not earthly." There is a glorious piece of his eloquence given, as with heavenly face reflecting the apostolic ardor within, he preached to the assembled thousands the duty of redeeming the Holy Places. The march of the Crusaders to Constantinople and the description of the immense camp outside of Ephesus, give ample scope to the author's well-known power of narration. There is a touching description of the meeting of Gilbert and Beatrix in the garden at Constantinople and the solemn effect of the midnight Christmas mass on the tented field is beautifully portrayed. The services of Gilbert to the Crusaders in his new office of Guide of Aquitaine and the stirring description of the battle in which Gilbert saved the king's forces from annihilation at the hands of the Seljuks, are graphically brought out. The technical skill displayed in the pages of this novel is of the highest order and leaves little to be desired. There are, however, some blemishes in this brilliant work. Faithless wives occupy too large a space on the artist's canvas. It is true that one of them conquers her illicit love, but the portrayal of the baser love fills up too many pages. We are not sure that he has been just to the character of Louis VII. He gives us a one-sided portrait and we have only a weak pietist to gaze upon. One mistake Mr. Crawford makes in the present volume which he has made many times before. In fact, for a Catholic, he is singularly unfortunate in dealing with matters of Catholic discipline. He makes in his present work a canonical impediment to the marriage of Gilbert and Beatrix where none exists according to ecclesiastical law. On the other hand, his portraiture of Arnold of Brescia is singularly just and true, while his delineation of St. Bernard is wondrously beautiful. The work is finely gotten up and beautifully illustrated. The red cross of the Crusader on the snow-white cover, gives it a very attractive appearance.

New York: McMillan & Co., $1.50.

Such a book as "Thoughts for All Times" should find a place in every Catholic household. The initiative of the American publishers in giving to the public this new edition of a work justly celebrated in England, cannot be too highly praised. The author, Mgr. John S. Vaughan, has a happy faculty of throwing a flood of light on the great truths of Catholic theology and there is no writer of our day who uses with such skill homely illustrations to make clearer the meaning of Catholic dogmas than the author of this useful book. Such subjects as the "Love of God," the "Wisdom of God," the "Blessed Trinity," the "Blessed Sacrament," "Purgatory," the "End of Man," "Death," "Pain as a Motive," are from their very nature difficult and obstruse, yet he handles them in such a delightfully interesting and familiar way that they lose half their difficulty. There is solid instruction in these pages and the deepest religious

thoughts are expressed in a captivating style which appeals to the intellect, while it charms the imagination. A single excerpt from the essay on "Thoughts on the Holy Eucharist" will illustrate the author's style: "Why do men find it difficult to accept the wonderful? Why are the mysteries of faith so hard to endure? Why is the incomprehensible in religion so repulsive to the natural sense of mankind? Well, for two reasons. Firstly, because they have never truly realized the extremely limited range of their own faculties; and, secondly, because they have never thoroughly mastered the fact that innumerable mysteries exist all around them, and are to be found in abundance even in the most ordinary and commonplace objects of daily life. . . . . We are hemmed in on every side. We live and move within an extremely narrow circle. We see, but only a short distance. The deep, fathomless depths of the interstellar spaces lie at unmeasured distances beyond our view. The telescope may help us a little, but millions of leagues lie beyond the reach of any instrument, worlds and constellations, undoubtedly, and vast planetary systems that no human eye ever gazed upon. All that our most perfect glasses can reveal to us is just the outer fringe of the limitless garment of creation. It is precisely the same with the sense of hearing. We hear, but it is only the grosser and coarser sounds. The more delicate voices of nature lie utterly beyond us. We can hear neither the impetuous rushing of the distant planets as they travel with lightning-like speed from one part of the heavens to another; nor the growing of the grass about our feet; nor the circulation of the sap and vital juices in shrub and tree; nor the bursting of the ten thousand times ten thousand microscopic cells giving birth to new life in its myriad forms, etc. Works, such as this, are sorely needed in our day; and this may be recommended as one of high merit and admirably adapted to strengthen faith and show forth the beauty and grandeur of religious belief.

The publishers have done their work well and give us a substantial volume finely bound in red and gold.

New York; O'Shea & Co.; Boston; Flynn & Mahoney.

Every priest should feel sincerely grateful to V. Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., for his admirable book of meditations, entitled, "Daily Thoughts." These meditations are short; they are solid; they are practical; they are imbued with the spirit of piety. One can open this volume at any page and find spiritual thoughts, adapted to his needs, pithily and beautifully expressed and presented with an appealing power that will stir his faith and piety. The richness and aptness of the Scriptural quotations give a peculiar power and charm to these short meditations which make of them so many beautiful applications of striking passages of Scripture to the priestly life. The teaching is further enforced by many striking passages from the works of the Fathers which are singularly apt and beautiful. There are fifty of these short meditations—all on subjects which bear a close relation to the life of the priest and many of them eminently practical for the time in which we live. Such are, especially, "Lost Opportunities," "The Worldly Spirit," "Renovation of Spirit," "How to Bear Honors," "The Love of Children," "The Saving Power of the Priest," "Preaching," "Purity of Intention," "Success," "A Good Name," "Spiritual Influence," "Ideals False and True." There is a striking meditation on "The Unfaithful Shepherd," in which the author allows the Prophet Ezechiel to make the whole meditation. Each meditation opens with a passage or two from the Holy Scriptures and closes with a quotation from one of the Fathers. This precious volume will be a welcome Vade-mecum to every busy priest. The work of the publishers cannot be too highly praised. It is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art. The quotations from the Scripture and the Fathers, in different type, stand out boldly from the text and this helps the reader to realize the force of the Biblical and Patristic teaching. The volume is substantially and neatly bound in maroon and gold.

Boston; Marlier, Callanan & Co., $1.00.

The new, large type edition of the Douay version of the Holy Bible meets a long-felt want. It makes a substantial volume of about thirteen hundred pages and yet is not bulky. It is printed on fine white opaque paper and the large type stands out bold and clear. Great care has been taken in its preparation and its absolute correctness is guaranteed. There are added a number of colored maps illustrating the Bible lands in different periods of their history and these should prove very useful to the reader or student. There is also a family register for recording births, marriages and deaths. No Catholic home should now be without a copy of the Bible, as the purchase of this new large type edition is within the reach of all. It may be purchased in different styles of binding, the cheapest being the one bound in black satin cloth which is sold for one dollar. This new edition is published with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons.

Baltimore; John Murphy & Co.

The large thoughts of small people and their extraordinary achievements in the Golden Age have found a worthy chronicler in the person of Kenneth Grahame, who might well have been a dweller in the land of Arcady he so vividly describes, a land peopled with sharp-eyed, distressingly candid mortals, merciless in their condemnation of the dwellers on Olympia.

These were their elders, who, having absolute license to indulge in the pleasures of life, could not get any good of it. "They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in the full eye of the sun—free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn; yet they never did any one of these things."

In censuring these "stiff and colorless Olympians" a notable exception is made of the Curate, who was so nobly planned that he showed no surprise when told that the meadow was a prairie studded with herds of buffalo, which the Arcadians, moccasined and tomahawked, hunted to their doom. He even gave valuable suggestions on the best methods of pursuing big game, and was always ready at the briefest possible notice to turn himself into a hostile army, or a band of marauding Indians. What wonder that he was considered to be a distinctly able man, eminently fitted to become a bishop! That those small censors were generous in their judgments and equally so in recognizing merit, is forced upon one in the story of "The White-Washed Uncle," who had presented Harold with four half crowns, using no circumstance beyond the words, "for you and the other kids. Buy what you like!"

Here was munificence! And the recipients of such bounty rose grandly to the occasion, all the more willing perhaps because they had harbored a brooding doubt and were on the point of taking a vote on their benefactor's character when Harold burst in among them.

"A solemn hush fell on the assembly, broken first by the small Charlotte. 'I didn't know,' she observed, dreamily, 'that there were such good men anywhere in the world. I hope he'll die tonight, for then he'll go straight to heaven!' But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted; for that in her haste she had called this white-souled relative a beast."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master-mind, rising, as he always did, to the situation: "We'll call the piebald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet. And that'll show we're sorry for our mistake."

This handsome readiness to make atonement comes into notice quite frequently in "The Golden Age," the Arcadians being prone to mistakes. It is with a sigh of regret that we say good-bye to them, as they troop down to the station to see off Edward, doomed to school, but pretending a gaiety, at times a trifle overdone, and that almost gave way when one of the girls, as her brother eloquently describes it, "fell a snivelling." Edward turned his head aside feigning interest in the landscape, but the next moment he recollected his new hat, "a hard bowler," the first of the kind he had ever owned. He took it off, examined it, and felt it over. Something about it seemed to give him strength and he was a man once more.

This delightful holiday book is beautifully bound, and fully illustrated by Maxfield Parrish's happy interpretations of the author's happy thoughts, and is altogether in keeping with the character of the work done by its well-known publisher.

John Lane, New York, $2.50.

In his preface to the new, handsomely-illustrated edition of "Saracinesca" the author prepares his readers for the difference that exists between the Rome of today and that of fourteen years ago, when the book was first published. So rapidly have changes taken place during that period that the story is no longer a study of manners familiar to those who knew Rome in the middle of the century, but may be regarded as dealing with the social history of a past time. Mr. Crawford modestly says:

"If this book is still readable and widely read, the fact is due, in my belief, to the humanity of its story quite as much as to the conscientious care bestowed long ago upon historic and social details. The characters were neither wholly imaginary nor altogether taken from real life. They were modeled from types familiar to me in my youth, without any intention of making accurate portraits, yet some of them, when the book was finished, closely resembled the originals, and it is to this reality of the people described that I attribute a success which I was far from expecting when the manuscript left my hand."

The humanity of the story is indeed its great attraction. The book is instinct with it from the opening chapter,—introducing the Holy Father walking upon the Pincio, more than thirty years ago, and pausing now and again to lay his gentle hand on the sunny curls of the little English children,—to the close, when Saracinesca, happy in the realization of his love, yields to Corona's pleading and aids Ugo del Ferice to escape the fate he so richly merits. The charming description of the Holy Father's walk is a charming pen picture.

"In those days also were to be seen the great coaches of the cardinals with their gorgeous footmen and magnificent black horses, the huge red umbrellas lying upon the top, while from the open windows the stately princes of the Church from time to time returned the salutations of the pedestrians in the street. And often in the afternoon there was heard the tramp of horse as a detachment of the noble guards trotted down the Corso on their great chargers, escorting the Holy Father himself, while all who met him dropped upon one knee and uncovered their heads to receive the benediction of the mild-eyed old man with the beautiful features, the head of Church and State. Many a time, too, Pius IX would descend from his coach and walk upon the Pincio, all clothed in white, stopping sometimes to talk with those who accompanied him, or to lay his gentle hand on the fair curls of some little English child that paused from its play in awe and admiration as the Pope went by. For he loved children well, and most of all, children with golden hair—angels, not Angles, as Gregory said."

With a masterful hand the author sketches the leading characters, Corona del Carmine, Don Giovanni, Ugo del Ferice and Donna Tulla, and groups round them the accessory figures necessary to the working out of his plot. The interest, of course, centers on the beautiful Corona, married to a painted dandy and giving to him wifely tenderness and devotion, while struggling with all her strength against Giovanni's love for her and her own consciousness that his love is returned. The only one she takes into her confidence is Padre Filippo, who interprets aright the pleading of her woman's heart for sympathy, and strengthens her by employing the ablest argument that could be used with a woman of Corona's proud character. "I have not a friend in the world to whom I can speak," she sobs out, and in the weakness of the moment, intimates her dread of yielding, "perhaps."

"Let there be no perhaps," said the monk, almost sternly. "Think that even from the worldly point of view there is small dignity in the woman who exhibits love for a man who has never mentioned love to her." Padre Filippo's keen insight into character had given him a strong weapon in Corona's defence.

Mr. Crawford's skill in portrayal is shown in marked degree in the varied scenes in the Frangipani palace where Donna Tullia coming upon Corona after Giovanni had left her, indulges in covert insult. "What, not dancing, Duchessa!" she says. "Has your partner gone home?" And the old husband returning with a little tiger badge for Corona hears the words and, pleased with his wife's air of proud indifference, comes gallantly to the rescue. "My wife's partners do not go home while she remains, Madam," he says, and Donna Tullia retorts with a cutting, "I beg your pardon! I had forgotten that you still dance."

In the scene in Corona's room, on their return from the ball the old Duke is at his best, putting aside all his little pretences and revealing to Corona that death will soon set her free.

"There was something so gentle in his tone, so infinitely pathetic in his thought that possibly he might lighten the burden his wife bore so bravely, there was something at last so human in the loving regret with which he spoke, that Corona forgot all his foolish ways, his wig and his false teeth and his petty vanities, and, letting her head fall upon his shoulder, burst into passionate tears."

Following this, his sudden death, Corona's widowhood, the revealing of the treachery of Ugo del Ferice, and the chain of circumstances that lead to the meeting of Corona and Don Giovanni, form the theme of chapters of absorbing interest that bring the reader all too soon to the happy hour, when, we are told:

"Relays of horses awaited them on their way, and relays of mounted guards. Late that night they reached Saracinesca all ablaze with torches and lanterns, and the young men took the horses from the coach and yoked themselves to it with ropes and dragged the cumbrous carriage up the last hill with furious speed, shouting and singing like madmen in the cool mountain air. Up they rushed, and under the grand old gateway, made as bright as day with flaming torches; and then there went up a shout that struck the old vaults like a wild chord of fierce music, and Corona knew that her journey was ended.

"So it was that Giovanni Sarcinesca brought home his bride."

The MacMillan Co., New York. $5.00.

In "The Catholic Mother," a manual of devotions and instructions compiled by Rt. Rev. Dr. Augustine Egger, there is much that mothers will do well to lay to heart. Practical counsels on self-training, intercourse with the world, the conduct of the home, the care of the children, the mother's authority, and other important points, make the little volume a most instructive and useful manual. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., has done his part towards answering the question "What book can I get that a boy will like?" Father Finn's last book is, as might be expected, admirably adapted to the needs of his readers. The Best Foot Forward is a splendid story, taking up a boy's life at home and in school, and narrating so many exciting happenings that interest is sustained to the very end. There are four more stories, almost as good, and every one of them is of practical value in making young people strive for high ideals. Benziger Brothers, New York. 85 cents.

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly relates some queer adventures of "Lot Leslie's Folks," among the French and Indians. In an "Afterword" the writer makes known that while the woof of the story is partly fiction, the warp is mainly fact, the tale being based on records of undeniable authenticity. Love Leslie (or Eleanor St. Auge as she was christened in the Catholic church in Montreal) is really a creature of flesh and blood. Her brother Joseph, a captive in an Indian tribe, is also adopted later on. The story of Love's adventures and those of her parents reads like a romance and ends, after much trial and suffering, most happily.

The story is dedicated by the author to her good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. O'Malley of Louisville, Ky., as a tribute of her esteem. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

In addition to this story the same firm has brought out two more holiday books for the young people, "Little Arlette" and "'Twas To Be," by Henri Ardel, translated by Francis T. Furey, A. M.

Child Verse, Poems Grave and Gay, by John B. Tabb, will be welcomed by the young folks and many of their elders. Reverent thoughts and quaint conceits blend curiously in the arrangement of the seventy eight selections forming the volume and dealing with as many different subjects. The book is daintily made up; the cover design is very attractive, the printing clear and, altogether is one of the prettiest and most desirable Christmas books. Small, Maynard & Co., Poston. $1.00.

Poems by Keats and Shelley, a handsome edition in white and gold, and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett, includes the following poems: La Belle Dame sans Merci; Isabelle; The Eve of St. Agnes; Lamia; The Cloud; To a Skylark; Ode to the West Wind; The Sensitive Plant; The Witch of Atlas. Little Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston.

A practical book for beginners is First-Year's Latin Grammar, by Rev. G. E. Viger, S. S.

Most Latin grammars are so complicated, even from the first pages, that many things have to be skipped by the student who does not wish to be confused and discouraged. On the other hand, a few Latin grammars, intended for beginners, seem to go to the other extreme by leaving out altogether some of the essentials of grammar, or re'egating them to the end of the book. The ground is well covered in this little book, and we highly recommend it to students and others who are studying, or contemplating the study of Latin. 12 mo. Cloth, 182 pages. Price, 75 cents. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md.

The same firm has also brought out two dramas, written by V. Rev. F. Felix, O. S. B. in compliance with oft-repeated requests from prominent Catholic educators.

Pontia, The Daughter of Pilate, is a four act drama, compiled from a short legend entitled Pontia, and it is a strong play, dealing with the life in the household of Pontius Pilate at the time of the crucifixion. Price 25 cents net.

The Shepherdess of Lourdes, or, The Blind Princess was written to suit any girls' school. It is easy, pleasing and full of action, and makes the best religious impression on both Catholics and Protestants. Price 25 cents net.

An excellent opportunity for picturesque stage effects, is afforded in "The Witch of Bramble Hollow," a four act drama by Marie Cote. It is also most admirably adapted to give parts to a great number of pupils, and thus overcome a difficulty frequently encountered in putting on a school play. The denouement gives ample scope for the development of dramatic ability, and the entire drama tends towards the accomplishment of the author's purpose "of giving pleasure and doing good." William H. Young & Co., New York. Price 30 cents.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this magazine. W. A. Noyes 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

Protestant writes: What do Catholics mean by the Immaculate Conception, and why do they believe this, since it is not in the Bible?

By the Immaculate Conception Catholics believe that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without original sin, in the womb of her mother, St. Anne. The Immaculate Conception is a privilege purely personal to Mary and has no reference to any privilege accorded to her mother, St. Anne; nor does it, as some Protestants insist on saying, pertain to the birth of Christ from a Virgin. Catholics speak of the Immaculate Conception as being Mary's privilege, whereby Mary was preserved from original sin, in the view of the exalted mission to which God had destined her, namely to be the mother of His Son, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. That Mary is at the same time Virgin and Mother is a glory distinct from that which came to her in that first instant when God created her soul and made it all holy, free from every taint and shadow of sin.

Catholics believe it, because it is taught to them by the Catholic Church as a truth of revelation. All revelation is not in the Bible. When the Pope speaks ex-cathedra, that is as Head of the Church to the whole Catholic world regarding some matter of faith or morals, Catholics hold to the truth of his word and obey his voice as the voice of God speaking through him, setting forth explicitly something already revealed. On December, 1854, Pope Pius IX. spoke ex-cathedra as follows: "By the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and by our own authority, we declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine, which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved free from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and, therefore, is to be firmly and steadfastly believed by all the Faithful.

Wherefore, if any shall presume, which may God avert, to think in their heart otherwise than has been defined by us, let them know, and, moreover, understand, that they are condemned by their own judgment, that they have made shipwreck as regards the Faith, and have fallen away from the unity of the Church."

Reader writes: I have been wondering at a statement I lately saw in a Catholic magazine. The writer, too, is a Catholic. It was as follows: "But Mr. ——, though a Democratic statesman, a patriotic Irishman and a faithful Catholic, is far above the narrowness of party, race or creed." I have always believed that the truth cannot be narrow and I fail to understand how the Church that is the guardian of sacred truth can be narrow in her teachings or in her profession of God's word.

In answer to "Reader" we would say that the writer in question had a correct idea, but used a most unfit and untrue expression. The idea is manifested by the following sentence: "He will be the executive of the whole people." So the writer simply intended to say what that sentence conveys. But we grant the other form of writing was, to say the least, inaccurate. Certainly the Catholic Church is not and cannot be narrow. The careless use men make of words is deplorable. Sometimes there is little or no harm. But in the serious matters of divine religion only the greatest watchfulness is satisfactory. The Church has even consecrated certain words and formulas and she does not permit the smallest deviation from her established usage of such words as "consubstantial," "transubstantiation," "hypostatic union," "begotten of the Father," "proceeds from the Father and the Son." And her care should make us emulate her exactness. But we too easily absorb the atmosphere about us and follow the common usage. This, indeed, is no excuse for the thinker and the scholar. How often do we hear even Catholics speak of their Church as a sect; God's Church, the Church established by Jesus Christ, the Universal Church, the Church of all times, places and peoples, only a section, a portion, a part cut off, a dissension, a piece! The words Catholic Church and sect are so antagonistic as to destroy each other, as to make all meaning impossible. And this use of the word is only within a few years. Catholics should know better than to speak in such ignorant fashion. We smile when we read of President McKinley, with his Irish name and Irish blood, of Governor Roosevelt, of Dutch and Irish ancestry, acknowledging the Anglo-Saxon Shibboleth. We know this is not an Anglo-Saxon country. The vast German contingent of our population, equally with the Irish, laugh at the assumption.

But German and Irish newspaper men fall into line and write, perhaps unconsciously, about "us Anglo-Saxons."

So men speak of a creed and of creeds. We have within a few days come across a "creed" devised by a man with a certain following, to replace the antiquated, not up-to-date creed of the Apostles. What do we mean by "creed?" We mean in one sense a "compressed word," a short formula of religion; such is the Apostles' creed, summarizing within twelve articles the chief truths of the religion of Jesus Christ. But in another sense, we mean not the summary only, but the entire teaching of the Church. We say "the" Church. There is only one. So Jesus Christ declared, when He said to Simon: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church;" So .St. Paul wrote: "One God, one faith, one baptism." There are sects, but neither individually, nor collectively, do they constitute "the Church." Now is the Church of Christ narrow? We Catholics know that we belong to the Church of Christ, the Holy, Roman Catholic, Apostolic Church. And we know that by reason of her mission, of her laws, of her perennial existence, she is not, cannot be narrow. Her mission: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Her laws: they are framed on the knowledge that her duty is to save those for whom Christ died, and He "gave Himself a Salvation for all," and with her, as with God, there is no distinction of persons, no Jew, no Gentile, no Greek, no Barbarian. "All who believe and are baptized are her children. Her existence: everywhere, in all times.

But we hear that she is exacting, that she requires submission to her teaching, obedience to her laws. Certainly she does. And is this United States a mean, and narrow government that requires no less of her citizens? But she insists she has the truth and that all statements contradictory with hers are false. Certainly she does, and such imperiousness is characteristic of all truth, natural equally with supernatural. Her domain is in the realms of supernatural truth, and she strictly requires adherence to the truth entrusted her by Christ. Less she cannot do and be herself true. Nothing is so positive as truth: nothing is so broad as truth. The United States has its Constitution. We have found it with all its positive enactments broad enough to gather in the emigrants from the four quarters of the globe, and train them into useful citizens. And yet the Constitution upheld itself at a very serious period of our history only at the dire cost of four years of bitter, civil strife. Has it become narrower thereby, or broader? And if some might have their way, and so amend the Constitution as they wish against polygamy, what woman, at least, but would see her horizon of freedom broadened in the atmosphere where the tainted animalism is condemned by the highest law?

1900 inquires: What is the meaning of the word "jubilee," and what is the history of the jubilee? As the Pope has proclaimed a jubilee for the year 1900, I would like to know something on this question.

We know the signification of a jubilee. As we use it of certain joyous events, silver jubilee, golden jubilee, of the ordination of a priest, of the founding of a church or parish of a marriage, etc. And from such use, we can readily grasp the use made of the word in the proclamation by Leo XIII. of a year of jubilee from Christmas 1899 to Christmas 1900. The word is derived from a Hebrew word, meaning the blast of a trumpet. According to the law set forth in the 25th chapter of Leviticus, at intervals of fifty years, on the tenth day of the seventh month, that is on the day of atonement, the blast of the trumpet was heard throughout the land of Israel. The year of remission was thus proclaimed, in which bondsmen were restored to liberty, and every man returned to his own possessions.

From this Jewish custom the Catholic Church has adopted the word "Jubilee," and she has from time to time proclaimed a year of remission from the temporal punishments due to sin. The jubilee becomes an opportunity for the gaining of a plenary indulgence by those who are in peace with God, or who by repentance win that peace. And during the jubilee even ordinary confessors are empowered to absolve from many cases that are at other times reserved to the bishop.

The first jubilee was proclaimed in the year 1300, by Pope Boniface VIII. The jubilee was to recur each one hundredth year. Clement VI., in a bull of 1343 put the interval of recurrence at fifty years; Urban VI., in 1389 made the cycle of thirty-three years; and Paul II. in 1470, made it, as it now stands, of twenty-five years. An extraordinary jubilee is granted at times either to the whole Church, or to particular cities or countries. This does not usually last for a whole year. The election of a new pope is frequently taken as a fitting occasion for granting a jubilee. Pope Sixtus V. in 1585, was the first to grant this indulgence, that he might have the prayers of the entire Church to help him in his sacred duties.

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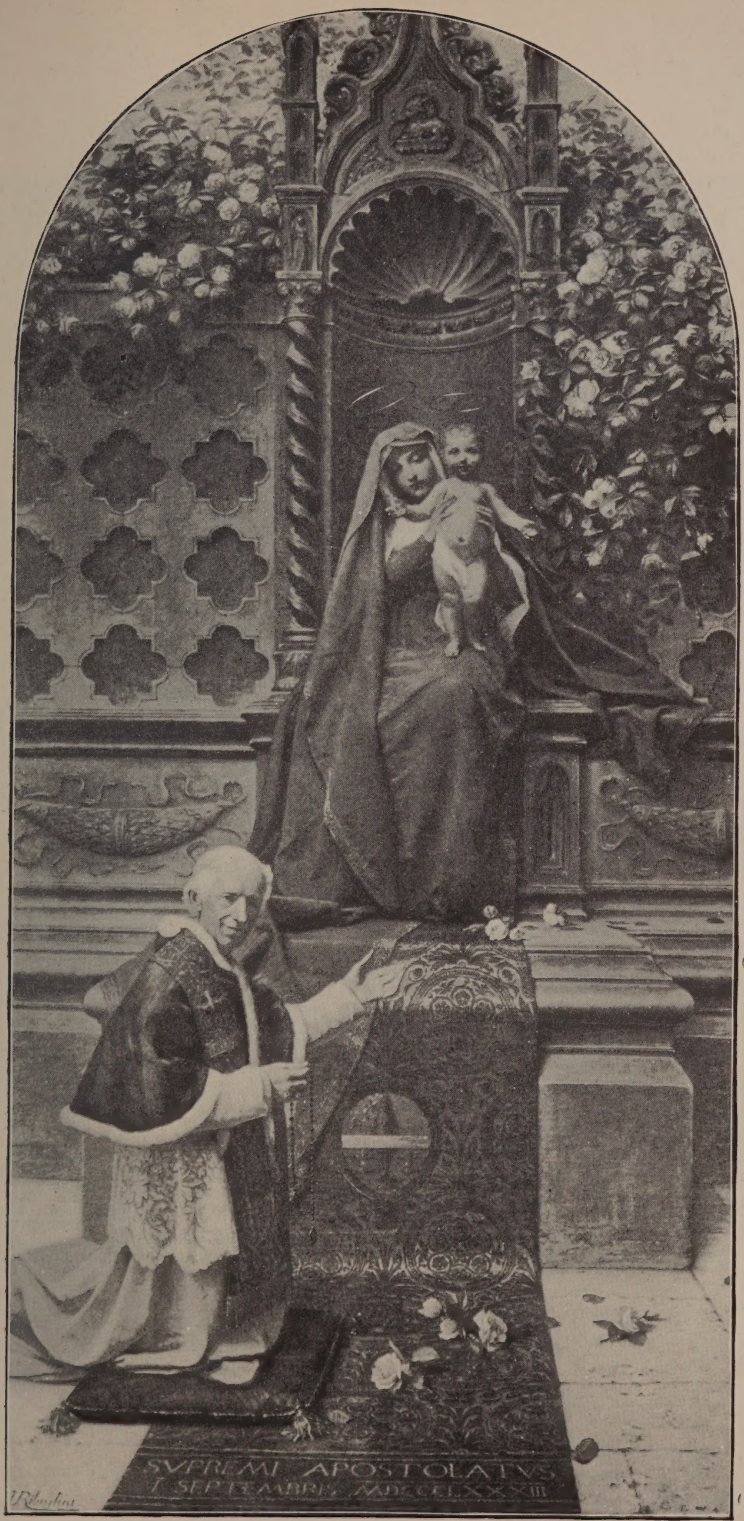
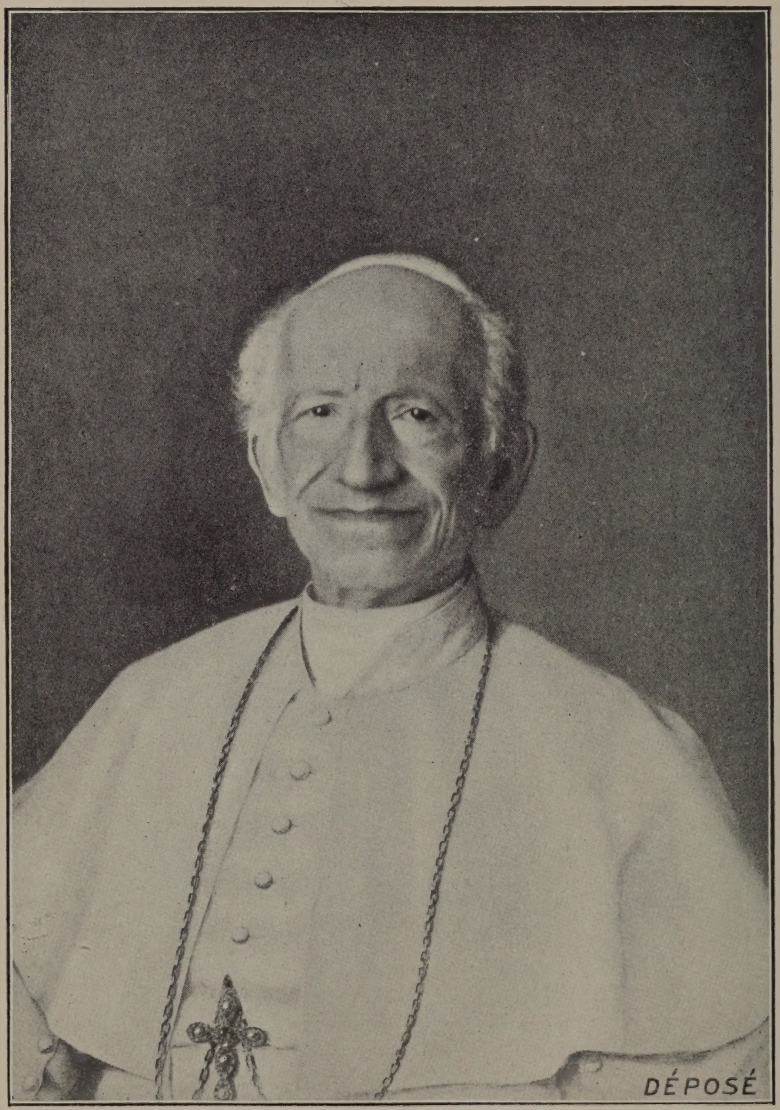


"Queen of the Most Holy Rosary"
Added by Leo XIII to the Litany of Loretto.



POPE LEO XIII AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph by "De Federicis," the Pontifical photographer, Rome.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XLIII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1900. No. 2.

GENERAL VIEW OF CARPINETO.

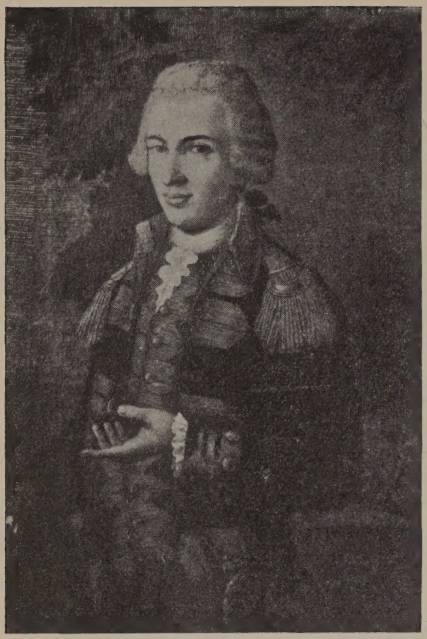
MILESTONES IN POPE LEO'S NINETY YEARS.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

It is a grand thought for those who are privileged to dwell within the walls of the Eternal City, and kneel to receive the blessing of Christ's Vicar on earth, that all over the world, wherever the Catholic Church is spread and the dominion of the See of Peter claims the allegiance of its children of every land, our fellow Catholics joined with us in celebrating the inauguration of a year so memorable in the reign of Pope Leo XIII.

The words of the Sovereign Pontiff, at the close of the ceremony, "I have opened a new era in which may God give peace" tell of the spirit that has dominated his work among men during a lifetime of almost ninety years.

The opening of the Holy Door was a scene never to be forgotten by those whose privilege it was to be present. Borne on the sedia gestatoria, and escorted by the Papal Guards, the Sovereign Pontiff proceeded to the Sistine



COUNT PECCI, FATHER OF POPE LEO XIII.

COUNTESS PECCI, MOTHER OF POPE LEO XIII.

Chapel and from there to the vestibule of the Basilica where the papal throne had been erected. Surrounded by cardinals and dignitaries his Holiness waited till the booming of a heavy bell told that the time had come to open the Holy Door, a ceremony last performed in 1825,seventy-four years ago. It is a remarkable coincidence that among those who witnessed the ceremony on that occasion was the present Pope.

Advancing to the door the Holy Father received from Cardinal Monsignor Serafino Vannutelli, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulators, the golden mallet given by the Italian bishops. Pope Leo, uttering the verses of the liturgy, struck three blows with the hammer, on the door, and, after a few moments of solemn silence, the portal swung back, and the officials of St. Peter's laved the threshold and door-posts with holy water, while Leo intoned the psalm "Jubilate Deo," which was taken up by the pontifical choir. Holding in his right hand the crucifix and in his left a lighted candle the Pope knelt at the threshold while the Te Deum was sung. Then rising to his feet he stepped alone into the vast Basilica. Presently the Cardinals and others followed, and at the same moment all the church bells in Rome rang out. Stopping before the altar of Michael Angelo, Leo addressed a few words to the janitors of the Holy Door for the coming year, speaking to them of the importance of the ceremony. He then proceeded to the altar where the Mass was offered, followed by a short prayer. Advancing on the sedia gestatoria to the altar the Holy Father pronounced a solemn benediction according the plenary indulgences.

The concourse assembled in the precincts of the Basilica maintained profound silence throughout the ceremony save when the Pope gave his blessing, which evoked loud "vivas."

Many will remember the proclamation of the last Holy Year, 1875, by Pius IX, and the arrival in Rome of international deputations from Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, the United

States, and Australia. At that time the door was not opened.

The Holy Year derives its origin from the custom instituted by Moses when the elect people were called upon to sanctify themselves every fiftieth year. The first Holy Year was proclaimed in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII, who lived at the patriarchial palace of St. John Lateran, and it was from the pontifical residence that the famous bull was issued whereby he assigned the Basilica of St. Peter's as the place of reunion for the pilgrimage. It is estimated that two million foreigners came to Rome on that occasion. Among these were Carlo Martello, the King of Hungary; and Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, in company with his wife, Catherine, niece of Emperor Baldovine; and his sons and his suite of about five hundred French knights.

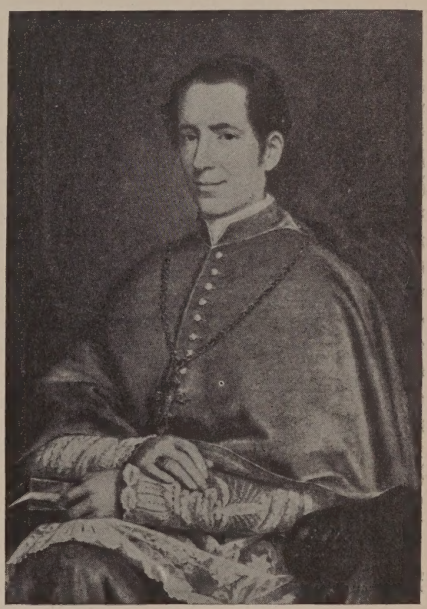
We are told that: "on the same occasion from the city of Florence an embassy was sent by Boniface VIII., in which Dante Alighieri took part.

In the first Holy Year many sick were healed of their infirmities. There were so many pilgrims that the city found a deficiency of food and was forced to send in great haste for corn in large quantities from the neighboring cities and even from so great a distance as Sicily.

Rome was then inclosed with a wall broken here and there by towers. The Church of St. Peter's was far different from what it is now, being entered by means of small marble steps that the faithful ascended, kneeling and kissing them one by one. Ingress to the church was through five large doors, of which that in the middle was called the silver doorway and was almost always closed, since it was destined for monarchs; in more recent ages another was called "Holy," and reserved for jubilee years.

It was Pope Alexander VI. of the Borgia house who, after having personally directed researches for the purpose of discovering the position of the holy doorway which had been opened on the fourth jubilee of Boniface IX. not succeeding in his attempt, ordered a new one to be made; and that this might afterwards be recognized he adorned it with marble and sculpture.

The rite of fixing in the basilica a doorway and dedicating it to the holy year, for opening only on such occasions, was established then by the Pope, and the one who was by him delegated for the task points out that this was declared as the record of the jubilee



POPE LEO XIII,

When Mgr. Pecci, Archbishop of Damietta, Apostolic Nuncio to Belgium, 1843.

established in the time of Moses, when audience of the people was held and judgment pronounced at the tribunal portals.

From the first opening of the holy doorway historians have handed down long and highly colored descriptions. There has been preserved also the precise prayer that Alexander VI. sang while he beat with the golden hammer upon the thin wall closing the doorway."

Some years ago the question of celebrating the 20th anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate was mooted in the Pope's presence, and the Holy Father shook his head, smiling indulgently,—that rare sweet smile of his which radiates the calm, aged face like sunshine, and which those who know Leo XIII. learn to love and look for, as if the matter were a dream of the far distant future, in all possibility never to be realized.

But the excellent health of his later years caused the Holy Father to consider the subject more practically, and on receiving many good wishes and hopes that he might be spared to celebrate the 20th anniversary of his accession the Pope replied cheerfully, "Ci proveremo il nostro meglior." (We will do our best) a characteristic proof of his intense vigor of mind and energy of body, which many a far younger man might envy. Twenty-two years ago when Cardinal Giacchino Pecci was elected Pope it was universally thought from his frail appearance and evident delicacy of health that the new Pontiff would not live to discharge the onerous functions of his high office, for many years, and if anyone had told him then that he would not only see his sacerdotal and episcopal jubilees, but the 20th anniversary of his accession and the 60th of his first Mass, the Pope himself would have been the first to doubt it.

A rather curious incident connected with this is told in Rome apropos of the twenty years of the Pope's Pontificate.

On Leo XIII's accession an old Franciscan friar in the Monastery of Ara- Coeli predicted that the new Pontiff would reign for twenty years and perhaps more if God wished it—a prophecy or inspiration, call it as you will, which has been fully verified. "I thank Divine Providence," said the Holy Father, on Christmas eve, "for granting me the grace of being able to celebrate this great function, and I wish for my successor grandeur and a long reign, to the greater glory of God. My successor will be young, as compared with my own age, and will have time to see many glories of the Papacy and the Church."

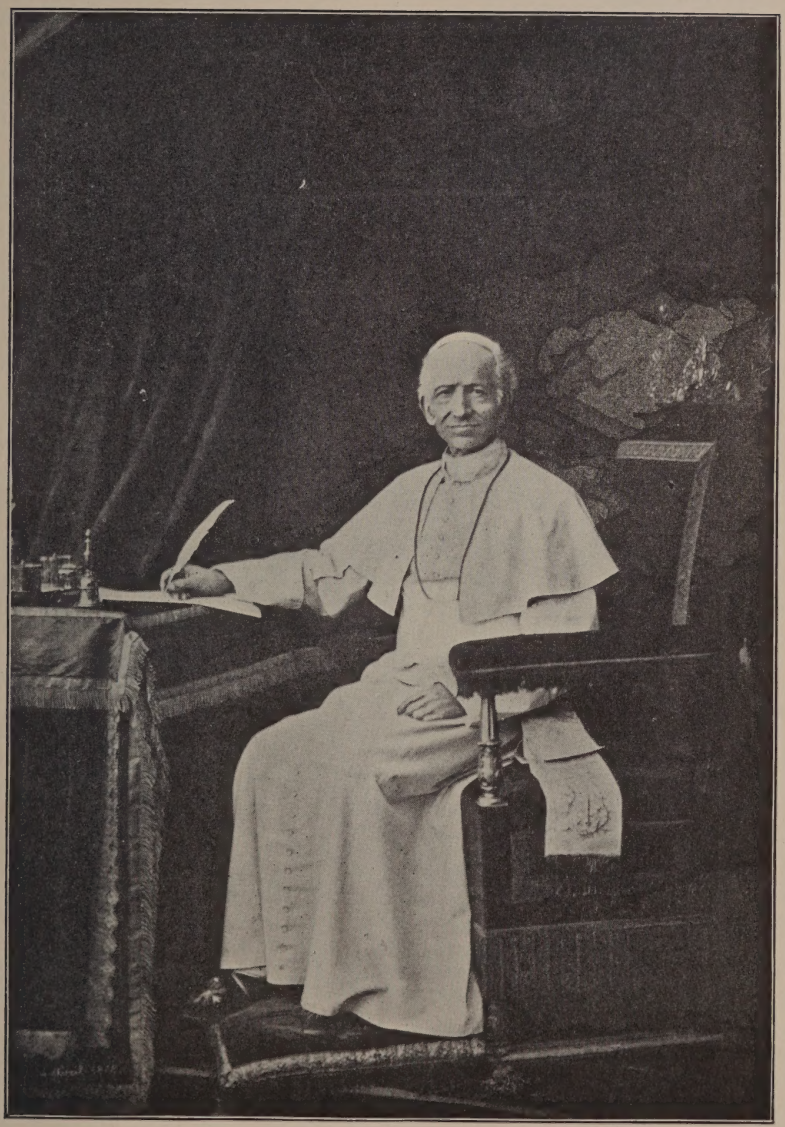
A glance back over the chief events of the Pope's life may not be amiss at a time like this, when reminiscences and memories of his earlier years are eagerly sought after and treasured.

Like the childhood of many great men however, that of the Church's future Ruler does not seem to have been particularly remarkable, but passed in the blessed uneventfulness of a happy childhood in a happy home, encircled by the love and tenderness of family ties which are among Leo XIII's brightest recollections. It was a life altogether secluded from the world too, in that old-world mountain town of Carpineto in the hills, where the sixth son of Count and Countess Pecci was born. For, though only a short distance from Rome now by our much abused but useful railway, we must remember that in the Pope's childhood railways were a thing unknown and the lumbering old "diligence" which started from the market-place of the town on certain days of the week was the only link between Carpineto and the outer world.

It was among surroundings of nature's fairest loveliness, under the care of a tender mother who first moulded and trained his youthful character, that the child spent his opening years; and perhaps to that healthy, out-of-door life he led among the woods and chestnut groves of his father's estate, the Holy Father owes his wonderful vigor and longevity.

As a child the little Pecci was of a quiet, dreamy disposition, already evincing the studious tastes of the "litterateur" and student.

Even now Leo XIII has not lost that early taste for the beauties of nature which distinguished his childhood; and one of the few pleasures the Pope allows himself is his daily drive or stroll in the park-like gardens of the Vatican among his birds and his vines, and the



POPE LEO XIII IN HIS STUDY.

(Taken in the earlier years of his Pontificate.)

on the spot where the young saint breathed forth his soul to God that the future Pontiff first offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

As we stand in the chapel of St. Stanislas to-day can we not imagine it all! that New Year's morning sixty-two years ago! the faint glimmering of dawn shining through the windows, the group of kneeling worshippers, among whom is the young priest's elder brother Joseph, a Jesuit Father, and the brilliantly-lighted altar with the radiance shining down on the pure young face of the new priest rapt in silent communion with his God, descended on the altar for the first time at his bidding!

No one who has seen Leo XIII say Mass can ever forget the impression of intense fervor and devotion produced upon his mind by it. It seems as if he were completely apart from the things of earth—the Creator and the creature, the Master and the Vicar, in perfect union—a living embodiment of prayer and supplication.

So we can picture what that first Mass must have been to the young and fervent spirit eager for labor in the

POPE LEO XIII

As he appeared on the 1st of January, 1898, in the Hall of Canonizations to celebrate the 60th Anniversary of his first Mass.

en for the position of Papal Ablegate to the town of Benevento, on the borders of the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples. The post was no sinecure, for the population of Benevento was a somewhat lawless and turbulent one which needed much firmness as well as the greatest tact and diplomacy in dealing with and controlling it. Wiseacres shook their heads over the choice of so young and inexperienced a man, but subsequent events proved the wisdom of the Holy Father's decision. Difficulties the Ablegate had indeed to deal with in plenty, but under his wise and firm rule the condition of the town was considerably ameliorated, and the inhabitants learned that courage and firmness are not to be estimated by personal appearance, for within the slender frame of the mild ecclesiastic was a brave, undaunted spirit and a determination to do his duty at any cost, combined with admirable tact and conciliatory power, winning for him first the respect for his "pluck" which all brave men instinctively admire, and then the love of those wilful subjects.

Thus discovering the administrative powers of the Ablegate the Pope reserved him for still further honors—a diplomatic career was to be the field of his labors in the future. Successive posts of importance followed that of Benevento, first Spoleto, which was changed before he went there to that of the Ablegateship of Perugia, and then the young Ablegate was recalled to Rome, and consecrated Archbishop of Damietta by Cardinal Lambruschini in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Panisperua, preparatory to being sent as Papal Nuncio to the Court of Belgium. For this church of his consecration to the archbishopric, Leo XIII has always held the greatest affection, and on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee he caused it to be restored and beautified.

Archbishop Pecci filled his position as Nuncio with remarkable ability for many years, treating the most difficult diplomatic relations with consummate tact, and advancing the Church's interests in every way possible. As in Benevento he was universally respected and admired, but with his always retiring disposition and scholarly tastes the Nuncio never courted popularity and social success, though in every relation —religious, political, social—he invariably acted with wisdom and prudence. Great were the regrets in Belgium when Archbishop Pecci was recalled to Italy once more to discharge a still more arduous duty at home—that of governing the large dioceses of Perugia. It was a charge of an altogether different kind, but this zealous worker loved the charge of souls, and took up his new task with all his characteristic energy, amid difficulties which would have discouraged many another in his place. But the steady will never faltered till he had carved his way through all difficulties, aided by the personal magnetism and goodness of heart that never failed him.

For many years the Archbishop labored in the dioceses of Perugia, which became dearer to him than any other charge, and in the year 1853, Pope Pius IX named him a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Words cannot describe the delight of the people of Perugia when their beloved Archbishop returned among them once more as Cardinal Archbishop,—their own still in spite of the new dignities which never changed his fatherly heart towards them. In all their troubles he was with them, strengthening, encouraging, guiding, with his tender charity and apostolic heart. Even now, when Leo XIII has been twenty-two years in the Chair of Peter, it is touching to note the love they bear him still. When one visits Perugia there are many yet who speak gratefully and affectionately of "il nostro arcivescovo" (our archbishop) as they still love to call him, knowing full well that the Sovereign Pontiff in Rome with the cares of twenty-two years Pontificate on his shoulders has the heart of "our archbishop" still, and a very warm

place in his affections for his old cathedral town and the flock he lived among so long.

In 1877 Cardinal Pecci was nominated Cardinal "Camerlengo," a most important post in the Sacred College, for to the Camerlengo is entrusted the charge of the government and affairs of the Holy See during the interregnum on the death of a Pope, and also the direction of the Conclave held to elect a new one. Pius IX desired Cardinal Pecci to reside in Rome when he was appointed to this office, so from that time till the death of Pius IX in the following year he stayed in Rome at the Palazzo Falconieri.

It may be interesting to give a short account (not generally known) of how Leo XIII spent his last morning in Rome before entering the Vatican, which little as he knew it, he was never to leave again. On the 7th of February, 1878, Pope Pius IX, being seriously ill, fell into a critical state, and the Cardinal Camerlengo was immediately advised of the fact. Not apprehending however any imminent danger, Cardinal Pecci said his Mass as usual, then fearing that perhaps the change might be more serious than he first realized, he caused his carriage to be brought in haste, went first to confession at St. John Lateran, to his confessor Padre Daniele, and then hastened to the Vatican where he found such a number of persons assembled in the "Sala Clemen tina", waiting for news of the Pope's state, that he could hardly pass through. However they soon made way for the Cardinal Camerlengo, who went in at once to the bedside of the dying Pontiff with whom he found Cardinals Billio and Panelianco.

They told the Pope that the Cardinal Camerlengo was there, and he made a sign of recognition to Cardinal Pecci smiling without speaking. The Cardinal remained near by till the death of Pius IX which occurred shortly after. So, as he drove through the streets of Rome in that cold grey February morning of 1878, Cardinal Pecci took his last outside glimpse of the Eternal City, for he has never been out of the Vatican from that day.

Then came the Conclave, in which the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia was solemnly elected Ruler of the Universal Church, February 20th, 1878. His election to the supreme honor came as an unwelcome shock to the humble-minded Cardinal and the terrible weight of responsibility seemed to fairly crush him. The proclamation of the Cardinals' choice found the newly-elected Pontiff with his face hidden in his hands, weeping and protesting that he was not worthy of the honor imposed upon him. But right nobly he bore the burden so unwillingly assumed, and took up the duties of the Pontificate with the courage and entire devotion he had given to the various other charges of his life, seeing the hand of God in each new change.

The Pope's first appearance in public to give the Papal Benediction took place immediately after his election, in the balcony inside St. Peter's between the two clocks at the end of the Church where from an early hour an anxious crowd had been waiting to hear the new Pontiff proclaimed—Leo XIII, Pontifex Maximus, the first prisoner-Pope in his own city, and the only one in the long line of the successors of St. Peter unable to give the benediction out in the eyes of the world, in view of that glorious horizon of the papal city and the eternal hills beyond.

But the loyalty of his children has assuaged the bitterness of his imprisonment, for to few of the occupants of the See of Peter in any age, has been given in the same degree of the loving homage and heartfelt devotion accorded our prisoner-Pope in his quiet home at the Vatican. On the 3rd of March, 1878, the final ceremonial of Leo XIII's coronation took place in the Sistine Chapel in presence of the Cardinals, prelates, papal court dignitaries and a vast assemblage of persons.

After the ceremony was over the newly-elected Pope, in all the pontifical

vestments and wearing the triple crown, was solemnly borne through the closely-serried ranks of people, giving his benediction to right and left and greeted at the portals for the first time, by the shout of "Viva Leone XIII, Viva il Papa- Re," which has re-echoed within those walls so many times during the last twenty-two years.

The history of the Pontificate of Leo XIII in more recent times is so well known that it is not necessary to dwell upon it here, for the Holy Father has spoken for himself in those famous encyclicals. We all realize too the peace and unity his wise and prudent rule has brought the Church, and by his example, his fervor, and last, but by no means least, his strong personality and influence, the Pope has made the light of the Church to shine before an unbelieving generation in the eyes of men hitherto contemptuous if not hostile to her teachings.

The dream of universal unity which has been the dearest wish of his old age Leo XIII will very likely not live to realize, for even in this century the "mills of God grind slowly." But his has been the privilege to sow the seed which will in good time bear its fruit, and his will be the reward for all eternity.

His Pontificate was cast in troubled times. The "Roman Question" which has been a constant cloud on the political horizon seems to grow darker and darker as the years go on, but none could have been found better able to cope with the needs of the times than the present Pope, who from the first day that he accepted the responsibility of the Pontificate has never abated or yielded to the insulting policy of an invading government, an inch of his dignity and prerogative, never acknowledging their right in the Eternal City by touching one centime of the allowance apportioned to the Pope, on the taking of Rome.

In 1888 the Holy Father celebrated his sacerdotal jubilee, saying Mass in St. Peter's for the various pilgrimages assembled in Rome. It was celebrated with the greatest solemnity, and the presents sent to the Pope on this occasion from not only sovereigns but every class of society in every land were so numerous and costly that a grand exhibition of them was held at the Vatican, and for some months drew crowds of admiring visitors. Many of the exhibits were really valuable works of modern art.

The Pope's episcopal jubilee took place in February, 1894, also an occasion solemnized with many festivities, numbers of pilgrims from every part of the world as well as Italy taking part in the celebrations which were more imposing than anything seen in the Eternal City for some time, the Holy Father as on the former jubilee celebrating Mass at the papal altar in St. Peter's in full pontifical state.

And now we come down to the double celebration of 1898, a year of memorable anniversaries.

On New Year's Day our Holy Father celebrated the 60th anniversary of his first offering up of the Sacrifice of the Mass in 1838, and on the 20th of February, the twentieth anniversary of his election to the Pontificate—an epoch to which few of the successors of St. Peter have attained.

On March 3rd another anniversary was celebrated, the twentieth recurrence of the solemn coronation of Leo XIII in the year 1878. And still another came in the memorable month of March to take its place with all the rest—the Holy Father's 88th birthday on the 2nd of March, falling by a strange coincidence on the very day before his coronation as Pope, and completing the cycle of anniversaries which in his grand old age Leo XIII celebrated.

For some time preparations had been on foot for the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the Holy Father's first Mass, and not only in the Vatican,—where the Pope promised, if his health permitted, to say Mass in the Hall of Canonizations on New Year's Day,—

but at the chapel of St. Stanislas, in St. Andrea al Quirinale, at the Basilicas of St. John Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, and also in the Pope's native town, Carpineto.

As on the occasion of his jubilee, numbers of rich gifts were sent to the Sovereign Pontiff, including gifts from the Queen Regent of Spain, the Emperor of Austria, President Faure, and most beautiful of all—America's tribute, the diamond cross, which came over the sea from our own dear land, and which is deeply valued by the Holy Father as a token of filial love from his children so far away.

This eventful New Year's Day of 1898 dawned with more than usual brightness, and its early morning hours found the great Hall of Canonizations over the portico of St. Peter's thronged with an eager crowd, for all the parochial societies, Catholic associations and clubs, headed by the indefatigable "Circolo San Pietro" (The Catholic Young Men's Club), sent large numbers of representatives to join in celebrating the anniversary and begin the New Year well with the Holy Father's Mass and the apostolic benediction.

The Pope arrived in the Hall about nine o'clock and was carried on the "Sedia Portantina" all the way up the long hall to the altar where he was surrounded by his court. He vested, and said Mass with the greatest devotion and recollection, every word of his voice clear and distinct, yet trembling with emotion, and the spectators assembled seemed almost to hold their breath to listen. Every mind there, the Pontiff's most of all, must have turned instinctively to that other Mass said sixty years ago in the little chapel on the Quirinal Hill. Many a fervent prayer was breathed for the preservation of the aged Vicar of Christ. His Mass over the Pope retired to the faldstool at the Gospel side to hear a second Mass of thanksgiving, said by one of his chaplains, during which he remained kneeling with clasped hands and bowed head in a silent concentration of prayer.

After the second Mass the Holy Father seated in a chair by the altar received the congratulations of the deputations and societies who were presented to him in turn, and I have seldom seen him in better health and spirits than he appeared to be on that New Year's morning. His conversation was animated and rapid and his gestures full of spirit and energy. For each person he had a few kindly words of greeting, bending his white head to catch what they replied, his dark eyes, softened by their kind fatherly expression and the sweetness of his mobile mouth, resting on one and all with keen personal interest. With true feeling the Pope replied to their heartfelt good wishes, and one could see he was deeply touched by this tribute of spontaneous loyalty offered by the Romans. It is thus that Leo XIII loves to be, not in the isolated grandeur of the pontificate, borne high aloft with all the trappings of state, but as a father among his children, talking familiarly with them in unbounded love and confidence. All too soon the audience was over, and having given them his repeated blessing the Pope was carried away once more to his private apartments. He wore the white soutane and sash, and over it a red velvet cape edged with ermine, and a crimson cloak of richest moire silk thrown over his shoulders. Everyone crowded close to the barrier to take a long look at the beloved, aged face which of late seems to have exchanged the look of unearthly pallor it used to wear for a more natural coloring. The Pope looks bowed and frail indeed, but full of the brave spirit which flashes out of his deep set eyes, and which as we have seen has been his characteristic through life, defying even the infirmities of age and giving energy to both mind and body.

In the afternoon of New Year's Day a solemn "Te Deum" of thanksgiving for the Holy Father's preservation was

sung in St. Peter's by Cardinal Rampolla, the arch-priest of the Basilica, in the presence of large crowds of people, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was afterwards given at the papal altar by the Cardinal, with the magnificent ostensorium presented by the Holy Father to the Basilica on this occasion. The ostensorium was given to the Pope some time ago by the Italian people as a reparation for the insult offered him by the erection of a statue of "Giordano Bruno" in the Eternal City. Much regret was felt that the Pope himself was not present at this touching ceremony in St. Peter's, but apart from reasons of expediency it would have been by no means wise for the Holy Father to undergo the fatigue of coming down to the church on a cold winter afternoon.

On February 13th took place the most imposing celebration of the 20th anniversary of his pontificate. Pilgrims in large numbers from all parts of Italy arrived in Rome by special trains night and day during the early days of February, to pay their homage and offer their congratulations to the Pope on this auspicious occasion and when they were all assembled their numbers mounted up to fully 20,000.

They spent the days diligently visiting the sights of the Eternal City, but all the interest culminated on that Sunday morning in St. Peter's when they were to be allowed to assist at the Mass of the Pontiff and Father they had come so far to see.

It had been intended at first that the Holy Father should say Mass in St. Peter's at one of the side altars of the lateral nave, and only for the pilgrims; but as time went on, and more and more people manifested their wish of being present on this memorable occasion, among them the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, it was decided to say the Mass at the papal altar, where, from all parts of the church, all could catch a glimpse of the Sovereign Pontiff. Preparations were rapidly carried on in St. Peter's, tribunes being erected for the invited guests, and a boarding, forming a passage-way for the papal cortege, placed the whole way up the church from the Pieta Chapel at the end of the nave where the procession was to enter. The Mass was to begin at half past eight, and shortly after seven the doors were opened to the patient pilgrims who had waited so long outside.

St. Peter's was in festival array, and was guarded by the Pontifical Gendarmes in gala uniform and the Swiss Guards in their picturesque costume. For the Pontifical Mass the papal altar was arranged with the magnificent altar frontal used at the Canonization the year before, the massive and priceless candlesticks of Benvenuto Cellini, and all the ornaments of surpassing richness befitting such an event in the annals of the papacy as the twentieth anniversary of the accession of a Sovereign Pontiff. The Confession, or tomb of St. Peter, was wreathed in garlands of flowers and sparkling with lights, while the choicest blooms of the Vatican Gardens were banked in rich profusion at the foot of the altar and in silver vases on the marble balustrade. In the centre stood the bronze gilt statue of the "Calling of St. Peter" flanked by two miniature columns of purest jasper only placed there on the feast of S.S. Peter and Paul.

Almost as if by magic every space in the great Basilica was filled, the pilgrims occupying the lateral naves, while the enclosure immediately behind the papal altar was reserved for the cardinals, bishops, prelates and other dignitaries of the papal court. On each side of this enclosure were erected raised tribunes for the Diplomatic corps and the Roman Patriciate, and behind it again, reaching back as far as the altar of the Chair of St. Peter, was another large tribune capable of holding about 2000 people, and crowded to its utmost extent. It is calculated that fully 50,000 people were present in St. Peter's that morn-

ing. At eight o'clock the bishops, patriarchs and prelates, many of whom had come with the pilgrims, took their places in the "presbyterium," and shortly after the Chapter of St. Peter's headed by Cardinal Rampolla, proceeded down to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel to receive the Pope on his entrance into the Basilica. A movement was heard near the doors, and all thinking the Holy Father had come rose to their feet trying to catch a first glimpse of his august person, but saw instead a moving army of bright colored standards slowly advancing up the great nave of St. Peter's, with the slanting rays of brilliant sunlight striking the gleaming gold of the flagstaffs and the rich silken folds of the banners as if a conquering army were assembled to celebrate the triumph of a veteran general coming to review his troops.

These were the standards and banners of the various Catholic associations and pilgrimages, borne by the leaders, and coming to take their places in the space reserved for them near the papal altar.

The Holy Father was to enter by the Blessed Sacrament Chapel and thence proceed to the Pieta Chapel at the end of the church where the Cardinals and his noble court were awaiting him. A high brocade screen was erected between these two chapels in order that he should make his first appearance before the people at the very end and give them a chance of seeing him for a longer time.

It was after nine o'clock when the first detachment of the Noble Guard marched up the Basilica and took their places as guard of honor round the altar, announcing by their presence that the Pope had arrived in St. Peter's and was making his visit to the Blessed Sacrament before proceeding through the church. The Papal cortege formed in the Pieta Chapel and as soon as the Holy Father reached there he mounted the "Sedia Gestatoria" and was borne out into the nave, high above the heads of the people, to the strains of the March of the Silver Trumpets.

For one instant the joyful notes floated out over the church to be drowned almost immediately with a salvo of applause only to be likened to the steady roar of artillery, long and continuous. It came from the hearts of a crowd wild with excitement and loyal enthusiasm for the Pope King coming among them on the 20th anniversary of his reign. He passed slowly up the church and around the papal altar, the gorgeous banners lowered in salute as he went by, and having arrived at the altar foot descended from the "Sedia" and knelt in prayer for a time, then vested and commenced the Mass.

At the Elevation when the Sacred Host was lifted high above the multitude, in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the troops, with a resounding clash of arms, bent the knee in salute, the silver trumpets from the dome sent down a note of purest melody embodying the act of perfect adoration which held that vast multitude enthralled, the High Priest and his people offering up the Host of propitiation over the relics of Christ's first Vicar on earth. After the Mass and his thanksgiving the Holy Father rose and entoned a solemn "Te Deum" in gratitude for the graces bestowed upon him in his preservation to this memorable occasion, and the people joined in with one voice, producing an impression solemn and imposing beyond words.

Then he ascended the "Sedia Gestatoria" once more and in the same procession as before returned to the front of the "Confession," where before the bronze statue of St. Peter the apostolic benediction was to be given. A platform was erected there, and, standing on it, surrounded by the Cardinals and Court, the Pope entoned the benediction, his voice ringing out plainly audible to the uttermost parts of the building, in the solemn words of that most solemn and impressive of blessings. As we looked on that frail, aged figure, standing there by the great bronze statue, far above the surging crowds, with his arms outstretched in the maj-

esty of a world-wide benediction we wondered if he would ever be with us again in this solemn state and dignity within the walls of the "World's Basilica," and, as if moved by the same thought and impulse at the touching sight, scarcely had the words ceased than a fresh burst of cheering, like a fervent "God bless and spare him to us long," ran through the crowd, and continued frantically and enthusiastically as the Pope mounted his chair once more and was borne away. It only ceased when the crimson hangings before the Pieta Chapel finally hid the Sovereign Pontiff from the gaze.

It must not be thought, however, that the celebrations to honor this memorable anniversary were confined to the religious ceremonies in St. Peter's alone, for the federation of all the Catholic associations, societies and clubs of Rome, united to pay homage to Leo XIII, in various ways, and in a mass meeting held on February 6th they resolved on the performance of the following works in honor of the 20th anniversary. First, religious celebrations were to be held in the various churches of the Eternal City from then till March 3rd, such as Masses, Te Deums, solemn Tridium of thanksgiving, First Communions of poor children, prayers and Communions for the Pope's intention, etc. Second, came works of charity, free dinners to the poor, soup kitchens in various parts of the city, marriage portions to poor deserving girls, gifts to the sick poor and the education of a number of poor children.

Finally meetings, soirees, and social gatherings took place at all the various clubs, and an illumination of the houses in the city on the evening of the 3rd of March, the Pope's Coronation Day.

It will be seen from this that Catholic Rome kept the anniversaries of her Sovereign Pontiff's first Mass and the twentieth of his accession, not only in word but in deed, not only in the letter but in the spirit in which he most wished it, so honoring him through the poor who are the dearest inheritance of the Vicar of Christ that many who were in need and desolation had reason to rise up and bless the 20th anniversary of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.

And again on Christmas Eve, 1899, Catholic Rome demonstrated to the world her loyalty to the Church, and, with the 100,000 pilgrims within her gates, offered up her grateful prayers that Leo XIII, beloved by his spiritual children, and revered by all men, had been spared to add one more to the memorable days traced in the calendar of his ninety years.

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

I can hardly believe you are really here at last," said Mabel Egerton, for about the tenth time.

Her friend, Laura St. Victor, had arrived at Killylea the evening before. They were standing in the bright tower-room which had been allotted to the visitor, and all around them, heaped on every article of furniture, were billowy masses of silks and laces, chiffons and muslins enough to stock a Paris shop.

"But you should not have brought these, indeed you should not," she went on. "I told you it would be an absolute hermitage. There is no one to dress for."

"There is you, *cherie.* And Antoinette packs to perfection. Nothing gets rumpled with her. Besides, one never knows but the occasion might arise."

"You will be able to endure it, Laura—the loneliness, I mean?"

"There is none, with you, the friend of my soul, and the charming Clare, and your M. Gervase. Company is not in numbers."

"Ah, but Gervase is out so much. He works hard, harder than the farmers about here. He will be at our service if we want him, but he is not like the men we are used to, who have nothing to do all day long."

A shadow of dismay passed swiftly across the French girl's handsome clever face, and was gone.

"Ah, but he is industrious, this M. Gervase of yours. Well, then, shall we not explore this beautiful country, make *villegiatura*—row on the river, you and I, make what you call the picnic? Shall we not *ma cherie?* So I shall be quite happy."

"Ah, Laura, how sweet you are! I believe you keep your sweetest aspects for me. And yet I have seen you so different."

"Where I am not liked and trusted, as, for example, with your M. Roger Fry."

Mabel Egerton looked scared for an instant.

"Don't say 'your,' Laura," she said, "as if—as if Mr. Fry were—were Gervase."

"He does not need to be M. Gervase to be yours, *ma belle.* That you should be his, that is quite another matter, I allow. What does the poet say: 'The moon looks on many brooks, the brook sees but one moon.' Or was it a poet? *N'importe,* I must ask M. Paul de Neuville, who is a poet himself. But, frankly, this M. Fry—he is pleasant, handsome, honest, though he does not like me. Not like your Capitaine, of course. Still—"

She broke off expressively, watching the younger girl out of her long, shrewd eyes. Mademoiselle Laura's face was an attractive one, though it had lost the freshness of first youth. She was a very charming and saucy-looking brunette, with waving brown hair parted each side of very bright eyes, with white teeth and comely brown skin, and the air of a born Parisienne.

"Mr. Fry is only a boy," said Mabel, with the same startled air. "He is afraid of you, Laura."

"Perhaps he is a little jealous of your poor friend."

Mabel Egerton blushed hotly.

"He knows I am engaged to Gervase," she said.

"Ah, poor youth. That will not prevent him; and M. Gervase, he is everything to you?"

Mabel Egerton looked up innocently.

"Frankly, Laura, he is a thousand times too good for me. Since I was a little child, I have looked upon Gervase exactly as I should on a hero of romance. When I used to read about knights and crusaders, I always thought of them as looking like Gervase. I suppose that was how I first came to—to—care for him."

"And he?"

"He! I don't know how it came about with him. Why should he have cared, Laura?"

"I don't know, my kitten. He is, perhaps, strange, eccentric."

"I am only afraid that he will find out some day that I am worldly and frivolous, and will be disappointed in me. Sometimes I seem to rise up to what I know he believes of me. Then again I am my real self, and little and poor as I know myself."

"It must be wearisome to try to keep on tiptoe. I suppose it is the attitude of lovers."

"Is it, Laura?"

"I do not know. I think I am destined to *coiffer St. Catharine.* For myself, I should prefer to be the divinity."

"Really, Laura?"

"As you are to that pretty Monsieur —Fry, is it not?"

"He is a foolish boy," with a frown.

"You seemed to enjoy his adoration —at Ascot, was it not? How brilliant you looked! I could not realize the country maiden of to-day."

"Ah!"—a long sigh—"the Cup Day! It was a delicious day."

"Fie, then! And how about the chivalric M. Gervase? Is it that the *fiancee* enjoys herself in his absence?"

"Why, yes, Laura. I can't help it. Gervase enjoys himself without me, in his quiet way, be sure. He would not have me mope."

"I don't pretend to understand you sad islanders. You are bad lovers."

"We are so many other things, Laura. Love is not everything. There is friendship."

"So there is in France, when we are no longer young. Ah yes, the friendships are pleasant, if they content one! you will make this M. Fry happy then with friendship?"

"I was not thinking of him"—vexedly. "He is a foolish boy. I was thinking rather of Gervase."

"Has he, then, friendships?"

Mabel Egerton had no eye for the cynicism, carefully disguised indeed, in her friend's expression.

"He has a great friend here—a lady. Yes—I am sure she is a lady—though she is only the daughter of one of Gervase's tenants. She is a great farmer; manages everything for herself just like a man, goes to fairs and markets, buys and sells cattle."

"In short, a man-woman—a monster?"

"No, indeed, Laura; but a very hand some girl. We were all struck with her when we first saw her at church. Since then she has grown even handsomer. There is something splendid about her. The daughter of Ceres, cousin Toby calls her. Ceres, you know, Laura, is the goddess of harvest."

"I remember my Lempriere. My schooldays are not so long over."

"I beg your pardon, Laura. You are, of course, a thousand times cleverer than I."

"And this corn-goddess?"

"You shall see her as we drive about. She is golden-fair, as though the sun had ripened her. The life has not roughened her a bit, as it might some women—only made her freer and finer looking."

"A Diana. A virgin huntress."

"Something like that. I often see her in the distance standing among her sheep talking to one of her laborers, or moving here and there among her cattle, or standing on an upland against the sky, thinking, no doubt, about something quite prosaic, but looking lonely and splendid."

"And her farming? Is it that she only looks the part?"

"How cynical of you, Laura! No, Gervase says she is a born farmer, and would not be happy at anything else. She amazes them here in this ignorant, primitive little place. Of course, everyone said she would be cheated, and generally made a fool of, but she has proved otherwise."

"How much you know of her, *ma mie!*"

"Gervase has told me. I should love to know her. But, apparently, she doesn't reciprocate the wish. She looks upon herself as a working woman, and has no time for fine ladies such as she considers me."

"She does not mind M. Gervase?"

"Gervase is a working man. She is his great friend. They talk by the hour of their common interests — of bone manure, no doubt, or the newest reaper."

She broke off with a little laugh.

"Ah, you think so," said the French girl. "They talk only—of those abominations."

"Of what else? They are a pair of farmers together."

"Ah, you know your country-people. I—I should be jealous."

"I couldn't be jealous—it is too vulgar; and of Gervase!"

"Ah, you misunderstand. It is only that I should want to be everything, that I should not want anyone else to be something I was not."

Mabel's face cleared, and she laughed.

"You greedy Laura," she said. "How exacting you would be!"

"Which is, perhaps, why I am destined for—what do you call it?—the old maiden state."

"You are as little like an old maid as anyone I can imagine — you clever, handsome, charming Laura."

Mademoiselle St. Victor kissed her friend with something of real feeling.

"And you will be content with the sweets of the country all your life?" she asked, after a pause.

"I'm afraid I must. I don't think Gervase will give me many London seasons."

"Ah, then you must enjoy youself while you can—till you are madame. M. Gervase does not forbid that?"

"Gervase forbids nothing. I shall be here all the summer. In the autumn I go to Scotland with my Aunt Dufresne to stay at—one or two houses."

The French girl noticed the pause, but refrained from comment.

"Now that my brother is married, I am a wanderer. I have the independent ideas of your English girls. I think I shall join a friend of mine, an American in London. And we two women shall set up housekeeping together."

"Oh, Laura, how lovely! I wish it might be I."

"You have a fairer destiny, *ma belle.* But, by the way, you have an old school fellow of mine somewhere in this neighborhood. Is she within reach? She is the intimate and beloved friend of the young Madame St. Victor, my dear sister-in-law. Myself, I know her little, but I am charged by Germaine to see her."

"Why you were at St. Cyr, Laura, How stupid I am! This girl I have been talking about, Miss O'Donoghue, must be your schoolfellow."

"Ah!" with a shriek of delight. "The adorable Meg. Don't ask me to remember the other barbarous name. So it is Meg, the golden Meg, who is your daughter of Ceres. How glad I shall be to see her. And when will you bring about a meeting, kitten?"

"I must ask Gervase. She is busy, you see. It must be when she is free to receive us."

"Ah no! let us find her as she is—at work in the fields. I want to see her in her surroundings."

"But it may be an intrusion, Laura."

"*I* shall not be an intruder—her old schoolfellow, and with messages from Germaine! Let it be at once—this afternoon—now."

"It had better be this afternoon. Gervase has gone to a fair at Rathmullan. She, no doubt, too, will be there, and will return home in the afternoon. We might happen to find her."

"We shall try then," cried mademoiselle excitedly. "I long to see her, *la belle* Meg. She seems to come out of the shadows now as I think about her, a little one, in a black frock, with a decoration pinned on it."

"There is the lunch bell," said Mabel, as a gong clashed through the tower. "I am going to wash my hands, and will come back for you."

"Very well, *ma mie;* I have enjoyed our talk."

Still Madamoiselle, as she arranged her hair at the glass, yawned as if the day were long.

"How should I support it," she said to herself, "day after day, if there were not this little drama? She would be happier with the Fry boy, ten thousand times, and I could come and go. For the aversion of a boy like that, bah! I snap my fingers at it. And the handsome M. Gervase. If he had but a little money, and were not industrious! But there, I must have no preferences —I, Laura St. Victor, twenty-six, unmarried and homeless. And meanwhile, while I make my campaign, I must have my *pied a-terre.* The Fry palace. Ah! 'tis better than Killylea, ruinous, motheaten. And yet I detest this Meg girl beforehand—though she is to be useful. I don't suppose he will marry her after all. He is too proud ——"

"Ah, *ma belle,"* as her friend entered the room. "I have been thinking how pleasant it is here—after Paris—after London—the glare, the glitter, the modernity. I am a born countrywoman."

She burst into laughter at the comical disclaimer in Mabel's face.

"Well, perhaps I am not. But does a countrywoman ever feel the spells of the country, the fascination, like her fresh from the whirlpool?"

CHAPTER XI.

MADEMOISELLE.

So it was that Meg, coming in tired from her fair, was intercepted by Bridget with the tale of the visitors awaiting her.

"They're talkin' to the mistress in the parlor," she said, "an' herself plased as Punch with the foreign madam, that's clatterin' away sixteen to the dozen. Her tongue's longer nor the clapper of a bell. An' her eyes is everywhere at wance. 'Tisn't much that's goin' on *she'll* miss. An' the little boots of her for trapesin' through the woods—after all the weather, too! 'Twould be a charity to offer her the mistress's ould brogues to go back in."

Meg looked down at her own strongly shod feet with an involuntary gesture of distaste. Her stout serge skirt was spattered with mud, and she felt altogether tired, dishevelled, and dirty For a second her thoughts went longingly to her French prints and muslins, reposing, cool and dainty, with lavender bags in their folds, upstairs. Then she shook her head sternly, and went in to her visitors.

Mademoiselle St. Victor, for some reason or other, had put on one of her most striking toilettes, the simple distinction of which impressed you, like the odor of violets, while you wondered how the effect was come at. She looked almost startlingly elegant, standing there in the low, dim room. It was a gown designed rather for a *fete champetre* than for the barbarous, lonely country that this was; and only this morning she had regretted bringing it. Now she was rejoiced that she had worn it as she noticed Meg's spattered skirt, and the almost painful flush with which she entered the room.

Meg shrank a little as Mademoiselle came forward with an eager rush, and, gathering her into a soft embrace, saluted her on both cheeks.

"It is Meg," purred Mademoiselle, in an ecstacy; "Meg, the little Meg of old, though grown out of recognition. I have brought my friend, Mabel Egerton, to see you."

The two girls bowed silently.

"She tells me that you are a recluse —will see no one. 'Ah!' cried I, 'but

she will see me, her old school-fellow, reminding her of St. Cyr, straight from France, where so much of her heart is.' I was right, was I not, Meg? I may come? I may bring my friend? I am welcome—is it not so?"

"You are welcome," said Meg unsmilingly.

Her cold aspect stirred her mother to sudden anger.

"Of course she is glad to see you, Mademoiselle. And if she shuts herself up, 'tis her fault entirely. Indeed I never wanted that she should do what she's doing. I'd never have sent her to St. Cyr if I could have foreseen it. And, of course, 'tis proud she is to receive yourself and Miss Egerton."

Meg winced at this speech, and Mabel Egerton fidgeted inwardly in sympathy. But Mademoiselle went on easily, as if she did not feel the awkwardness:

"Ah, but I am so glad to see you, Meg, amid your country surroundings, in your daily life. When I return, Germaine will fly to me. 'Tell me,' she will cry, 'about my friend, my Meg.' And I will tell her all; how you looked, how you spoke, of your delightful life, in the fields with Nature, so refreshing to poor worldlings."

"Germaine knows," said Meg, recovering herself at the sound of the beloved name. "I tell her everything." And for the moment she forgot her stout, muddy boots and the spattered skirts.

But Mabel, sitting by silently, was inwardly vexed with Laura. Something in the fluent speeches struck her as insincere and designed to wound, and her sympathy turned from the friend so greatly admired to the cold, quiet girl, in whose face intellect and simplicity mixed, and who seemed to endure Mademoiselle rather than reciprocate her raptures.

"You're not going out again, Meg?" asked Mrs. O'Donoghue, with a querulous intonation in her speech.

"I shall have to, later," replied Meg, in a low voice.

"Indeed, then, I wish you'd make up your mind to have your tea comfortably. Run up stairs and change, do. Lacy can do anything you want later on."

"Lacy cannot," said Meg, with an obstinacy foreign to her. "I have to pick the cattle for the market. It would only mean changing again."

"The dear knows you might do that to please me," grumbled Mrs. O'Donoghue, who, poor woman, was painfully sensible of the difference between her Meg and these dainty ladies.

But Meg said nothing; only turned, with a shade on her face, to pour out the tea.

"What delicious tea!" exclaimed Mademoiselle, bridging over the awkward pause. "And what cups. A dream! How fortunate you are to have such china to drink from."

"'Tis pretty," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, well pleased. "'Twas my mother's before me, and hers before her, and goodness knows how many generations before them that owned the same china."

"Ah, yes," said Mademoiselle. "I have heard that you must seek such treasures in the farmhouses. The landed gentry have had theirs disposed of by auction long ago. Is it not so?"

"In this country," broke in Mabel Egerton hastily, "there have been such vicissitudes of families that one never knows how often things may have changed hands. That tower I showed you on the lake, Laura, belonged to an ancestor of Miss O'Donoghue, a very powerful chieftain in old days."

"The O'Donoghues," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, with simple pride, "owned all the countryside."

"And the Fitzmaurices?" asked Mademoiselle.

"The Fitzmaurice of that day was a marauding trooper," said Mabel Egerton. "However they have become of

the land and the people long ago. You forgive the Fitzmaurices, Mrs. O'Donoghue?"

"Oh, the dear knows I do," said the good woman seriously. "Whatever there was in the old days 'tis long since the O'Donoghues owed the Fitzmaurices anything but kindness."

"Ah, that is good," said Mademoiselle, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer. "And here, at a fortunate moment, comes the Fitzmaurice of the day himself."

She had caught sight of Gervase Fitzmaurice striding through the garden beds, as though he were used to an unceremonious entry.

He looked pleased to find his cousin and her guest.

"Ah," he said, looking from Mabel to Meg O'Donoghue, "so the introduction is accomplished which I have so long wished to bring about."

And one could hardly say at which girl he looked the more kindly. Mademoiselle, watching him with her eyes narrowed, could not, and muttered to herself for the hundredth time of the incomprehensibility of these islanders.

"I would have Mabel come," she said aloud. "As soon as I discovered that my old school-fellow, Meg, was near, I was all impetuousity to fly, to embrace old friends. We thought to surprise you; not knowing you would discover us, and seek us here."

"I didn't know you were here, Mademoiselle," said the Captain bluntly. "I came to see Miss O'Donoghue."

"Ah, these islanders!" thought Mademoiselle for the hundred and first time.

"I oughtn't to spoil afternoon tea with business matters," he said, "but Miss Meg, if you would like to sell those calves to me—I saw your man driving them back from the fair—I'll give you your price for them."

"Ah," cried Mademoiselle, with a little shriek. "Let us go, Mabel. We are out of place in this matter of buying and selling."

Her smile was brilliant as she flashed it round on the party, but Mabel answered her unwillingly.

"If you wish, Laura; but I do not mind. It is Gervase's business, and I am used to it."

But Mademoiselle fluttered up with a frou-frouing of all her flounces.

"I shall tell Germaine," she said, making playful adieux, "that I found you selling cattle over a cup of afternoon tea. And the romantic Paul—what will he think of you, so severe, so practical-minded? But I will tell him how your pastures become you."

And so she floated away, amid a cloud of gay impertinences, cleverly wrapped up in compliment, which deceived no one but poor Mrs. O'Donoghue.

"That's a pretty, pleasant-spoken creature," she said, and then, seeing that neither her daughter nor Captain Fitzmaurice said anything to agree with her, her ever-ready irritation against Meg stirred in her.

"I wish you were more like her, Meg," she said.

Meg said nothing, but Captain Fitzmaurice took up the challenge.

"No doubt Mademoiselle wouldn't mind being like Miss Meg," he said gaily; "and by all accounts Miss Meg is the image of what you were yourself at her age, Mrs. O'Donoghue, except for the height, and, as Bridget says, 'no one could bate you for looks.'"

The compliment disarmed Mrs. O'Donoghue.

"Ah, indeed, 'tis yourself is soft-spoken, Captain," she said, laughing; but Meg, lifting her eyes from their shadow had sent him a look of gratitude that almost took away his breath. It was not the first time he had turned her mother's displeasure away from her.

Meanwhile Mabel Egerton and her friend had passed out by the white gate, where an urchin was holding the Captain's horse, and had walked down by the grassy boreen towards a gate that gave on the wood-path.

"You bewildered the girl with your ways, Laura," Mabel Egerton said vexedly. "She is simple, though she is so clever. Why did you put on that manner to her?"

"What manner, little friend?"

"Ah! you know, Laura. You meant it. It was a manner you never would have used to an equal, or to anyone you did not design to wound. Yes, though all the time you were shrieking over your Meg, your old school-friend."

Mabel's unconscious imitation of Mademoiselle was excellent, and stirred at once appreciation and indignation in the heart of the French girl, who had a keen sense of humor.

"Ah," she gasped, "what plain speaking! My heaven, what frankness!"

"'Brutal frankness,' you want to say, Laura, only you would never say it."

"If you had not done it, *ma petite.*"

"It was not like you, Laura, as I know you."

"Perhaps you do not know me," with cynical truth.

"I like her, Laura; I admire her, and wanted to make friends with her, but you kept me in torture by the things you were saying."

"And you snapped at your friend like a spitfire."

"Forgive me, Laura, but you seemed so unkind. And she was so incapable of meeting you with your own weapons, though I saw her eyes flash."

"Bah! I was impertinent, I admit it. I do not like her—this Meg. And she stood there to take my little shafts—like one of her own sheep, is it not?"

"I shouldn't say so, Laura. Too grave, too noble and simple to know how to repel them. Do you suppose the mountains and the fields gave her that air of grandeur?"

"I do not know," said Mademoiselle, yawning. "I am tired of grandeurs. She is burnt—black.

"But the sunburn becomes her."

"Perhaps," with an ostentatious yawn, but Mabel would not take the hint.

"What did you mean about the romantic Paul, as you called him, Laura? She looked as if you had stabbed her when you said that."

"She did not like it to be said before—before—her mother, perhaps. It is Paul de Neuville—the little Paul, the adored of his family. He is in love with her, head over ears. I was in the house with him three weeks, and, when I had taken trouble to please him, figure to yourself, he raved to me of this Meg! Read to me his sonnets to her golden eyes! Ah!"

Mademoiselle's long-drawn-out 'Ah!' was so expressive of tragic disgust that Mabel burst out laughing.

"Poor Laura! you, who are accustomed to make of all men, lovers."

"But not husbands, *petite,*" said Mademoiselle, with a flash of her occasional honesty.

"And she is engaged to this Paul?"

"Ah, no! What a mesalliance for a De Neuville! Yet I do not say that she might not be if she would. My dear sister-in-law adores her; she is of another world, impractical, in the clouds. And the Vicomte is very old. He would, perhaps, accept Meg's shadowy pedigree as you seem to do, *ma chere.*"

"Meg and a French poet. I do not quite seem to see it. She ought to have some one brave, strong, handsome, like herself."

"Ah, but where is such a one?" asked Mademoiselle, with a characteristic side-glance at her companion.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD FRIENDS AND OLD LOVES.

My Germaine,—

Still you complain that I do not write so often, nor at such length as of old. You forget that I am a working woman now, up with the lark in the morning, and home only when he is

singing his vesper-song. I have no more the long hours in the quiet house, which I used to fill with my journal to you; though I have long hours in the fields in which to think of you and all your happiness. I am so glad that amidst it you yet have room for me.

This is the second year in which I have been at home, and it is now a year since I turned farmer. You ask me if I like it. Well, it is a hermitage of work. Some such peace as we read of that used to fall to the lot of saintly men of the desert while they sat and looked at Eternity and their own souls —some such peace is in the life of the fields. There mortal matters, love and death, joy and sorrow, are far away. You are of Nature, part of the plan, and a beneficent plan surely.

You will think me cold, Germaine—you, with your warm, human lot. Ah! but I am not. I love you as of old, and often and often while I am in the fields, my spirit is in Chateau de Neuville, wandering through the rooms my heart loves, and pausing near your chair or your father's. How glad I am that you are with him a part of the year. One of these evenings as you sit by candle-light in the salon, and the wind seems to blow from the pine-woods through the open window to sigh against your ear, it will be, not the wind, but the wandering spirit of your poor friend.

So Mdlle. Laura did not satisfy you about me. She could tell you nothing. She did not like me for some reason, and she knew nothing of me.

Her friend, Miss Egerton, I saw often after she had left. If I had had time we would have become great friends. She is a charming creature, half of the world, half unworldly, but quite sound and sweet at heart. She is to marry Captain Fitzmaurice. He has told me so, though the engagement is not public. She will be a sweet and true wife for him; and no doubt she will learn to be all unworldly for his sake.

My mother still resents my farming, and will always, I am afraid; but as it is part of her love for me I bear with it. No doubt her resentment grows less when there is nothing to stir it into life. She was delighted with Mdlle. Laura, and was angry with me that I was not like her. She is as unreasonable as she is intrepid and unselfish.

Her rheumatism is no worse, though she will never again be fit for a really active life. Sometimes I win her to forget how great a disappointment I am to her, and for a while she is interested in my projects. I have so many of them. I am like you when you began to cook, and wanted to do all the cooking-book recipes at once.

One of my plans does not offend her. They are opening up the country about here by means of light railways, and we are coming to be within reach of towns and markets. I have it in my mind to grow fruits and vegetables for a country which uses them too little. Then, in the rearing of poultry and the sale of eggs there is much to be done; and I shall have bees and sell honey. I shall have a dairy and sell milk and cream and fresh butter. Perhaps, in time I shall content myself with this garden-farming; and, since there are only my mother and I, shall find enough scope in my own home-farm of Killisky, and let Captain Fitzmaurice, who is ready to do it, take up the other farms.

If all this should come about in time I need go no more to the fairs and markets my mother abhors for me. To think she should keep the convention for me, having so utterly disregarded it for herself! You will think, with your ways of thought, that I should creep back to the sheltered life with relief. But no. There is an exhilaration, a freedom, in meeting one's fellow-men on their own level, asking nothing of them of forbearance because one is a woman.

They have grown used to me now. My mother had paved the way for me;

and now I go to and fro among them like one of themselves. They are often rough, but not rude. They are good people; and I am amused to find how often Captain Fitzmaurice is at my elbow, lest I should need him. I never do, unless it might be to protect me from offers of marriage in the open market, of which I have had many; most business-like proposals, in which the husband is nothing, and his worldly goods everything. Presently I shall get the reputation of a vestal, and then there will be no more offers.

What a thing friendship is, world without end. Do you remember when we read that together? I—I am blest in friendship. There is you, my Germaine, who taught me so much of how to live. There is Miss Hevey, my delightful spinster friend, who has upheld me in my struggle and has taught me all she knew. You and she are worlds apart, yet you would love her, Germaine. Such a big heart and mind in this little, little world?

And there is Captain Fitzmaurice. Since he saved my life he has been my friend, ever ready to help me and tide me over difficulties; though he says that I have learnt so quickly at the farming, that I am shooting ahead of them all. And when he brings home his wife there will be another friend.

Four friends in the world—what could one wish for more? It is many for my twenty-two years. There, I had nearly forgotten Mr. Fitzmaurice, whom they call here the Counsellor—he who persuaded my mother to let me take up her work. He pats me on the head or shoulder when we meet, much as he does the village children for whom he carries a pocketful of sweets. Then he has always a sly joke, which he enjoys so much himself, that you must enjoy it with him. It is good to laugh; the life of the fields tends to make one as laughterless as the animals. Yes, I think I may add Counsellor Fitzmaurice to the list of my friends.

Yesterday morning I went to a horse fair and bought a little pony, to replace the one I now have, which is old, and finds the work I give him too hard. He is to spend the end of his meritorious days between the stable and the paddock, with a little, little work thrown in to keep him in health.

What a morning it was, with the sun rising over the sea, and the mists curling upwards and blowing away from the fields. Captain Fitzmaurice overtook me as we trotted along, and he walked his horse to suit my pony's paces. So beautiful was it that we hardly spoke. He feels the beauty of things as I do, though he has no words to speak of it.

He, too, is anxious that the day should come when I need not go to fair and market. In the farming he sees nothing unwomanly, but he does not like my equality with men often rough. He would make me stay at home if he could, offering to transact my business for me at such places; but why should a woman do her work half-heartedly?

However, if it comes to me that I can give up this part of my work, it will repay me for anything I miss that I am able to please him as well as my mother, and you, too, my Germaine.

But I wish you could see my pony. He is shaggier than Snap, and wise. He was led up to me at the fair by a lad with a pair of wild, innocent eyes under a stack of hair. There stood the pony by him, like master like man, with wild bright eyes under a tangled mane. I call him 'Orson', and he loves me already, will run to me, and rub his nose against my arm. It is good to have a creature not eventually destined to be killed for food. Of the fate of my lambs and calves I try not to think.

And now I must go, for I am called. It is a quiet afternoon, and it has been good to write at length. Goodbye, my Germaine.

Ever thy most devoted

Meg.

(To be continued.)

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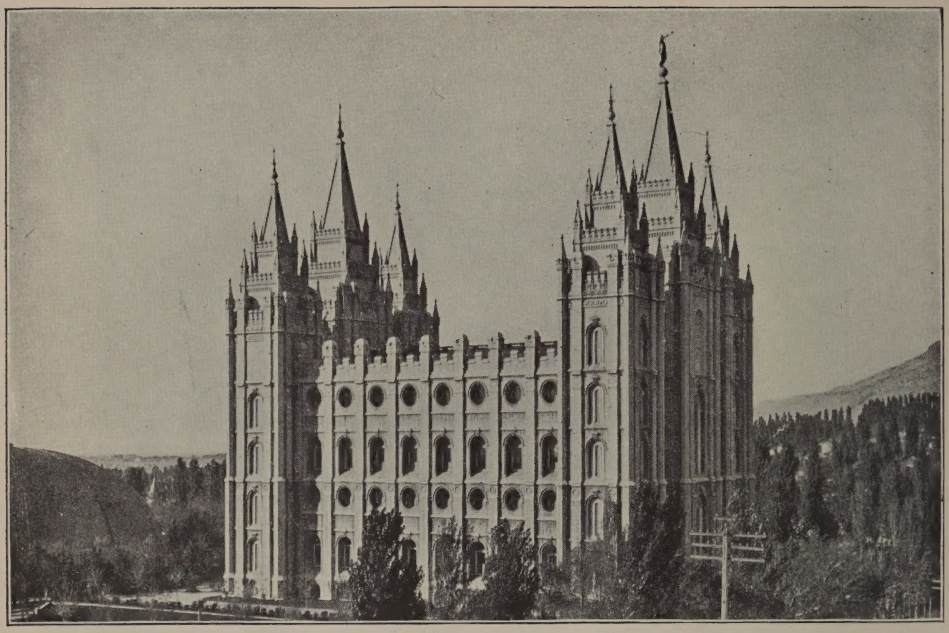
SALT LAKE CITY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.

Salt Lake City is differentiated from every other city on the continent by reason of the strange religious cradle in which its people have been rocked. It means in the mind of everyone today Mormonism, the religious significance of which is spelled out in Polygamy.

The recent refusal of Congress to admit Brigham H. Roberts, a duly elected Representative from Utah, to a seat in the House because of his polygamous practices, which is a direct violation of the pledge under which Utah was admitted to stateship, has directed

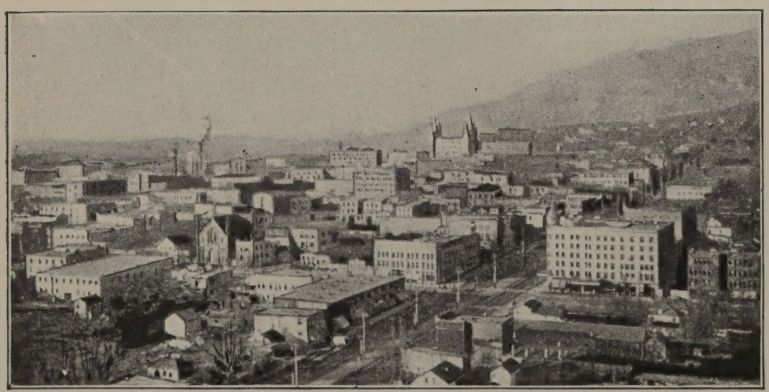


THE TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

public attention anew to these strange people who for more than half a century have inhabited the fertile valleys of Utah.

Of course Salt Lake City is the Mormon Mecca—a city of some seventy thousand—situated in as lovely a valley as the eye could wish to rest upon. Whether you look upon this fair city from the lawns and orchards of Camp Douglas or Prospect Hill or from a rustic seat on the hillside the view is equally charming.

The city is girdled with mountains, as is the city of Monterey in Mexico, which transform in beauteous light and shade under the kaleidoscopic influences of nature. Far away may be seen the peaks and battlements of hills covered with eternal snow and standing out like sentinels of heaven guarding an enchanted army in the vale beneath. It is a tropic scene of splendor. Summer has dowered every bush with blossoms, and the tall Lombardy poplars which grace the spacious avenues of the city whisper to each other legends of long ago.



SALT LAKE CITY TO-DAY.

Such is the Salt Lake City of to-day. Fifty-two years ago Brigham Young, accompanied by one hundred and forty two pioneers, entered the valley at the base of the Wasatch Mountains and

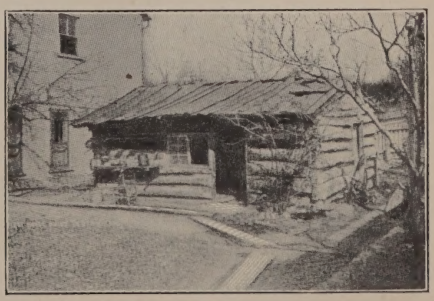
MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

laid the foundation of this now progressive and unique city. The first building was constructed of logs from the adjacent canon and may be still seen standing near the Temple Block. The projected city grew apace and within four years had a population of some five thousand. On September 22d, 1851, the first legislature of Utah convened in Salt Lake City and in the following November the University of Deseret (now the University of Utah) was opened.

But as Salt Lake City has been for half a century the cradle and Mecca of Mormonism let us first for a moment glance at the origin of its people and their faith. It will be well to say at the outset that while Brigham Young has been at "the head and front of its offending," its king, priest and prophet, Joseph Smith of Ontario County, New York, was its founder. He it was who when an illiterate lad of fifteen saw a glorious vision, and the angel Moroni "in white robe and with a countenance like unto the light of heaven" made known to him the existence of metal plates covered with an ancient record. After Joseph's marriage to Emma Hale in 1827 an angel delivered to him the plates of the book of Mormon which had been buried fourteen hundred years—*so runs the tale.*

This is the heavenly origin of Mormonism as set forth by its wily founders, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, who mingled psalms with sensuality and made a mockery of God's angels in the courts of death.

From every non-Catholic country in Europe poured in a tide of immigrants to the fat valleys of Utah, anxious to establish "stakes in Zion" as the Mormon settlements were designated. Den-



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN SALT LAKE CITY.

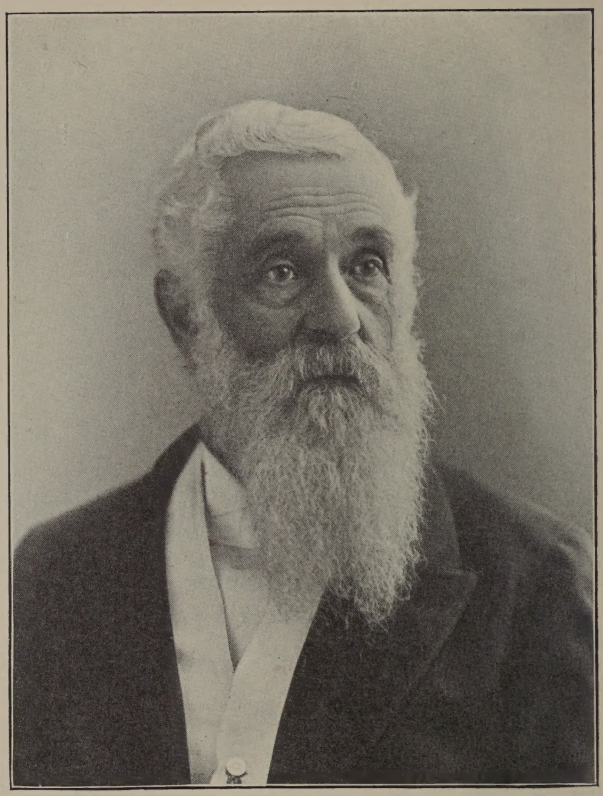
mark, Wales, Switzerland, Sweden, Scotland, Germany, and the States contributed to these "Camps in Israel," many of the settlers being the dregs of society whose moral leprosy would prove a menace to the life of any state. No wonder that through this *omnium gatherum* swept into the vortex or tide of Mormon emigration there was planted more vice than virtue along the plains watered by the modern Jordan.

At first the disciples of Mormonism denied that polygamy was a tenet of their church. In 1845 to give greater emphasis to this denial the Mormon Church declared: "Inasmuch as the Church of Christ has been reproached with the crimes of polygamy...we declare that we believe that one man should have but one wife." The revelation establishing the "patriarchal order of marriage" is said to have been made to Joseph Smith, July 12, 1843. This revelation Smith's widow and four sons afterwards denounced as a forgery. In 1852 "the revelation of the celestial marriage" was made public and was engrafted on the law and gospel of Mormonism as an all abiding feature of its life and spirit. It is quite true that polygamy was not set down in the letter of "Mormon Belief" but it was as a tenet tacitly accepted and inculcated. Here are the articles of Mormon faith:

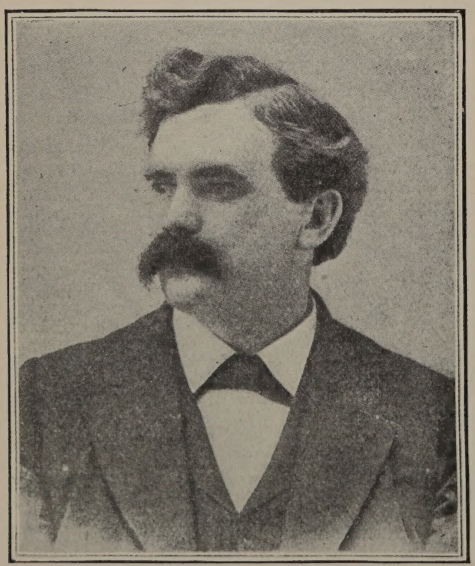
1. We believe in God the Eternal Father and in his son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.



L. Snow.
Present president Mormon Church; 87 years old; born 3d of April, 1813; an American.



Congressman-elect Roberts of Utah.

4. We believe that these ordinances are: *first,* faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; *second,* repentance; *third,* baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; *fourth,* laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy and by the laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive Church, viz: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built on this continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

Now as to the methods of Mormon propagandism and the flowering and fruitage of its spirit. Like all religious beliefs born of man, from Mahometanism to the latest religious sect, Mormonism was conceived in worldly craft, adjusted to the needs of its own advancement, despotic in its methods of controlling the conscience of its people, veneered with the clay virtues with which this old world models its earthly saints, and posing continually amidst kindled faggots and on the scaffold as a martyr for Truth and Conscience and God.

Two features of Mormonism particularly gave it a hold in the land—the tithing system and polygamy. The tithing process gave in due time to the heads of the church enormous wealth, while polygamy—though it sapped the moral fibre of life and turned a tide of dark sensualism into every home where it obtained, poisoning through the foul depths of its exhalations the flowers of purity, affection and love—peopled the country with an increasing offspring that soon made of Mormon Utah a power politically as well as religiously.

But perhaps the greatest factor in the propagation of Mormonism was the wonderful personality of its protagonist, Brigham Young who set himself up as the centre of a theocracy on the model of the Bible, and was looked upon by the people as the source of every spiritual, and temporal blessing which they enjoyed.

A Catholic who lived for years in Salt Lake City and knew the wily and unctuous President well gives this description of him:

"No Russian autocrat ever held his subjects, body and soul, in so firm a grasp as Brigham Young. They were literally his to have and to hold. His temper was generally under perfect control; his conversation easily drifted from monologue to grotesque rhapsody;

his unctuous words were seasoned with spiritual allusions and emitted in a clear, finely modulated voice with which one could not readily connect any disposition to cruelty. His gentle condescension and quiet self-possession sometimes threw strangers off their guard and made them wonder whether the bland, courteous gentleman was in reality the terrible Brigham. He would describe his sufferings with a pathetic air, and pose as a victim with so much grace that tears sometimes bedewed the eyes of an impressionable listener. He rather liked the role of a persecuted saint, a taste still common among his disciples. He could be ebullient, sarcastic, and naively exultant by turns and was not in the least repelled by irresponsiveness."

As a visitor enters the gates of Salt Lake City he is at once impressed with the Mormon monuments which meet his eye. Chief amongst these are the Temple and Tabernacle. The Tablet on the East Centre Tower tells of the foundation and completion of the Temple. It reads: "Holiness to the Lord: The House of the Lord, Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6th, 1853. Completed April 6th, 1893." The building cost $3,500,000. It is 186 feet, 6 inches in length and 99 feet in width. On the east end there are three towers and the same number also on the west. The height of the east centre tower to the top of the statue of the Angel Moroni, which crowns it, is 222½ feet. It is significant that the Mormon Angel Moroni has no wings. Perhaps our celestial visitant left them at the Mormon Tithing Store where the best of everything was deposited.

People whose lives are of the earth earthly need no winged angels, for their thoughts rise no higher than their couch and board. Only devout members of the church are allowed to enter the sacred portals of the Temple.

Hard by the Temple is the Tabernacle which is elliptical in shape with a roof resembling the back of a turtle. It is 250 feet long by 150 feet wide and 80 feet in height from the floor to the top of the roof. The interior of the building presents an oval arch without any centre support, the largest self-supporting arch in America with one exception, and probably the largest in the world that is constructed wholly of wood. The entire building has a seating capacity of about 10,000. Its acoustic properties are marvellously good—the lowest whisper or even the dropping of a pin being audible in any part of the vast building. Outside of Wellington, New Zealand, it has the largest and finest organ in the world. The full choir of the Tabernacle numbers 1000 singers. At the Columbian World's Fair it will be remembered that this choir won the second cash prize of $1000.

Three-quarters of a block east of the Temple corner stand the residences of the founder of Salt Lake City—the late Brigham Young. The first is known as the Lion House from the fact that the figure of a lion cut from sandstone is placed over the front entrance. The Bee Hive House is the next building to the east. A carved beehive, the insignia of Utah, crowns the edifice. A short distance further east is another of President Young's residences known as the White House. Almost opposite to the latter is the Amelia Palace, built for one of his favorite wives, "Miss Amelia", in which Brigham Young died, August 29th, 1877.

This remarkable man who gave Mormonism a "local habitation and a name" in the valleys of Utah, had in all twenty-one wives and fifty-six children. A multitudinous progeny you will say. No wonder that Artemus Ward hesitated to destribute toys among the children of the Lion House.

Now what has been the attitude of the Mormons towards the Catholic Church in Salt Lake City? At first it was one of extreme hostility, but in time this disappeared and it may be safely said that Catholics find greater favor today with the disciples of Brig-

ham Young than do any others of the Gentiles in that city. Perhaps this arises from the fact that the Mormons receive kindness not persecution at the hands of the Catholic Bishop, Rt. Rev. Dr. Scanlon and his reverend clergy.

There is an excellent Catholic College, All-Hallows, in Salt Lake City, conducted by the Marist Fathers, which is well attended by students from the western and Pacific states, almost the whole staff of professors being post graduates of the Catholic University of Washington. It is here that a very gifted young priest, who writes such beautiful sonnets under the pen name of *Pascal de Bury,* teaches. The president of the college, Father Larkin, is an accomplished scholar whose studies in Dublin and Paris, in the Houses of his Order, have been of the most thorough and rounded character.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose Mother House is at Notre Dame, Indiana, have charge in Salt Lake City of an Academy and a hospital. Quietly and unobtrusively these good Sisters are doing a noble work in the very heart of Mormondom. The writer of this sketch visited the Academy last year and found a course of studies pursued there that could scarcely be equalled by that of the most advanced and progressive convents in the East.

As regards the Mormons, time must eventually remove—if it has not fully done so already — the objectionable feature in their creed. It needs no argument to prove that polygamy debases the husband, degrades the wife, and brutalizes the offspring. The Turkish harem is as pure as the many-roomed cottage of the Mormon. Who then would desire to see the pure womanhood of our land reduced to the moral degradation of the Mahometan harem? If the nation is to remain strong the home must keep the lily of purity on its altar and its doors shut upon the wanton and impure.

Mormonism is a poisonous blast, but the noxious gas of divorce, generated on the camping grounds of Dakota is much more fatal to the moral and clean social life of the people than is the plural "sealing" of virgins in the Mormon temples of Utah. The American congress may close its doors in the face of Brigham H. Roberts but it will not have done its full duty till it has repealed the divorce law in every state in the Union.

Surely to join in the hue and cry against Roberts, the polygamist, while dwelling in the foul, rank, and unweeded garden of divorce is naked and arrant hypocrisy—an hypocrisy which would make mockery of the clean things of life. It is too much, then, to expect in behalf of the jewel of consistency that the petitioning and clamoring of the divorced wife, the divorced husband—yea the divorced minister of the gospel—against Brigham H. Roberts, should for very decency cease—that these zealous enthusiasts might momentarily turn the eyes of their souls inwardly and view the moral havoc that has been wrought.

No wonder that the Catholic Church which for nineteen centuries has been the guardian of the sanctity of the marriage tie and has raised it to the divine dignity of a sacrament, refuses to join in this crusade against Roberts. For as Father Starr of Baltimore well expressed it in a sermon which he preached a few weeks ago: "Had this protest emanated from a people who have a right to pose as the guardian genius of the marriage state and the protectors of the American home, it could be passed over. But when one comes to consider the fact that beyond a doubt countless numbers of those who contributed to swell the tons of protests which were piled up before the Speaker's desk, were the people of states where the crying infamy of our country—the divorce mill—is in daily operation debauching the moral sense and contributing to the ruin of thousands of homes, it is a little too much to expect the co-operation of decent people."

"999" AND HIS JOYS.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"999" ambled amiably up and down Third Avenue one sunny day, his head conspicuously very high in air. He was not to blame for that, however, for he stood six feet, four and a half in his shabby stockings, when he had any, and he thus, naturally, and without any pride or ambition on his part, overtopped and overlooked most of his fellowmen.

His very tall steeple hat was not his fault, either; for that was part of his stock in trade. There had really been quite a contest between the Dime Museum in the Bowery and "999, Third Avenue,"the famous tobacco stand, as to the possession of this lofty specimen of the human race; to be exhibited by one as the celebrated giant of the fin de siecle, or employed by the other as a daily perambulating advertisement of pipes, cigars, tobacco, etc., etc.

This important question was, however, speedily and practically decided by the giant's little wife, who usually decided all business matters for him; and who very sensibly declared that he would soon die if cooped up in the Bowery Museum, while the open air of Third avenue would be most beneficial for his lungs. 999's chest, it must be noted, was by no means, alas! in proportion to his height, and sadly justified the little wife's decision.

Two young men in ultra-fashionable garb crossed Third Avenue, that same day, in the bright noon sunshine. They had been calling at one of the old aristocratic mansions still left on the far East side of the city; and were hurrying on, to make another call on Madison Square. 999's astonishing figure flashed suddenly across their vision, and for the moment brought them to a stand-still, stirring their studied cool composure into amused surprise. "Ralph! I'd like to sketch that for Life," cried one. "What an existence! How low will not the genus homo descend for a little pelf!"

It was a subject for a comic artist, truly. The coat was of vivid scarlet; the trousers, of verdant green. Emblazoned upon them in gorgeous lettering were the words: "No. 999 Third Avenue—Cohen! Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes, Pipes. Buy of Cohen!" While up and down the high hat in bewildering circuitous fashion, ran 999-999-999, again and again repeated:

"I'll find him out and sketch him yet," continued the artist. "We are not likely to forget the number; and he does not look ferocious, if he is gigantic. But where can such a fellow rank on the social scale, Ralph?"

"I suppose he has his joys," was the serene reply. "Darwin might tell us, don't you know?"

The one twirled his moustache, the other twirled his cane, and both went onward in pursuit of what they fancied to be joys high above 999's meagre comprehension. So many calls on so many New York beauties; so many jests, brilliant or otherwise; a grand dinner at some fashionable hotel, a game of billiards; then their day would be done.

999 gazed kindly after them, as they picked their way daintily across Third Avenue,in order to preserve intact their spotless elegant attire. He had seen them look him over from head to foot; and he had glowed with a fine vanity and an honest self-appreciation.

"I suppose they wish they were near as tall as I am, poor lads!" he said to himself. "It's very small they are, anyhow."

A carriage drove rapidly by him, on its way from one of the ferries to the Grand Central Depot; and a child's

face looked forth in blank amazement from the window.

"See, mother, see!" a gay young voice exclaimed. "What a funny man that is! Oh, but isn't he comical? How can he bear to dress like that? Everybody must be laughing at him."

"He does not look unhappy," answered the mother thoughtfully. "Perhaps, Violet, he has his joys as well as you."

999 could not hear the words. But he could see the sweet, sudden smile on the child's face, and to his simple soul it seemed a token of admiring surprise. He loved children and children always loved him. There was always a lump of sugar or a bit of candy in his pocket, as the ragamuffins around Cohen's knew very well; and he had a nondescript and very unselect following of his own, which no policeman ever disturbed, for the simple, yet singular reason that bad boys never seemed long inclined to behave badly when 999 was near.

"'Twas a dear little girl," quoth 999 to himself, as the carriage disappeared, "and she had a smile like the sunshine. I'm glad the sight of me gave her pleasure. Her mother was all in black and her face was very pale. A sad creature! Well, one half the world does not know how the other half lives."

He strolled onward; and, as often happened, some urchin who had never before seen him, set up an hilarious shout, that might easily have drawn about them a jeering, insulting throng had 999 answered him with a threat or retaliation. But nothing was farther than that from the unclouded soul of the simple-hearted fellow.

He paused, and from his unrivalled height he looked kindly down upon his new acquaintance, with honest interest and friendly concern.

"Take care, my little friend," he said. "The cop might hear you. Gently! Gently! I see we have not met before. I never forget a face. So my nice new suit of clothes pleases you? That's right. That's right. I'm glad, very. I like to give you pleasure."

Under the gaze of the kind and absolutely truthful eyes, the roguish eyes quickly fell; and when an orange from the capacious pockets followed on the unexpected words, with an urbanity and generosity more unexpected still, if that were possible, all thought of trickery or of sport with this fantastic and gigantic walking advertisement fled to the winds. 999 added one more to the large company of faithful and admiring adherents, who sang his praises from tenement to tenement through the crowded East Side, where his name had become a beloved and oft repeated household word.

It was his absolute, daily, unfailing joy to give pleasure to his fellow beings. He did it as simply as the birds sing, or the brooks run gaily down the hills. All along Third Avenue, he made constantly a princely procession for eyes that saw and hearts that understood; and the best part of it all was, that, while he loved to give joy to others, he thought all the time, that the greatest joy was his.

"Hi, friend" he cried to the little Jew with a big pack on his bent, wearied shoulders. "There's Moses Losmesky ahead of you, with his little team to help you; and it's you can't see him, poor fellow! through such a crowd as this. Takes me to do that, with my eyes like a hawk's above them."

"Say, Uncle Remus, take a quid of tobacco. It's not Cohen will grudge it to you this day. How's Phoebe? and when will you let the little pickaninny have another ride on my shoulder, and all the white folk a envying of her, up so high?"

"Down on your luck Con, and nothing to be thankful for? Nonsense, man! and you with a wife and children that any man might be proud of! I hear that Tom Smith wants a plumber right away, and a solid month's work. Look him up at once, and good luck to you!"

"What, Gretchen, quarrelling; and

with Hans, of all people? Life's too short for a quarrel, my girl. My wife and I never quarrel; though to be sure, it's not everybody has such a picture as I am to look at, let alone the new suit that Cohen's after giving me today."

Such were specimens of his cosmopolitan conversations. In fact, old Luigi, the fruit peddler, who had been a student in days long by and never forgot the fact, called 999's slow stroll along the sidewalk the converzatione of the most illustrious grand signor of cigarettes; and, in consequence, received an extra good cigarette on feast days, which seemed to come somehow with surprising frequency on his Italian calendar.

Yet 999 relapsed often into silences which were among the sweetest of his joys. Over the hurrying, sordid, restless crowd below him, he saw the intense blue of the open sky, at times undimmed by smoke and soot. He saw the hurrying, yet restful clouds, peacefully passing to their appointed goals. He saw the birds flit to and fro, and rest on cornice, or roof-ledge, or dome, or high church spire. Pretty babies laughed down at him from third-story windows. He had friends among delicate invalids and lame little boys and girls, who watched for him from their prison-rooms of pain, and nodded and smiled when he doffed his wonderful hat at them. "Ah! don't they wish they could walk in the sunshine like me, poor things!" thought he.

He came home to the wee wife when the shadows began to fall. It was a home as odd as its master. The house in which he hired two rooms and a big closet had been a spacious mansion in its day; and 999 had elected to dwell there because the rooms were "by ordinary" high. The closet had a long narrow window in it, and had probably been a dressing room for the Astor, or Schuyler, or Vanderbilt who had owned the great house once. With fine ingenuity 999 had put in some planks about half way up; and had made a floor, with boxes for stairs, to permit one to mount from one story to another. This was Mrs. 999's allotted and palatial part of their palatial abode.

Palatial, indeed, it was to her, the poor, deformed, dwarfed thing, who had been the drudge and slave and, at times, the painted show of the dime museum, till 999 rescued her in his large, sweet compassion, under excuse of the constant pleasure it would be to him to have her always in his home. A pleasure, happily, of which he never tired; as the little, rescued creature found nothing sweeter than to plan for him as much happiness as her small brain but big and grateful heart could possibly devise.

"A new suit, my dear!" she cried, as he came in, where a steaming pot-pie and a most savory pot of coffee awaited his temperate epicurianism. Even a mug of beer was most absolutely despised by 999, though there was not a poor besotted creature anywhere in the neighborhood but found in him tenderest compassion and true friendship which no number of falls could alienate. John Swett and Fritz Heinfest of the house of the Golden Horn called him a crank; but even they could not find in their hearts—which somewhere they possessed—room for any harder word about him. Yet he strolled often into their bar-room,and stood there amiably joking with host and guest, drinking nothing himself, and soon walking off with some Tom, Dick or Harry, who, except for him, would have gone home raging like a wild beast, but was only "just a little maudlin and no harm to any one," as he would announce to the wife or child who opened the door at his knock, to let the culprit in.

"A great pleasure my dear," was his unvarying answer to the thanks showered, metaphorically, upon his towering head." "Only a pleasure, my dear! Don't mention it. "

999 and his wife sat down to their

good meal, but not alone. From one corner of the big kitchen came a lame, one-eyed cobbler; from another, a one-armed, very old man; their tenants, who repaid them by thanks and prayers.

"I can't stay long just now," said 999. I must run round to Cohen's, to tell him how the new suit succeeded. 'Twas the admired of all observers, my dear, and attracted a deal of notice for the firm. We will have a pleasant evening together, when I come home presently."

But, when he came in presently, with beaming face, he half pushed, half carried a mud-stained, bedraggled figure, in which eyes less keen than his would never have recognized the daintily clad young artist who had scanned him over so critically in the sunshine of that day's noon. Alas! the genus homo had, in this case, descended miserably low indeed; and had sold his birthright, not for a little pelf, but for a little drink. The muddled brain in its idle wanderings kept one consecutive idea only—the memory of "Cohen's, 999 Third avenue." On Cohen's steps the happy 999 had almost stumbled on him, and in great haste hurried him pityingly home with him ere the scandal of an arrest and a night in the lock-up should be his punishment for his misspent day.

"A friend, my dear," quoth 999 apologetically to the little wife. "A new friend made today. He won't harm anyone. Let him sleep it off here on the settle, while I run to tell his folks he is safe. If he has any, that is to say."

One glance at the card which the kind hands extracted from the pockets of the unconscious youth made 999 shake his head in dismay. Taking off his gala garb he donned his citizen's attire, bade Mrs. 999 have strong coffee ready for him on his return—a request of which she perfectly understood the import although her charitable husband mildly said, "I shall need it, my dear. I'm not used to calling at fashionable houses." Then he made his way at once to the fashionable quarter of the city and to one of its stateliest homes. And there to 999's utter amazement he was ushered into the presence of the lady all in black with the very pale face, whom he had called that very day, a sad creature, truly; and with her was the lovely child who had had, that morning, a smile like the sunshine, but looked worn out with an unchildlike anxiety that night. Ah! one half the world does not know, indeed, how the other half lives.

"They were most polite and kind, my dear," 999 said, when, long after midnight, he sat by his own happy fireside, recounting to the little wife the day's wonders and its joys. They asked had I any family; and I said yes, a wife, who was wife and child and mother and friend and all to me. And they heaped my pockets with good things for you,and said they were coming to see you; and they would give me this, though I said, my dear, it had been nothing but a pleasure to me to bring them word. "

Yet Mrs. 999 wept tears of joy when she saw the bright gold pieces on her husband's palm. Better than he, she realized the value of his many self-denials, the stockingless feet included; though he called his self-denials his pleasures, as they truly were.

The youth made his way home in the early morning, a sadder and a wiser man.

"I shall not forget all this, Mr.—"

"999," prompted the genial giant, gently, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, and looking down benignly on him from his lofty height. "Be a good boy, won't you? For your mother's sake."

"I won't forget," the lad said, choking. "You have been awfully good to me."

"Don't mention it," 999 made answer cheerily. "It's been a great pleasure to me,—a great pleasure. In fact one of my joys, you know."

A CENTURY OF WRONG.

REVIEWED BY A BOER.

A compilation of facts of absorbing interest has been published under this caption "A Century of Wrong." It is to be regretted that it is not in more general circulation. As concise in form as an official document, it tells the story of persecution in a calm dispassionate manner and relies upon its facts to win public opinion. To illustrate the nature of the work, and its value as a history of the Boer settlements and the causes leading to the war now in progress we reprint some forceful paragraphs.

THE WRITER'S STATEMENT.

The statements made by me are not imaginary, but are taken from the mouth of the most creditable historic witnesses, almost all of British nationality; they are facts which have been declared indisputable before the bar of history. As regards the more recent events since 1898, I have been personally acquainted with all the negotiations and differences herein set forth, and can only affirm, that I have confined myself to the facts, which will hereafter appear even more clearly when the curtain is raised, and the occurrences of the last two years in this deeply agitated sub-continent are revealed.

At this terrible crisis in the history of South Africa; on this eve of a struggle, in which our race is threatened with total extermination, it behoves us with what will perhaps be our last word to the world, to speak the truth; so that even if we perish, the truth shall triumph through us over our conquerer, until he too shall sink away into the night of dissolution.

Hitherto our people has remained silent; the enemy has spat upon, slandered, beaten and treated us with every possible power of contempt and hatred. But with dignity our people has borne in silence the insults and contempt of the enemy, and under the sense of duty which inspired it, has thought it better to remove the errors and abuses which had crept into our administration, in moments of less thoughtfulness and care. Even this was accounted to us as weakness and fear. On hundreds of platforms in Great Britain, and by the most influential statesmen, our people has been called incompetent, uncivilized, dishonorable, faithless, corrupt, bloodthirsty, treacherous, etc., etc., until not only the British public, but almost the whole world has begun to believe, that we stand on a level with the wild beasts. Amid all this insult and contumely we have remained silent. From formal bluebooks of Her Majesty's Government, from despatches of Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa we have had to learn that our unprincipled system of Government and our unjust, chaotic and immoral administration have been a constantly festering sore by which as by a contaminating pestilence, the moral and political atmosphere of South Africa has been poisoned. In numberless newspapers we have been accused of every crime against civilization and humanity, and offences are imputed to us, the mere mention of which causes one's hair to stand on end. If the reading public believed only a hundredth part of all the atrocities of which our people and Government are accused, then it must necessarily have been forced to the conclusion that this Republic was a den of robbers and murderers, a people whose mere existence was a blot on humanity and a nuisance

to mankind. To such a depth, according to these accounts, had the descendants of the moral aristocracy of Europe sunk! Of the enormous sums which we are said to spend out of the Secret Service funds to secure for ourselves the support of the public opinion of the world, there was hardly any practical effect or trace; but the contumely raged on like an all devouring hurricane. But our people remained silent; partly from stolidity, partly from a feeling of hopeless helplessness, partly because we, as a simple agricultural people, read no newspapers and were therefore not acquainted with the way in which the feeling of the whole world was being worked up against us with malicious fury. The practical effect was that our case went by default before the bar of public opinion.

For these reasons I have felt myself constrained to set forth the facts which have characterised the British relations with our people during the 19th century. Naboth's title deed to his vineyard had to be destroyed, and according to the hypocritical British diplomacy the shortest way to that end was to prove that he was a criminal and Ahab an angel.

THE BOER SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

The cause for which we now again are taking up arms is, in a somewhat modified form, the same for which so many of our forefathers centuries ago suffered the most cruel wrongs; on account of which they forsook home and fatherland and settled down in the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the blue mountains and in the ever beautiful valleys of that Cape of Good Hope they laid the seed of liberty in the soil which has ever since developed with such vigor that to-day the great tree covers not only a considerable territory in this part of the world; but will, we are convinced, in God's good time, spread its leafy branches over the whole of South Africa. In spite of the oppressive bonds of the East India Company the young settlement, comprising all that was noble in the blood and all that was exalted in the aspirations of ancient Europe, grew and flourished with such vigor that when the colony passed into the hands of England in 1806, a strong national spirit and local patriotism had already developed itself, a feeling of liberty and independence as great as the veld was wide and broad.

When the Dutch rule made way for that of Great Britain; still more, when that change was sealed in 1814 by a transaction whereby the Prince of Orange sold the Cape settlement to Great Britain for £6,000,000 sterling against the will and wish of the people, the little settlement entered upon a new period of its development, a period in which its people was destined to gain for itself world-wide sympathy by its heroic struggle for its rights. The young Africander race had formed itself into a solid white aristocracy and developed itself upon the endless dark background of the native world; the proud and masterful Africander spirit which was one of the products of his development was wounded by the British Government in the most sensitive way by taking the side of the natives as against the Africanders in numerous ways. Thus for instance the Africander farmers were forced helplessly to look on their ruined farms and properties without being able to defend themselves as the British Government had even deprived them of their ammunition. Thus the free Africander burgher was kept in check by the police recruited from the Hottentots, the most contemptible class of the Natives, whom the Africanders rightly considered as standing on a lower social scale than their own Malay slaves. No wonder that in 1815 a part of the Boers were driven to a revolt, which was quelled by the horrible catastrophe of March 7, 1816, when six of the Boers, before the eyes of their wives and children, who were compell-

ed to be present, were first inhumanly half hanged and when the scaffold broke, again hoisted in a dying state and strangled in the murderscene at Slachtersnek. At Slachtersnek, no matter what may be thought of this event in other respects, the first blood-beacon was raised which traces the line of division between Boer and Briton in South Africa; and throughout all the years which have passed since the eye of posterity is still fixed with horror on that tragedy.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT TREK.

After thirty years of English Government it was conclusively proved that it brought no salvation, but rather oppression for the Boer. His elementary rights were violated and without the least security; his situation was intolerable in the British Colony which had then as its northern boundary the Groot River. It was therefore decided to sacrifice home, property and the possessions that yet remained after the Kaffir devastations and to quit the British jurisdiction. Lieut. Governor Stockenstrom was first consulted, but he said that there was no law to forbid his leaving the Colony and settling elsewhere, and if such a law existed it would be a tyrannical law which could not be put into force.

The Cape Attorney General Oliphant, consulted by Lord Charles Somerset, gave the same advice, saying that the Emigrants were apparently resolved to go to another land and not to consider themselves any longer as British subjects, (as was taking place daily in the emigration from England to North America), that the Government was powerless and could do nothing to stop the evil.

Now outside the British jurisdiction lay the countries north of the Orange River and east of the Drakensbergen and as far as was known at that time these countries were inhabited by barbarians; but rather than remain any longer under British rule our fathers resolved to risk the dangers of the wildernesss and there purchase from the Kaffirs a stretch of land and establish an independent society. In the words of Piet Retief when he left Grahamstown: "We are leaving the Colony to seek a more peaceful life, and we shall molest no one, but if we are attacked we shall defend ourselves and our goods to the utmost. We are leaving this Colony in the firm conviction that the British Government has no longer any claim on us and will allow us to govern ourselves without any interference; we are leaving the fruitful land of our birth and stand on the point of entering a strange and dangerous land, but we go in the unshakable faith of an omniscient, righteous and merciful God."

Our fathers then crossed over the Great Orange River to the unknown north as free men, subjects of no earthly monarch. Then began what the English member of Parliament, Molesworth, has styled a strange persecution: The trekking Boer pursued by the British Colonial Office—the strangest persecution ever seen by mortals.

The British Parliament even went so far as to make a law 6 & 7 W. 4 c 57 in 1836 to meet out punishment to the 25th degree South latitude, that is, out side the British jurisdiction, and when we trekked further north Lord Grey promised to extend this unjust law, by the aid of Parliament, to the Equator. It must be noted that it was specially provided in the law that it was not to be considered as conferring any sovereignty or jurisdiction over the above named tracts of land.

The first trekking parties were those of Trichardt and van Rensburg which trekked through to the North; but the Rensburgs were horribly murdered by the Kaffirs, and the Trichardts, after incredible suffering and priyations, only reached Delagoa Bay to die there miserably of malarial fever.

THE FOUNDING OF NATAL.

The second party fared as fatally. After Pieter Retief had for valuable consideration in writing obtained from

Dingaan, the paramount chief of the Zulus, cession of the tract of country now known as Natal, he and his party were, on Feb. 6, 1838, treacherously murdered by this same Dingaan who, it is alleged, had been incited to this atrocity by certain Englishmen. Thus perished 66 Boers and 30 of their colored boys, and the trek was deprived of its greatest and noblest leader.

Dingaan thereupon despatched his forces against us; these fell upon our women and children and the decrepit men of the laager at the Boesmans River (Blaukrans) on the site of the present town of Weenen; and there 282 whites and 250 colored servants were murdered. Towards the end of the year we invaded the country of the faithless miscreant with a small command of 464 men and on Dec. 16, 1838—ever since known as Dingaan's Day, the greatest day in the history of South Africa—we defeated the Zulu host, numbering more or less 10,000 men, and burned the capital of Dingaan.

Thereupon we settled peacefully in Natal and founded there a free Republic. For truly its soil had been purchased with our gold and baptised with our blood.

But the history of the Republic was destined to be a short one: The British Colonial Office was on the trail of our people. At first the British Government resolved to effect a military occupation of Natal, because, as Governor Napier wrote to Lord Russell, the Secretary of State, on June 22, 1840:—"It was evidently the fixed determination of Her Majesty's Government not to extend her possessions in Africa." The military occupation was simply intended to oppress and harass the Boers, as Governor Napier declares with brutal frankness in his despatch to Lord Glenelg of Jan. 16, 1838. In other words the intention was to prevent the Boers from obtaining ammunition and from establishing an independent Republic. By this means he considered that the emigration would cease.

Again on April 10, 1842, Lord Stanley instructs Governor Napier, to cut off the Boers from all communication and to inform them that the British Government would assist the barbarians against them as rebels.

The military occupation was resisted by us and the English troops were on two occasions beaten off, more of them however were drowned in their flight than perished from our bullets.

Later on Commissioner Clotee was despatched to annex the young republic as a reward to the Boers for their services in reclaiming it for civilization.

THE BOER WOMEN.

The Boer women at Maritzburg declared to the English Commissioner that rather than submit to British authority they would walk barefoot over the Drakensbergen to freedom or to death.

And they were as true as their word. When our noble leader Andries Pretorius, who had ridden on horseback to Grahamstown, hundreds of miles distant in order to acquaint Governor Pottinger with the ,true state of affairs and was sent back unheard with the vain excuse that the Governor had too much work; when he on his return reached the Drakensbergen, he found almost the entire population trekking away over the Drakensbergen—away from British authority. His own wife lay dying in her wagon, his daughter was leading the oxen and had been painfully gored by them. And this was but one instance out of innumerable others.

Sir Harry Smith, who had succeeded Pottinger as Governor, described the condition of these trekking Boers as "a state of misery which he had not seen equalled except in Massena's invasion of Portugal. The scene was truly heartrending."

Thus had we fared at the hands of

the British Government in connection with the founding of Natal.

We trekked away over the Drakensbergen to the Orange Free State, where some of us remained, while the others trekked northwards across the Vaal River. But first about the Orange Free State.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

In pursuance of Act 6 and 7 W. 4c. 57 aforesaid a British Resident was appointed in the Orange Free State. Pretorius however gave him 48 hours to quit the Republic. Thereupon Sir Harry Smith collected an army, consisting chiefly of colored troops, against us and fought a battle with us at Bloomplaats on August 29, 1848. After the battle, which was a very tough one, a Boer called Thomas Dreijer was caught by Smith's colored troops and to the chame of the English name was butchered by the English Governor for no other crime than that, having been a British subject many years ago, he now dared to fight against the Queen's flag.

Another murder and atrocity put to the account of England.

In the meantime Sir Harry Smith had also annexed the country under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty, on the pretext that four-fifths of the inhabitants favored British rule and were only intimidated by the threats of Pretorius.

Not long after this, however, the British Resident involved himself in difficulties with Moshesh, the great and astute paramount chief of the Basutoes. The Resident invoked the assistance of the Boers, but, of the thousand called out only 75 responded. The English troops got the worst of it. As the Resident wrote to his government, the existence of the Orange River Sovereignty now depended on Andries Pretorius, the man on whose head Sir Harry Smith had put a price of £2000. Earl Grey censured Sir Harry Smith and the Resident Warden, and recalled the latter, saying in his despatch of December 15, 1851 to the Governor, that the British Government had annexed the land under the representation that the general body of inhabitants were in favor of such a measure, that, if the inhabitants were unwilling to support the authority of the British Government, which was established solely for their benefit, then there was no reason for continuing the maintenance of such authority. When the British Government retired from the sovereignty it was, however, to be clearly understood that no wars, however bloody, which might arise between the various native tribes and the white communities in a state of independence beyond the Colonial boundaries, would be considered as constituting a ground for interference.

In other wards as Froude puts it: "In 1852 we discovered that wars with natives and Dutch were expensive and useless; that sending troops out and killing thousands of natives was an odd way of protecting them. We resolved to keep within our territories, not meddle beyond the Orange River, and leave natives and Dutch to settle their differences." And again. "Grown sick of enterprises which led neither to honor nor peace, we resolved to make the Orange River in 1852 the boundary of British responsibilities. We made formal treaties with the two Dutch States, binding ourselves not to interfere between them and the natives and leaving them either to become a barrier, or as we considered most likely, to sink in an unequal struggle with warlike tribes by whom they were infinitely outnumbered."

The administration of the Free State cost the British taxpayer too much. Besides there was an idea that if the Boer were given rope enough he would hang himself.

A new Governor, Sir George Cathcart, was sent out with two special Commissioners to carry out the new policy, and a treaty was entered into between England and the Free State

by which complete independence was guaranteed to the Free State, and the British undertook not to interfere with native races north of the Great Orange River.

As Cathcart saye in his letters: "The sovereignty bubble is at an end" and "The foolish Sovereignty force is over."

. . THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

It must not be forgotten that as long as the Free State was English territory it included the tract of country now known as Kimberley and the Diamond Fields; that English mortgages under the Orange Free State Sovereignty had been issued for the ground in question as belonging to the Sovereignty, and that the tract of coun try formed part of the jurisdiction of a Sovereignty Magistrate and, that therefore this at the retrocession of the Free State formed part of that territory.

The Convention between England and the Free State was not fifteen years old before it was broken by the English. Though they had solemnly undertaken not to interfere in native affairs north of the Groot River, yet when the Basutos had murdered and robbed the Free Staters, ravished their women and committed innumerable acts of violence, and the Free Staters had succeeded, after three years of warfare, in severely chastising them, the English interfered in favor of the Basutoes in 1869. In the Ali-wal Convention, however, they again promised not to interfere.

The ink of this Treaty was scarcely dry, before diamonds were discovered in that part of the Free State, between the Groot and Vall Rivers, to which reference has already been made. Instead of frankly confessing that it (the British Government) was the strongest and therefore demanded the ground in which the richest diamond mine in the world was situated, the hypocritical allegation was resorted to, that the true cause for the seizure of this ground from the Free State, was, that it belonged to a native, notwithstanding the fact that his assertion was proved and adjudged to be false, even in the English Law Courts.

There was an idea, says Froude, that the richest diamond mine in the world should not be lost to the British Empire. The ground was taken from the Boer, "and since then the Boer in South Africa can rely on English promises less than ever before." This business Froude, who died before the Jameson Invasion, calls "perhaps the most discreditable page in British Colonial History."

Afterwards when Brand went to England, the Government pleaded guilty and paid a paltry £90,000 as compensation for seizing the richest diamond fields in the world, where almost daily diamonds in greater value than this sum are dug up. But in spite of the Free State Convention, in spite of the repeated promises in Aliwal Convention, the Free State had yet to suffer a third scandalous breach of the Convention from England. Tens of thousands of guns were imported through the colony to Kimberley, and there sold to the Kaffirs, who surrounded and threatened the two Dutch Republics. General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, the English Commander in South Africa, says that, under his rule, 400,000 guns were in this way sold to the Kaffirs. Protests from the Transvaal and Free State were of no avail, and when the Free State made use of its rights and stopped wagons loaded with guns on the way to the Free State, it was moreover forced to give compensation to the British Government.

"The Free State", says the English historian Froude, "paid the compensation under protest with an old fashioned appeal to the God of righteousness, whom, strange to say, they considered a reality."

The history of the following decades was to give even greater point to this sarcasm.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

In 1886 gold was discovered in large quantities in several parts of the South African Republic and with that discovery our people entered upon a new stage of its history. From a condition of great poverty the South African Republic was to become in a few years a rich and prosperous State, a land in every respect adapted to rouse the avarice of the capitalist and speculator. In a few years the South African Republic occupied the first place in the ranks of the gold-producing countries of the world. The barren veld of the past was covered with large cities, inhabited by a speculating and industrial population collected from all the corners of the earth. The Boers who had hitherto been shepherds and hunters, were now called upon to take upon themselves one of the most difficult tasks in the world, namely the administration and Government of the great mining population which had suddenly risen among them under the most unusual circumstances. And how have they fulfilled this task? Oliver Schreiner who, in her brilliant pamphlet recently published, gives evidence of a deeper insight into the true state of affairs in South Africa than any other writer on South Africa, says about this

"We put it to all generous and just spirits, whether of statesmen or thinkers, whether the little Republic does not deserve our sympathy, the sympathy which wise minds give to all who have to deal with new and complex problems where the past experience of humanity has not marked out a path—and whether, if we touch the subject at all, it is not necessary that it should be in that large, impartial, truth-seeking spirit, in which humanity demands we should approach all great social difficulties and questions?"

"We put it further to such intelligent minds as have impartially watched the action and endeavors of the little Republic in dealing with its great problems, whether, when all the many sides and complex conditions are considered, it has not manfully and wonderfully endeavored to solve them? It is sometimes said that when one stands looking down from the edge of this hill at the great mining camp of Johannesburg, stretching beneath, with its heaps of white sand and debris mountain high, its mining chimneys belching forth smoke, with its 70,000 Kafirs, with its 80,000 men and women, white or colored, of all nationalities, gathered here in the space of a few years, on the spot where 15 years ago the Boer's son guided his sheep to the water and the Boer's wife sat alone at evening at the house door to watch the sunset, we are looking upon one of the most wonderful spectacles on earth. And it is wonderful; but, as we look at it, the thought always arises within us of some thing more wonderful yet—the marvellous manner in which a little nation of simple folk, living in peace in the land they loved, far from the rush of cities and the concourse of men, have risen to the difficulties of their condition; how they, without instruction in statecraft, or traditionary rules of policy ,have risen to face their great difficulties, and have sincerely endeavored to meet them in a large spirit, and have largely succeeded. Nothing but that curious and wonderful instinct for statecraft and organization and arrangement of new social conditions which seem inherent as a gift of the blood to all those peoples who took their rise in the little deltas on the north-east of the continent of Europe, where the English and Dutch peoples alike took their rise, could have made it possible. We do not say that the Transvaal Republic has among its guides and rulers a Solon or a Lycurgus; but it has today among the men guiding its destiny, men of brave and earnest spirit who are seeking manfully and profoundly to deal with the great problems before them in a wide spirit of humanity and justice. And, we do again repeat, that the strong sympathy of all earnest and

thoughtful minds, not only in Africa, but in England, should be with them."

Compared with gold fields in other lands, the Witwatersrand was certainly the best administered mining territory in the world. That is the almost unanimous testimony of persons who have spent a long time on the gold fields of California, Australia and Klondyke. As regards South Africa it is only necessary to point to the Diamond Felds of Griqualand West, which were directly administered by the British Government and which were one unbroken scene of revolt, uproar and indescribable uncertainty and danger to life and property. I annex Appendix B from which, according to the testimony of eyewitnesses, it will be evident what a chaos existed on the Diamond Fields under British Government, a state of affairs, which, contrasted with that existing on the Witwatersrand Goldfields, was as night to day.

CECIL J. RHODES.

The spirit of South African capitalism had its incarnation in Mr. C. J. Rhodes, who succeeded in bringing about the amalgamation of the thousand and one conflicting interests of the Diamond Fields into one large corporation of which he was himself the head. Though he had perhaps no unusual natural genius for politics, yet he was irresistibly drawn in that direction, and by means of his financial influence in addition to a double share of the elasticity of conscience common to his class he succeeded in obtaining for himself the post of Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and the support of the Africander party in all its power and solidarity. The Africanders of the Cape Colony believed in him, because they were fully convinced of the great necessity of co-operation and fusion of the white races in South Africa; and he, a loyal Englishman, possessing the fullest confidence of the Colonial Africanders, seemed to them the very person to realize their ideal.

Mr. Rhodes, with that treacherous duplicity, which is the abiding characteristic of British policy in South Africa, worked openly in the fullest sympathy with the Colonial Africanders, while in secret he was plotting with jingoism against the Africanders and the South African Republics. In the Cape Colony he had the Africanders in his power; he would now try to obtain the same influence—not so much for for himself personally as for capitalism, with which his own interests were identified—in the South African Republic with its rich gold mines. If he succeeded in doing this, he would have gained his personal object, and capital would be crowned absolute despot of South Africa.

With his eye fixed on this subject, he and other capitalists began to set on foot a political agitation against the Republic in Johannesburg, in 1892. In a place like Johannesburg, where much liquor is consumed, where minds are always in a state of excitement, on account of the high altitude and the rush of business, and where there is just that measure of real grievances calculated to give the semblance of truth to imaginary grievances, it was easy enough to bring about a political fermentation in a very short time by the lavish use of money.

Such was the beginning of the National Union movement which began in Johannesburg in 1892, and whose followers almost exclusively consisted of creatures and instruments of the capitalists, and a small number of honest blockheads and enthusiasts, who, of course, do not think deep enough to penetrate the purpose and tendency of such movements, and are generally found on the wrong side. The capitalists certainly kept themselves altogether in the background, so that the movement might appear to be a popular one. The capitalists of Johannesburg, however, were too theatrical, and their thirst for notoriety was too great to be suppressed for ever.

And thus it came about that in the course of a few years they took their natural place at the head of this opera-bouffe agitation.

They began by undermining the Boer policy by means of the lowest and dirtiest means so that they might in this way obtain control of all the legislative and administrative power in reference to the mines. They had persuaded themselves and the world that the Boers were a corrupt lot and they therefore at once resorted to bribery to effect their object.

Thus Lionel Philips wrote to Beit in London on June 10, 1894:—

"I don't of course want to meddle in politics, and as to the franchise, do not think many people care a fig about it."

And again on June 16th, 1894:—

"I may here say that, as you of course know, I have no desire for political rights and believe as a whole, the community is not ambitious in this respect.....

"The bewaarplaatsen question will, I think, be settled in our favor, but at a cost of £25,000.....

"It is proposed to spend a good deal of money to secure a better Raad, but it must be remembered that the spending of money on elections has by recent legislation been made a criminal offence, and the matter will have to be carefully handled."

And again on July 15, 1894:

"Our trump card is a fund of £10—15,000 to improve the Raad. Unfortunately the companies have no secret service fund. I must devise a way. We don't want to shell-out ourselves."

Here we get a peep behind the curtains and see how already in 1894 the capitalists tried to degrade and to destroy our public life by means which did not even stop at the criminal laws of the land, to say nothing of elementary morality.

THE BROOK.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHUE.

Little brook that floweth by,
  Under vine and willow,
Fair thou lookest on the sky,
  Hastening to the billow.
Brooklet, thou and I are one,
  Both in mood and motion;
Fair the fields, but brief the run
To the soundless ocean.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

A SHOWER OF ROSES.

BY F. X. EMMET.

Alone with Thee!
My work is well nigh done.
The slanting sun
With tender touch beams bright
About Thy Face of awful mystery—
Ah! dost Thou see,
From Thy far Heaven of ceaseless ecstasy,
What I do here for Thee, my Holy One,
My heart's Delight?

Many are those
Whose true love hails me queen.
And oh! I ween
That earthly love is sweet;

Sweeter than fragrance of the mountain rose,
When first unclose
Its tender petals where the sunlight glows,
And brooks run gayly, and the grass is green
'Neath happy feet.

Years fled. One day,
Thou, Lord! didst send to me,—
Yea, even to me,—
A gift no gold can buy;
A priceless treasure none can take away.
Before me lay
A leper, in his horrible decay.
I shrank in fear; then heard: "O blind eyes! see.
Child! it is I."

Then cried a voice,
Which I again shall hear,
When all is clear:
"Elizabeth! come with me!"
How did my loving heart erstwhile rejoice
To hear that voice!
But now all earthly pleasures seemed like toys.
"Louis!" I said, "'tis Christ our Lord is here.
Canst thou not see?"

He looked; and there,
In my two hands, wherein
White bread had been,
White, fragrant roses lay,
That only could have bloomed in Heaven's own air;
And of that fair,
Most radiant Face, we both were then aware;
And where that piteous leper late had been,
Christ Jesus lay.

As snow flies fleet
Upon the wintry air,
Those roses fair
From out my hands had fled.
Upon His holy hands, His blessed feet,
His Heart most sweet,
They lay in evident joy, in rest complete;
Though crimsoned were those white blooms everywhere,
Where His wounds bled.

Ever, since then,—
Ever, and everywhere,—
Thy Face shines fair,
And all the earth seems Heaven,
Where angel forms walk, hand in hand, with men.
Never again
Have I shrunk back from Pain's most loathsome den.
All— all— are gone, I loved. But, here or there,
With Thee, is Heaven!

"As snow flies fleet
Upon the wintry air,
Those roses fair
From out my hands had fled."

Some Bright Young Workers.

THE GUILD OF ST. ELIZABETH.

ITS WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

BY BELLE MENARD.

In this age of Woman's Clubs, of experiments in social science, and social reforms, perhaps no recent movement deserves more attention than the work being done by the band of women associated together under the title of "The Guild of St. Elizabeth."

Like their saintly patroness, they have sought out the lowly, the needy, and the suffering and taking the little ones among these by the hand, have striven to bring into their lives, not only material things, but what the mentally-starved child of the tenement needs most of all, joy and sunshine.

On January 26, 1898, the Guild was formally organized by the founder, Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., of Boston College. Father Gasson is well-known as a most eloquent preacher, a scholarly writer, and an earnest student of the religious and social questions of the day. His Grace, Archbishop Williams of Boston, and Rev. W. G. Read-Mullan, S. J., Rector of Boston College, kindly consented to act as Honorary Presidents. Mrs. Warren M. Hill was chosen President. Other officers were, Mrs. John F. Dowsley, vice-Pres.; Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Director; Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, Secretary and Treasurer, and Miss Maud M. Rockwell, President of Play School. Twenty-five ladies were enrolled as active members. This society is the first to found a vacation and play school to be managed exclusively by Catholic women

although non-sectarian in character. The children cared for come from the most congested districts of the South End, and represent many nationalities.

Notwithstanding the fact that many eyed the work askance and even predicted failure, the little band of workers were not discouraged, and now at the end of the season they look with complacency upon the results obtained, and feel they can truthfully say that success crowned their efforts.

NECTAR.

There are two departments in the school: the Saturday Winter school and the Summer Vacation school, the latter being cared for by an auxiliary guild of forty volunteer teachers.

The problem of housing the children was solved by the kindness of Father Mullan, who offered the Guild the use of the Boston College gymnasium and lower halls. From the first the Play School had the heartiest sympathy and co-operation of the Reverend Rector, whose suggestions were of the utmost value. A profound student of sociology and a lover of children, Father Mullan could not fail to be interested in this novel work, and his very presence was an inspiration to both teachers and pupils. The gratitude of the Guild to Father Mullan cannot be expressed in words. The attitude of delicacy maintained by the clergy was admirably expressed, inasmuch as they left the ladies to carry on this work independent of church supervision, while cordially extending the kindliest interest.

The labor being among children, appeals most naturally to women, who need not be trained teachers in order to help, the innate sympathy in each woman's heart being the best of guides. To name the societies which proved

valuable friends is to enumerate virtually every important established charity in Boston.

The Dennison House loaned its tools for the stamped leather work, while its own classes were not in session. The managers of the South End Day Nursery gave much valuable advice. Two of the Guild teachers went to Trinity House and studied the ways of caring for infants, even to the veriest details, learning the cost of food, and the uses of various diets. At the Elizabeth Peabody House, kindergarten work was investigated; knowledge of draughting and sewing was acquired at the Jewish Industrial School; cane-seating was learned at the Louisa M. Alcott Home, maintained by a Jewish club; Mrs. Quincy Shaw invited the teachers to attend the classes in her Industrial School in North Bennett St.; Charity clubs from all the leading cities lent their aid in hints, statistics, and knowledge gained by years of experience.

The Winter School consists of classes held from nine to twelve a.m. and from four to six p.m. The girls learn to cut and sew dolls' clothing, thence by easy steps to their own garments. After a doll is nicely dressed it is taken home. There is a club in manual training, the members of which are to act as teachers in succeeding terms of the Play School. Another band of little girls study the works of the great masters by means of the Perry pictures, with which they fill albums. One delegation carries flowers to some hospital on each Friday. During the coming winter a member of the Guild who enjoyed a walking-tour in Europe the past summer, will entertain parties of the children at her home, with stories and souvenirs of her trip.

FUTURE TAX PAYERS.

The Summer School was an experiment entered into with fear and trem-

bling by certain members of the Guild, some of whom attended daily during the months of July and August. It is difficult at that time of year to overcome the tendency to spasmodic attendance among the pupils. The older children are apt to lose interest after a little, and the untrammeled freedom of the streets tempts them. It has been claimed that manual training is the best known means of holding the children's attention, but this work is expensive, and is also fatiguing to the poorly-nourished child, who becomes exhausted after slight exertion. Thus a variety of work was decided upon. Order was maintained without irksome restraint, and the "atmosphere" differed radically from that of the public school. The children were allowed to govern themselves, and little Guilds were formed, with a President and Secretary. Each Guild chose its own officers, name, badge, song, and position in the school-hall. The President kept order, the Secretary had charge of the records. A box was nailed to a post in the middle of the hall, and all communications were dropped there for the Secretary of the "grown-up" Guild to read and answer.

Each little band selected its weekly work. This consisted of dolls' dress-making, simple patch-work, and the stitching of samplers for accuracy. Color was learned by the stringing of beads, sometimes in complicated network. The elder girls showed an inclination to take up such work as the embroidery of doilies, etc., for what reason it would be difficult to determine. They also made paper flowers, did crocheting knitting, Mexican drawn-work and modeled in clay. The clay was moistened with disinfectants.

A practical thing taught was the making of fireless candy. This costs about six cents a pound, and can be

A Class in Clay Modeling.

IN THE SAND GARDEN.

made easily at home. It is a valuable substitute for the highly colored clay mixtures usually absorbed. It is needless to say that the pupils were most anxious to learn.

The boys knitted on spools, and took up drawing in its various forms —mechanical designing, sketching and painting. They also had a Bachelors' Club, the members of which had button sewing contests for prizes. Such work was not despised when it was learned that Robert Bruce could knit, and Benjamin Franklin could sew.

On one day in each week, dancing was allowed, innocent amusement of all kinds being encouraged.

Through the courtesy of Dr. G. H. M. Rowe, Superintendent of the City Hospital, four trained nurses gave valuable lessons in caring for the sick. One room was transformed into a hospital ward and practical experience in nursing was gained. Miss Drown, the Superintendent of nurses, outlined the work, and sent all necessary appliances. Under Miss Ray, the children learned how to make a hospital bed, dress, undress, and bathe a patient, and take the temperature. Miss Cheseman taught them to bandage, poultice, make fomentations and cold compresses. The "patients" were all volunteers from the school and such was the competition to appear in a be-ribboned and be-frilled night robe in a snowy bed that one little girl even underwent willingly the application of a mustard paste, though of course, not for any length of time. With Miss Jones, the children took a live baby, bathed, dressed and fed it scientifically. They were taught how to soothe and care for querulous infants, and to treat simple skin diseases. Miss Irving instructed them in the care of the health, and the manner of warding off disease. All this was of absorbing interest to the class of sixty girls, and it was an act of exceeding kindness on the part of the nurses to give up their few spare hours to this work.

Gymnastics with music proved an

entertaining pastime, and the singing of the little bands as they worked was most pleasing. Indeed music was counted an important factor in the work of refining going quietly on, and in this way a taste for something better than the often debasing street song was gradually inculcated. Above all, "good-cheer" was insisted upon, as the children of the poor do not know how to play. "My fun-school," the boys called it.

There were many devices for home-amusement, such as puzzles made from posters, and string-work; this included netting, lanyard plaiting and the making of sailors' knots. Empty spools were a mine of wealth in toy building, and cubes of wood, 2x2 inches, sawn from boards and sand papered made capital blocks. Basket weaving, (the Swedish system) and the manufacture of scrap books from old magazine pictures were also taught; the little ones enjoyed embroidering on paper, and the fashioning of doll's furniture.

The boys did stencil and sewn leather work, hammered brass in the same manner as the nomad Arabs, and did fret sawing. They made the papier-mache for map modeling by soaking newspapers in water and manipulating the pulp. Cardboard sloyd work was done in the manner originated by Miss O'Connor of the Prince School, the pupils of which gave an interesting exhibition of color-work for the Summer School children. The class in drawing was in charge of a student from the Art School.

Besides the regular kindergarten work the babies studied the formation of the earth in the sand-garden, and illustrated their work in amusing ways: watering-pots supplied rain; red fire burning on sand-hills made most thrilling volcanoes; while impossible trees grew on microscopic mountains, and soap-bubbles meant all sorts of things. Take it all in all, the junior

"CHUMS."

members' curriculum proved absorbingly interesting.

A kindergarten teacher who found it impossible to attend, trained four or five girls, about thirteen years of age, and these took entire charge of the babies.

The week's programme was as follows:

Monday:

The Dover St. bath-houses were visited, the Mayor ordering the baths to be opened an hour earlier on that day. A trained nurse, who instructed the children in the care of the skin, was in attendance.

Tuesday:

Classes in nursing were held.

GIVING A HELPING HAND.

Wednesday:

Trips were made to various points of interest and entertainment such as Revere Beach, Franklin Park, Norumbega Park and Nantasket Beach. Randige excursions occurred with delightful frequency.

Thursday:

Through the co-operation of the Mutual Helpers and the Boston Flower Mission, the school had an endless supply of flowers. The flowers were piled on tables and forty children made bouquets and studied botany at the same time. The bouquets were bestowed upon tired mothers and sick friends, and this was considered a most important feature of the work. It taught sympathy, the thought of others, the courteous entrance to strange homes, and awakened the heart in many little ones as nothing else could do.

Friday:

Study in nature was required, the material being furnished by the public parks, or by flowers and plants sent to the school rooms by friends. Dr. H. C. Bumpers, U.S. Fish Commissioner, loaned and stocked an aquarium which was also of much interest.

Saturday:

Music was taught and occasional outings were indulged in.

An important feature of the school

work is visiting the Long Island Hospital and Almshouse, to which the children bring gifts of magazines and flowers. Students from the N.E. Conservatory of Music share in these excursions, giving brief concerts of vocal and instrumental music.

In order to provide reading matter for the older boys and girls, two hundred books were secured from the Public Library, and obtained a large circulation.

The need of vacation schools is made apparent when it is discovered from the statistics of the Police Commission that the arrests of minors increase almost fifty per cent during the months included in the summer season.

It may be of interest to state that the cost of each day's school work was one cent per child.

The following words of the reverend founder of this association clearly define its purpose:

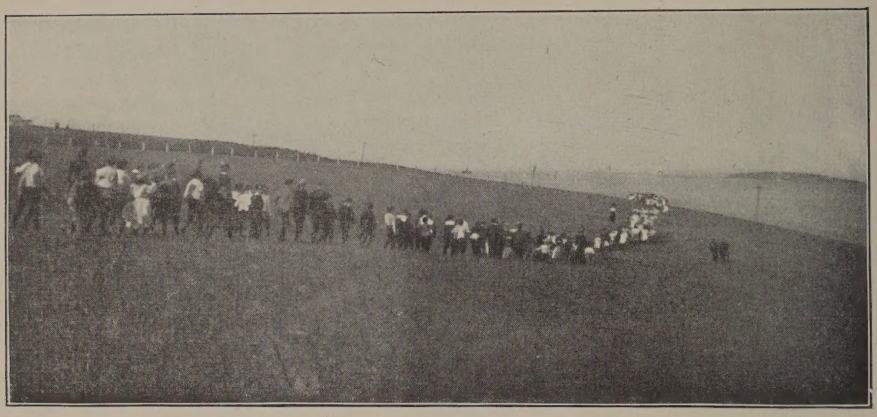
"The object of the Guild of St. Elizabeth is to train the children of the poor in the industrial branches too often neglected in a common school education. Consequently we will, in time, teach the art of domestic economy in all its branches: sewing, cooking, house-keeping, caring for children and the sick, and the lesser but still important duties that belong to the realm of domestic science.

The Guild will not limit its care to girls only; special attention will be given to associating boys in guilds where they may be taught the elements of the simpler trades, and of book-keeping, typewriting, shorthand, etc., together with the habits of tidiness, industry and politeness.

A boy's club will also be opened for the instruction, entertainment, and elevation of the boys. It shall be a training-school to prepare the pupils for their work in life, whether it be in service, trade, or art.

It is to so train the eye and the hand

THE DRESSMAKING CLASS.



COMING HOME FROM A RANDIGE EXCURSION.

making the one so true, the other so sure, that the foundation shall be strong and reliable.

To help in this work, Mothers' Meetings will be held from time to time, in which practical talks will be given upon the management of a home, the training of children, and the methods of making home attractive.

We must never lose sight of the leading principle of the Guild: viz., to help the poor to become self-respecting."

Plato says, "From the earliest years the plays of children ought to be subject to strict laws. For if their plays and those who mingle with them are arbitrary and lawless, how can they become virtuous men, and law-abiding and obedient citizens? On the contrary, when children are early trained to submit to laws in their plays, love for these laws enters into their souls with the music accompanying them, and helps their development."

For its text the school has chosen, "Woe unto him who offends one of these little ones, for their spirits behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven."

DONERAILE, THE HOME OF REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, P. P.

WHERE "MY NEW CURATE" WAS WRITTEN.

BY ANDREW MC ALEAVY.

That rather diffuse American writer, J. Burroughs, writes thus libellously of a certain famous town in the South of Ireland:

"I stopped part of a day at Mallow, an old town on the Blackwater, in one of the most fertile agricultural districts of Ireland. The situation is fine, and an American naturally expects to see a charming rural town, planted with trees, and filled with clean, comfortable homes; but to find instead a wretched place, smitten with a plague of filth and mud, and offering but one object on which the eye can dwell with pleasure, and that is the ruins of an old castle, "Mallow Castle over Blackwater," which dates back to the time of Elizabeth. It stands amid noble trees on the bank of the river, and its walls some of them thirty or forty feet high, are completely overrun with ivy. The Blackwater, an amber-colored stream, is spanned at this point by a superb, granite bridge."

There are a good many mistakes here, "granite" and others; but the libel is in calling the prettiest and most picturesque town in Ireland "a wretched place." This is not the verdict of tens of thousands of Mr. Burrough's countrymen, who sweep past it, or abide in it, these latter years under happier auspices, or more pleasing conditions, than those of Mr. Burroughs. The subject of this memoir, in a friendly debate, held years ago in the pages of the "Irish Monthly" with his friend, Father Russell, maintained that as a cradle of immortals, Mallow surpassed even Newry: and he quoted his beadrow—Lord Chancellor Sullivan, Judge Johnson, O'Callaghan, the historian, Hartland the artist, Sir Richard Quain Thomas Davis, poet and patriot, William O'Brien, tribune and journalist, etc., etc. But let this pass. Here on March 17th, 1852, in the New Street, was born Father Sheehan, whose name is now familiar to thousands of American readers. The house where he was born is but a gunshot from the house of Davis, and a few moments walk from the suburb where William O'Brien was born. Here he spent his younger years, sitting side by side with William O'Brien in the quiet National School; and here he witnessed some of those strange incidents that were stirring Ireland at that period. Nothing gives Father Sheehan such pleasure as a quiet talk with some old schoolfellow about those far off days, halcyon now in the mists of memory, but turbulent enough then—for then were the schoolboys ambushed sentinels, watching the police to give warning to the squadrons that are drilling down there in the glen, and the night call of the bugle over the dark and mysterious woods, comes echoing out of the vaults of memory. Ah me! And above all, there comes as a figure of light the Bayard of that abortive insurrection—the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,"—James O'Brien, brother of the tribune who has occupied so large a space in the history of Ireland for the last fifteen years, and is likely to claim a canvas all to himself in the near future.

From his native town, Father Sheehan passed into St. Colman's College, Fermoy; and thence into Maynooth in the autumn of 1869. Here, as we may well understand, he drew in the inspirations of later years, not, as may be supposed, in the cut and dry scholasti-

cism of the halls, for the class-work was a mere trifle to an active intellect; but in the desultory reading in study times; in the volumes torn down hastily from the book shelves in the sectional libraries; in the books passed from hand to hand amongst the eager and ambitious students; and, most of all, in the clash of ideas, the lightning flashes that leap from mind to mind in the electric excitement of debate. Father Sheehan has been, all his life, an omnivorous reader; and in a paper, recently contributed to the "Weekly Register," under the heading "Books that have influenced me," he states, that his early intellectual training was at the hands of Carlyle and Tennyson; and that the trend and bias of his mind towards poetical and philosophical studies he traces directly to their influence. Of course, in more mature years, he was enabled to see the blemishes in the poetry and philosophy of Tennyson, and the utter inanity of Carlyle's iconoclasms; nevertheless they led into unaccustomed paths, where, too, after many windings and turnings, are found all the truth and beauty of Life.

The first two years of his priesthood were spent by Father Sheehan in the diocese of Plymouth, England. This, too, was an education, more full of instruction and incident, and more far-reaching in its ultimate consequences, than the merely scholastic training and gerund-grinding of the ten years of his past life. For here he was thrown into a new world, amongst a strange race, to deal with problems that were perfectly original to him. He never thinks of that period of his life without pleasure and gratitude, and it reflects credit alike on him and on the diocese he first served, that he maintains, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the most intimate and affectionate relations with the Bishop, priests and people of Plymouth. Many incidents of his mission here he has given to the public already, his chaplaincy in Dartmoor prison, etc. The incident that he recalls with greatest pleasure is the conversion of the Rev. Robert Stephens Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, and author of many poems, best known as the composer of that famous ballad: "And shall Trelawney Die?" In the fierce controversy that raged in the English Protestant press about his conversion, it was freely stated that it was a sermon on the "Sanctity of the Church" preached by Father Sheehan in Plymouth Cathedral, and of which Mr. Hawker was an attentive listener, that perfected and accelerated his conversion.

Recalled to his native diocese, Father Sheehan spent four years in his native parish of Mallow. Here, he made his first essay in literature; and it is curious, as well as characteristic, that his first contributions to literature should be children's tales, which were published in the Catholic Children's Magazine, then edited by Mr. Connolly, of Bray. We may mention that Father Sheehan's love for little children amounts almost to a passion.

In September, 1881, appeared the first serious article from his pen: "Religious Instruction in Intermediate Schools." This paper, a prophesy and a warning, is the keynote of a good deal of Father Sheehan's subsequent teaching; it attracted immediate attention. It was copied *in extenso* in the London Tablet, and became the text of an active propaganda, that has eventuated in the most perfect system of diocesan inspection and examination in the world. In this article, Father Sheehan plainly states his belief that as the National System of Education, was, according to Dr. Whately's admission, designed to eradicate the faith of the Irish people, and has succeeded in destroying every trace of their history and language; so, too, English statesmanship has devised the sister system to supplement the nefarious, but imperfect work of the first. How far the conjecture was well founded may be a matter of debate; but the warning was well-timed.

Several articles succeeded this initial

one, and dealt with a variety of subjects:

Irish Eccl. Record—In a Dublin Art Gallery, Dec., 1881; Emigration and the Irish Church, Oct., 1882; "Gambetta", March, 1883; "Emerson", Oct., 1884; Freethought in America, Nov., 1884; (1) German Universities June, 1886; (2) German Universities, July, 1886; (3) German Uuiversities, August, 1886; German and Gallic Poetry, January, 1887; Augustinian Literature, Dec., 1887; Matthew Arnold, June, 1888.

These and a host of other articles, Father Sheehan wrote during a laborious curacy of eight years in Queenstown.

In July, 1888, Father Sheehan contributed a valuable paper to the Dublin Review: "Works on St. Augustine." It led to an interesting correspondence. Dr. James Field Spaulding, then Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., and a profound Augustinian scholar, on seeing the article, wrote at once to Father Sheehan; and from the quiet retreats of Glengariffe, the latter wrote a series of letters to his distinguished correspondent in America; and was one of the many, whose hearts leaped with delight when he heard of Dr. Spaulding's subsequent conversion. Though suffering from impaired health, brought about by overwork, Father Sheehan continued to pour out from his pen, poem after poem that may yet be unearthed from the pages of magazines; and in July, 1889, he recommenced parochial work again in his native parish. Here for the second time, he ministered to the most devoted people in the world for six years; but his literary output was little. He was maturing his first book, which, on his promotion to the parish of Doneraile, he gave immediately to the world.

The rapid publication of "Geoffrey Austin: Student," "The Triumph of Failure", etc., with the worldwide criticisms on these books are matters of too recent occurrence to need notice here.

A few months after the publication of "Geoffrey Austin", Father Heuser, the able and enterprising editor, chanced to pick it up in a Dublin bookstore, and read it, en route to the Continent. "The man that wrote that could write other things," he thought. Some correspondence passed; and in May, 1898, the "American Ecclesiastical Review" gave to the world the first installment of "My New Curate." All through the year 1898, successive chapters appeared, each more brilliant than the last, until "My New Curate." became the indispensable monthly recreation in every presbytery in America. Its simplicity and pathos, with a curious vein of quiet Celtic humor running through it, its beautiful lessons on priestly life and duties, conveyed, not in rude didactics, but in gentle parables; and above all, the spirit of Christian brotherliness and charity that breathes through the whole work, have recommended it in places, where novels are tabooed, and where weighty folios are wearily laid aside. The serial now appears in book form and is certain to have a worldwide circulation.

Doneraile, the parish where Father Sheehan has spent his last four—the most busy years—of his life is a village four miles from Buttervant on the Great Southern and Western Railway. A bird's eye view would show it and its surroundings as a scene of Arcadian and idyllic loveliness. It seems a huge park, dotted here and there with stately mansions. The river Awbeg, Spencer's "Gentle Mulla" flows beneath the walls of the Presbytery; and Spencer's Castle of Kilcolman, where he wrote the "Faerie Queen" is in Father Sheehan's parish, just three miles from the village. But there is poverty, deep, dire, extreme poverty in all this scenic loveliness. All the rich land in the immediate vicinity of the town is in the hands of Protestant settlers; the

Catholic Celts form the fringe on the cold moorlands and mountains that border the County Limerick.

Bridge House, Father Sheehan's residence, is at the northern end of the village, close to the bridge, that spans the "Mulla"; and here he leads a quiet, studious life, broken only by the frequent calls on parochial and priestly duties. His studies are just now limited to philosophical and literary subjects; and his small and select library contains names that are not often to be found in kindred collections. These are really the treasures of kings, the thoughts and sayings of the master-minds of the world. Yet, it may be said, that he owes more to observation and experience that to study. What he has hitherto given to the world is "the harvest of a quiet eye"—a mind that photographs everything, and then locks up the negative for future use.

Father Sheehan has never taken a prominent part in politics; but is an intense and enthusiastic lover of Ireland. He dislikes politics for the worry and turmoil and excitement they entail; but mostly for the insincerities that appear to be the inevitable concomitants of such warfare. But he loves Ireland passionately. He knows no greater pleasure in life than a holiday down by the sea in Clare, where the vast limestone tables, pitted by the sea, and heaped with Titanic fragments of rock stretch their bleak solitudes for miles, whilst almost overhead the Cliffs of Moher stand solemnly looking over the waste Atlantic, and there is no sound but the wash of the waves, and the music of the million penguins and gulls that hover around the cliffs; or a fortnight at Ardmore, under the Round Tower, and near St. Declan's Well; or a week's solitude amidst the silence and sublimity of Glengariffe.

And he forecasts a magnificent future for his country—a mission of spiritual and intellectual enlightenment to the world. He views with horror the steady and silent Anglicisation of the race at present; and the introduction into Ireland of that mammon worship —that respect for brute force—that contempt for the weak—in a word, that Imperialism which is but the reproduction of the worst features of Pagan Rome. And he thinks he sees a steady and stealthy invasion of Scotchmen and English into the commercial life of Ireland,and under Semitic and Freemason influences, whilst the strength of the native race is evaporating in empty talk and internecine conflict. "Meet organization with organization; silent strength with silent strength;" this is Father Sheehan's advice to his countrymen. Nevertheless, if the present looks gloomy, he forecasts a bright and glorious future. A steady believer that all historical evolutions are watched and controlled from above, he feels absolutely certain that his Israel of the West has yet a large part to play in the economies of Divine Providence—so large, indeed, as to overwhelm the imagination. This he expressed in fuller terms in the remarkable panegyric on O'Connell, which he preached three years ago in Queenstown Cathedral.

> Not in the shadow of the past,
> Great though that shadow be,
> Shalt thou abide, mother of men;
> Thy sons shalt turn to thee, and then,
> No fate can be too vast
> For them, and thee.

This is his dream. For one factor in its accomplishment, he hopes for the return of the ancient monastic orders to Ireland. He speaks with the keenest regret of the establishment of the Carthusians at Parkminster, England. "Why didn't they come to Ireland? We would fill their cloisters with novices. Now, the very porters at their gates are Protestants." And, "A Trappist on every hillside,—a Benedictine in every valley of Ireland."

"Thy sons shall turn to thee, and then—"

Literature, hitherto a recreation, has become a vocation for Father Sheehan.

If his life be spared, he thinks he has a good deal yet to say to the world. Already he has engaged for a new serial in the American Ecclesiastical Review, and he has a brief story of another kind nearly completed. Like many other authors, who have been successful in prose, he thinks he will be better known by his poems; and he expects to publish a long-promised volume of verse next year. His dearest literary friend, is, of course, Father Russell, S. J., the Maecenas of all young Irish workers. But, filled with gratitude to the American press and priesthood for their generous appreciation of his efforts, he looks thither for his greatest audience. Nothing gives him such pleasure as the occasional visit of an American priest.

Next to this, is the pleasure he experiences in the daily receipt of letters from America, thanking him for light already received, or asking guidance or help for the future. He cannot believe there is any higher earthly reward for labor; and he seeks no other.

Teacher and Helper—he believes. that all other human distinctions sink into insignificance before these.

MULIER FORTIS.

BY REV. G. LEE, C. S. SP.

O golden-hearted lily! quick to rise
In that first vernal warmth evangel-fanned,
And don at once all splendors of the skies—
Symbolic of thy land!

Ierne's daughter, cradled in the light
Of vision's hallowing, thy dawning choice
Of His own poor was proof thou heard'st aright
The spousal Shepherd's voice.

Heroic suit—thy more than woman's prayer
To see thy youth's rich comeliness give place
To traits deformed, that chastity's free care
Might keep thy soul's prime grace!

Though strong the fire that pillar-like was seen
Above thy veiled head, 'twas mild as dew:
Thy finger's touch made wake in budding green
The time-dried planks of yew.

Not strange to us—if strange to those rude days—
That virgin hands in myriads aided thine
To kindle hearths of sacrificial praise,
Whose flame knew no decline.

O Brigid! valiant woman! well thy fame
Our people taught that worth of womankind
In strength should lie—yet in no sexless claim—
In strength of Christian mind.

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

A deadlier enemy to friendship than love is politics. A man may forgive the friend who was his successful rival in love, especially if the object of their mutual affection develop traits undesirable in the wife of one's bosom; but rare is the friendship that can clasp hands across the grave of political defeat.

That meeting of the General Assembly of Kentucky, that saw Harold Stewart and John Preston pitted against each other on the Senatorial election, was as dramatic as it was interesting, and more bitter than either. Old friends became foes, and of these thus sundered none was more hopelessly set beyond hope of reconciliation than the Senator from Fayette County and the Representative from Mason. Preston's antagonism had its origin in political difference simply, but Harold Stewart's hatred struck its roots down deep into the ruins of a life's love, and was nurtured by regret and disappointment. Friends of both felt that such a strained relation as existed between the two could have but one ending, and when the triumph of Blackbourn left Harold Stewart defeated, they awaited it in nervous certainty. Yet it came unannounced, unexpected. Harold Stewart, when he reached Lexington on his way home after the close of the meeting, finding that he had some time to wait for his train, left the station and went to the Phoenix Hotel. As he turned, after depositing his traveling bag with the clerk, he found himself face to face with John Preston, who was entering the room from another passage. The light of victory in the dark eyes meeting his stung to mad, fierce life the thousand thoughts and feelings that had tormented him for many past days, and made him greet the advancing man with words that fell fast and stinging, words that would have tested the soul of saint or philosopher. John Preston was neither, so he replied in kind, strengthening his with the pride of the victor. But Harold Stewart knew that he had once, and first, ruled over that other man's most sacred possession—the heart of his wife—and did not now hesitate to hurl that knowledge at his foe, in his passion so phrasing Miriam's pitiful secret that the few gentlemen listening turned away and whispered, "Let Preston kill the dog!"

A cloud that might have been a mist of tears or a swift-passing paralysis of the brain hid the speaker's face, as, listening to his words, John Preston thought of Miriam, bending in worshipping love above the cradle of their baby. Then he sprang forward and with the words "You lie!" quivering on his bloodless lips, struck him across the face. In the next instant, Harold Stewart's pistol was aimed at Preston's heart, but seeing that he was unarmed he returned the weapon to his pocket, and warning him to make ready within an hour, he continued:

"Liar, am I? We'll see!" With trembling hands he took from his pocket book a letter, the letter Miriam had received one summer morning years ago, and which she had returned to the sender, with the bitterness of heart a woman never forgets voicing itself in the one brief sentence written below the tear-blurred words. "Do you recognize that writing?" he asked, thrusting it into John Preston's face. "Compare the date when it was written and returned. I lie, do I? Apologize, or meet me in an hour."

"I will meet you," said John Preston

and the crowd turned from his white face, as he moved toward the door. He felt dazed, but contact with the blithe March day, whose frosty breath was as exhilarating as a draught of rare old wine, speedily restored his mind to its fine poise, and as he walked down the street to his home, he outlined the work he intended doing in the next hour. Miriam was in the old sitting room; one foot was on the rocker of the cradle and as she bent over the dainty piece of cambric she was hemming, she sang a lullaby for the baby staring at her with wide, dark eyes. John Preston on reaching home and hearing her song made a move toward where she sat; but paused, remembering the letter; then, he entered the room, and kissed his wife and child. He stood for a few minutes by her side ,then left her and went up stairs to his study; and Miriam continued her work and song. A little later, she was again interrupted by the entrance of a servant with Judge Wood's card.

"Rock the baby for me, Della!" she said. Rising, and going to the mirror above the mantelpiece, she smoothed down her gold-brown hair, rearranged the cherry-colored ribbon at her neck, and with a smile on her face, went to the parlor to see Margaret's father.

"I was thinking of you a few minutes ago!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. "Why have you stayed away so long? I would scold you;" she went on laughing, as she drew forward a chair, "only I see by your face you are quite repentant. How are Mar aret and—"

Judge Wood had fallen into the chair and burried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" cried Miriam, flinging herself on her knees by his side. "Has anything happened to Margaret?"

"Hasn't John come home?" asked the old man, lifting his head.

"Yes," she answered.

"And he didn't tell you!" he cried. "But I might have known he wouldn't.' '

"What has happened?" she repeated, rising, a nameless fear clutching at her heart.

"What many feared since they went to Frankfort last January; what I have feared since your marriage,—an open, irreparable breach between your husband and Harold Stewart," replied the Judge.

Miriam's face whitened under his gaze, but she uttered no word, and the old man went to her side and took her trembling hand in his as he cried:

"Miriam, the cowardly dog spoke of you; and in a way no man permits another to speak of the woman who bears his name, and live. They are to meet before the day is over."

"What— what did Harold Stewart say of me?"

"I was not present, and the few who were are gentlemen who scorn to repeat lies," replied the old man, with dignity. She looked her gratitude; then as she recollected all he had said she shuddered. But she soon regained her composure.

"Thank you my good friend for coming to me. Now I must ask you to leave me. I must go to my husband.'

He took his hat, but as he was turning away, he paused and said: "Miriam are you sure you will not need me— after you have seen your husband? Let me take your father's place today." She gave him a wistful smile and shook her head, and, with a tender clasp of her hand, he left the house. She dragged herself to her husband's study, and when she opened the door and he saw her face, he knew she had been informed of the tragic event of the morning. They stood gazing at each other in the first miserable silence that had ever been between them; then she asked:

"What did Harold Stewart say to you of me?"

"Words he will not repeat, or I will not hear, within an hour!" cried John Preston, springing to his feet. "Now, go back, Miriam, to our child." His breath was coming in short, quick gasps, his strong frame was shaken with

trembling and his face was white as his collar; but she again asked:

"What did Harold Stewart say to you of me?"

"May God strike me dumb before I repeat his lie!" he cried.

"Then Harold Stewart will repeat it," she said, turning. He sprang between her and the door.

"What do you mean? To go to that man?"

"Yes, I am going to him," she said, and he saw now that if her face was pale, her eyes were gleaming, and there was on brow and figure a dignity, a pride that dawned on him as something new, something Miriam had not worn yesterday,—the dignity of her outraged womanhood, the pride of her hallowed wifehood. Manlike, he failed to read their meaning, and his interpretation made him, even then, blush under her eyes. It lay like a stone on his heart through all his after years; for he said:

"He lied, and his life, or mine, must be your vindication!"

"Vindication!" she cried. "I require vindication from no man! Let me pass!"

He caught her hands. He was angry now, where before he had been excited, suspicious where he had been loyal.

"Your going to him has but one interpretation in the eyes of the world."

"Let the world interpret it as it will!" she cried, wringing her hand from his grasp. "What do I care for what the world thinks?"

"But I care!" he cried, "and if you give confirmation to his lie, as you will by disobeying me, we part in this hour!"

"Better even that," she said, without a tremble in her voice, "than one day to have my boy ask me why he is fatherless, or the son of a murderer!"

There was a look in her eyes that told him remonstrance was in vain. He turned from the door, and flinging himself in his chair buried his face in his hands. Hastily changing her house gown for street attire, Miriam went softly down stairs and out of the house, not daring to enter the old room where the servant was watching the sleeping baby. She had steeled her heart, nor would she give even one glance toward her home as the car carried her past.

She went to the hotel and sent a message for Harold Stewart. The insensibility that in the days of her youth used to deaden her heart to pain, leaving it like a stone in her breast, had crept over it again; for in the brief time that had elapsed since she had sent for this man until he stood before her, she had reviewed her childhood and woman hood and saw herself through all their cruel varied events but the plaything of Fate. And she resolved, hereafter, to accept her role with the calmness of indifference, not, as hitherto, with the rebellion of despair.

If Harold Stewart had known whom he should see, he would have declined to come to the parlor; but the porter was new at his duties, as he was ignorant of the occurrence of the morning. As he entered the room she rose and stood before him, and Harold Stewart stopped short, with a muttered exclamation. Then as Miriam's eyes fell on the iron-gray hair, the deeply lined face, she recalled the Sunday afternoon when she and this man had sat under the oak tree below her grandmother's orchard; and how he, cognizant of the fact it was all he dared claim, had pleaded for a place in her memory, while she, having yielded over to him her young heart, tearfully protested she would never forget her early friend. She was here for a redemption of that promise now. It did not matter that he had first broken her heart and now threatened her life and all its happiness, for the old promise remained unfulfilled; so she said, very softly, as a mother might speak to a wayward son:

"Harold, what did you say about me this morning?"

At the words and voice, Harold Stewart sank into a chair and flinging his arms on the table hid his face in them.

"What could you say of me!" her

sweet low voice went on, filling the silence of the deserted room, and falling like blows on his heart. "What could you say of me that those who heard it, would refuse to repeat it to Judge Wood, and my husband asked God to strike him dumb before his lips would utter those words! What *could* you say of me?" she asked again, and as he remained silent with his head bowed, she said: "In the name of your honor, your manhood, stand up and face your words!"

And then he rose, and looking toward her said, but not in the tones she had remembered: "My words were lying words!"

"Then you know what you must do. Admit that to my husband when he comes this afternoon."

"I cannot! I will not!"

"You can, and you will," she said, but with her voice losing none of its low, soft notes. "You owe me more than you can ever hope to pay, Harold Stewart. You invaded my girlhood—but I forgave it. Perhaps a girl's heart, with its untarnished beauty and simplicity and truth, is the booty of the first comer into the undiscovered country of her life. You now invaded my womanhood, and its possessions, valueless to you, but more than all the world to me, you want to destroy. I will school my heart to forgive you this, too. But I will not forgive, and God will not forgive, your taking on your soul the murder of my husband or branding that crime on him, thereby, giving to your lying words the stamp of truth. You have wrecked my life; you shall not, you dare not, wreck my fair fame."

He looked at her for some minutes in silence; then cried, "O Miriam! Miriam! I ruined your life! when I ——"

She lifted her hand and the gesture recalled that last evening in the old house when he had thrust himself, a second time, into her life. The love that kept him noble in that hour leaped up, full armed, to save him now; and again he crossed to where she stood, knelt before her, and bowing his head, kissed the hem of her dress. Then he left the room, and going to the office waited for John Preston. The gentlemen who had witnessed the scene of the morning had determined to prevent blood-shed, and when Harold Stewart took his place opposite the door by which John Preston would enter an officer advanced. Seeing him, Harold Stewart drew out his pistol and laid it on the table, saying: "I have no intention of using it." As he spoke, John Preston opened the door. Quick as a flash he found his weapon, but seeing his enemy defenseless, he lowered his right hand. Harold Stewart folded his arms, and stepping forward a few paces said:

"Mr. Preston, I apologize to you for my words this morning. My statements were false statements as I knew when I made them. I am ready to give you a full explanation if you desire it."

For a moment John Preston felt a wild desire to shoot down the man, for well he knew what influence had brought Harold Stewart to make this confession, a confession, which, as her written words had not done, convinced him that Miriam had married him for position and wealth, and revenge, perhaps, while her heart belonged to another. But the gentleman prevailing over the man forced him to say: "I accept your apology, Mr. Stewart; your explanation is unnecessary," and replacing his weapon he left the hotel and returned to his house.

A servant met him at the door with the message that Mrs. Preston wished to see him in the sitting-room. She was in her low chair by the cradle, in her street attire, except for her hat and gloves, which were lying on the stand near by. As he came forward she saw that his glance was cold, his face stern, while he noticed her cheeks were flushed and her beautiful eyes dim from hard weeping, but her voice was calm, as she said to him, across the cradle where the baby slept:

"You told me, John, if I disobeyed

you, we must part. I am not here to utter one word of protest against that mandate of yours, to make one appeal against its execution. But I am here to say this to you: when Harold Stewart told you, a few moments ago, that he lied in his words this morning, he not only told you the truth, but told it of his own free will and accord. I exerted on him no other influence than the influence of justice, which would be more terribly outraged by your premeditated settling of your quarrel, than it was by the quarrel itself. If Harold Stewart had said to you that once I loved him, that he had been the idol of my girlish dreams—that, after winning my love, he had, for worldly considerations, cast it away, and that because of this something departed from my life, he would not have spoken untruthfully; nor would you have found in such statements aught to give you mortal offence. But he did not say this, or said it in such a way that left you, and all who heard him, to believe that while I am yours in the eyes of the world, in the sight of God and my own soul I am, and always have been his, John—" she broke off, "did he need to tell you, a while ago, that he lied when he said such words? Did you need him, or any one, to tell you, that the heart of the mother of your child is yours and has been yours from the hour she first knew you? Love passed over the girl's heart; Art dawned on the woman's and filled it completely; but, dear, when you came, you thrust out art and the pale ghost of that lost love, you gave me a new life, a new heart, a new hope. You must know this. You must not doubt my love, come what may."

"But that letter! that letter!" his voice sounded strange even to himself.

"What letter?" and when he drew Harold Stewart's note from his pocket, and she caught sight of its terribly familiar words, the old pain wrenched fiercely at her heart. After a while she lifted her eyes: "They were hard words for a girl to receive. When he came to me a second time, just after my whole being had been enriched by the knowledge that you loved me, you who are so beyond him in all the qualities women hold dearest in those they love, my grief, my bitter regret that he had culled even one of my heart's blossoms made me give him, in anger, the answer I did." Then, as she read on his face, his interpretation of the few words below Harold Stewart's, telling brokenly of an undying love, she said with dignity: "I did not understand your meaning. But I answered your question before it was asked. The love that protests needs the props of protestation to support it. Mine does not."

"Why didn't you tell me of this?" he cried brokenly, and at his words, the baby awoke. The mother stooped over the cradle to quiet the child's cries. In the next instant, John Preston was on his knees by her side, his arms around her waist, his face pressed against her, as he said:

"Miriam darling! it doesn't matter! It was a mistake in you, an unpardonable blunder in me, and a sin, which may God forgive, in him. You love me now, and that is all I want to know. Forgive my words of this morning. I was mad! For Miriam, I'd rather lose all I possess, than be parted in anger, one hour, from you!"

He rose, took her in his arms, and kissed her face, over which the tears were running, while the baby, unconscious of the perfect reconciliation it had wrought, fell back into its happy slumber.

THE END.

"A CATHOLIC-EDUCATED PEOPLE."

BY BERNARD WALSH.

Professor Schurman, after an extended trip abroad at the government's expense, has decided that the Filipinos are a "Catholic educated people," and as a proof that Catholic education does not rank high in his erudite opinion, he suggests that Protestant "missionaries" be sent to the Philippines, presumably to quicken the "moral consciousness" of the natives, deadened it may be by the example of the looting parties among the American Volunteers. True to his pedagagical principles the Professor gives warning of the danger of confusing "the simple minds of an uncivilized people." A Catholic-educated people an uncivilized people!

In a pamphlet on The Catholic Church in Japan, recently published by the Catholic Truth Society, the writer, Rev. Dr. Casartelli, gives us some facts showing how Catholic education progressed in foreign countries some hundreds of years before the United States came into existence, and incidentally makes known that folks in Manila did not have to wait for their book learning until the Cornell schoolmaster went abroad. Here are some of the facts:

Joao Rodriguez, S.J., arrived in Japan in 1683, and under his direction a series of important publications appeared between 1590 and 1610. In 1595 there was printed in the Jesuit College in Amakusa the now rare Portuguese-Latin-Japanese dictionary, occupying 906 quarto pages, and of remarkable completeness. In 1603 followed a Japanese-Portuguese dictionary. In 1604 Father Rodriguez's Japanese grammar was printed at Nagasaki. The Dominicans rivalled the Jesuits in their literary zeal.

Diego Collado was a Dominican, whose dictionary and grammar of the Japanese language appeared in Rome in 1632 Three years before, the Dominicans of Manila had printed a Spanish translation of the Jesuit dictionary. After Rodriguez, who died in 1633, other missioners, such as Lopez and Sylva, worked in the same field. For two centuries, moreover, the reports of the Catholic missioners were the best and almost the only sources of a knowledge of Japan and the Japanese people. Father Froes, S. J., in the second half of the sixteenth century, deserves special mention in this respect. According to Anushin, he was the first European to speak of the curious primaeval race of the Ainos.

A number of religious works in the Japanese language for the use of native Christians were compiled and published by the Catholic missioners. Bishop Serqueyra, composed a work on moral theology. One of the Franciscan fathers known as Diego de las Llagas, was a native Japanese, who, besides translating the "Flos Sanctorum" into his mother tongue, published also a Japanese grammar and a Spanish-Latin-Japanese dictionary.

Special mention must also be made of the efforts of the early missioners to accommodate the Japanese language to the Roman alphabet, a work which has been taken up earnestly in our own time by the Romaji-Kai, and which occupied a considerable share of the attention of the Geneva International Congress of Orientalists in 1894. In 1590 the Jesuit missioners began to cast European type in Japan, and they elaborated a complete system of transcription in Roman characters. Mr. Ernest Satow, the eminent Japanese scholar, has published an interesting monograph *The Jesuit Mission Press in Japan*, 1590-1610 (London, 1888), in which a

full account is given of the literary labors of our missioners in this regard. Numerous Japanese works, printed according to this system, exist in the libraries of Europe."

And the work of such men as these has failed to satisfy Professor Schurman! He advocates the sending out of an army of Protestant ministers. "There is plenty for them to do", he says. Plenty indeed if they will take back with them the property of the pillaged churches and homes, and restore it to its lawful possessors. That would be a graceful act, and a move in the right direction towards winning the confidence of the natives who have been taught that any infringement of the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" must be followed by restitution.

Circumstances are against the accomplishment of Professor Schurman's purpose. "Send only one type of missionary" he advises. "The Filipinos will then have Catholic Christianity and Protestant Christianity presented to them so that they can take their choice." The Catholic Church sent only one type of missionary. The characteristics of that type are set forth in the following paragraphs on the Japanese missions:

"It appears that in 1585 Pope Gregory XIII issued a brief giving the Society exclusive charge of the Japanese missions, as indeed it had well merited by its extraordinary successes. The Spanish Government viewed with a jealous eye whatever secured the monopoly of the Portuguese in the country; and the governor of the Philippines soon after despatched an embassy to Hideyoshi seeking to obtain permission to trade at some of the Japanese ports, and with the embassy he sent four Franciscans, who were thus indirectly permitted to establish themselves in Kyoto and Nagasaki (1593). Taiko-Sama at first seemed favorably disposed to these Franciscans, and they soon took the opportunity of publicly preaching the Gospel, which they did with great success. This activity, combined with the mischievous gossip of a Portuguese (or Spanish) sea captain, seems to have roused Taiko-Sama to fury. The imprudent fellow boasted that the King of Spain had sent his own missionaries into Japan in order to pave the way to a future conquest of the islands. Nothing more was required to give the signal for a cruel persecution. The death penalty was decreed against all the Christian preachers. The first fruits of the glorious Japanese army of martyrs were the twenty-six who were crucified at Nagasaki on February 5, 1597. They numbered six Franciscan fathers,including the Superior, Father Peter Baptist, fifteen Japanese tertiaries of the same Order, three Japanese Jesuits and two servants. At the thrilling scene of this martyrdom, which has been too often told to allow of repetition here, was present the first Bishop who had yet set foot on Japanese soil. This was Pedro Martinez, S. J., who was appointed Bishop of Japan by Sixtus V., whose singular privilege it was to transmit to Rome the Acts of the Proto-martyrs, of which he himself had been an eye-witness.

Taiko-Sama, or Hideyoshi, died in 1598. After some years of civil war, the power passed into the hands of a man scarcely less able than himself, Ieyasu, in whom the office of Shogun (in abeyance since 1573) was restored, and who founded the Tokugawa Dynasty, or Shogunate. A period of comparative peace and prosperity for the Japanese Church now ensued. Bishop Luiz Serqueyra, S. J., was able greatly to console and confirm his flock, which he ruled peacefully till 1614. Ieyasu even received the Bishop with a certain degree of favor in 1606 at Kyoto, and the following year the Provincial of the Jesuits. About the same time Dominican and Augustinian Fathers began to arrive and to swell the ranks of the missioners. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the number of Japanese Christians is said to have risen to 1,800,000. But the peace was to be of short duration; it was but the pre-

lude to one of the most awful persecutions ever recorded in the history of the Church.

Even during the period just referred to a certain amount of local persecution of the Christians was going on, especially in the principality of Fingo (Higo), where several martrys suffered. But in 1617 the persecution became general, and for twenty years it endured with a violence surpassing that of Nero. It is a lamentable fact that much of the responsibility of this terrible persecution must be laid at the door of the Dutch Protestants, who, as well as the English, at this time began to trade largely with Japan. National jealousy of the Portuguese and Spanish, as well as religious hatred, were rife at the time, and there is only too strong evidence to believe that the newcomers did much to poison the mind of the Shogun against the Catholics. Mr. Murray thinks that Ieyasu had also been enraged by the solemn celebration of the beatification of Ignatius Loyola (1609) by public processions of the Bishop and all the religious Orders through Nagasaki, in spite of a "warning proclamation" issued in 1606. But this was long years before the outburst of the persecution; the actual edict for the extermination of Christianity to secure the safety of the empire was issued in 1614. All members of religious Orders, whether native or European ,were to be expelled from the country, the churches which had been erected were to be pulled down, and Japanese converts were to be compelled to renounce their faith. Some 300 persons were shipped from Japan on October 25, but eighteen Jesuit Fathers and nine lay brothers escaped and lay concealed. Among other exiles was a powerful noble Takeyama, known in the Christian annals as Justus Uncondono. He was one of those converted princes and is accused of having carried out a system of persecution against the Buddhists in his territory of Akashi. But whatever misguided zeal he may have shown in that matter, he certainly set a bright example of personal heroism in the hour of trial. He stimulated his fellow Christians by his constancy in the Faith ,and his readiness to forego all honors and dignities in its defense. Already banished in Taiko-Sama's reign, he was now deported to the Philippines, where he died of a painful sickness in 1615.

The new edict was carried out with ruthless severity. A special department, entitled "The Christian Enquiry," was instituted for the purpose of searching out Christians and forcing them to apostacy. Priests and laymen were hunted down; large rewards were offered for information against Christians in every rank of life; a special scale was published for the betrayal of parents by their children, and of children by their parents. Ieyasu died in 1617, just at the beginning of the persecution, but it was continued with relentless fury by his son and successor. History has but one verdict upon the diabolical atrocity of the persecution. "One may search the grim history of early Christian martyrology," writes the author of *The Conquests of the Cross,* published by Messrs. Cassell, "without finding anything to surpass the heroism of the Roman Catholic martyrs of Japan. Burnt on stakes made of crosses, torn limb from limb, buried alive, yet they refused to recant." "It has never been surpassed," says Mr. D. Murray of this persecution, "for cruelty and brutality on the part of the persecutors, or for courage and constancy on the part of those who suffered." Mr. Gubbins, in the Japanese Asiatic Society's *Transactions,* after detailing some of the more barbarous tortures inflicted, adds, "Let it not be supposed that we have drawn on the Jesuit accounts solely for this information. An examination of the Japanese records wlil show that the case is not overstated."

Painful as is the subject, some record must be made of what these heroic con-

fessors of the Faith had to undergo.

We read (says the last-quoted writer) of their being hurled from the tops of precipices, of their being buried alive, of their being torn asunder by oxen, of their being tied up in rice bags, which were heaped together, and of the pile thus formed being set on fire. Others were tortured before death by the insertion of sharp spikes under the nails of their hands and feet, while some poor wretches, by a refinement of horrid cruelty, were shut up in cages and there left to starve with food before their eyes.

Specially awful were the torments inflicted in the caves of Un-sen (or Ongen) between Nagasaki and Shimabara. Here some were plunged into the boiling sulphur springs, others suffocated by the fumes, some forced to drink enormous quantities of water, and then, like Margaret Clitheroe, pressed to death beneath crushing weights. But of all the tortures the most terrible was that known as "the Fosse," or suspension head downwards into a pit, the martyr hanging by a rope fastened to the feet and attached to a projecting post. The suffering was excruciating, blood exuding from the mouth and nostrils, and the pressure on the brain being almost unendurable. Yet the victim usually survived eight or nine days. We can hardly be surprised that many succumbed under the trial, and that a number fell away into apostacy. Yet what were they compared with the glorious army of martyrs, including women and children, mostly natives, who triumphed and won their crown? Statistics alone are capable of giving an idea of the terrible character of the persecution. It is reckoned that over 1000 religious of the four Orders—Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans and Augustinians—shed their blood for the Faith during its course, whilst the number of native Japanese lay-folk who perished exceeded 200,000! "Since Apostolic times no grander spectacle had been exhibited to the Christian world; it embraced episodes beautiful enough to delight the angels, and refinements of wickedness sufficient to excite the jealousy of deamons."

What wonder that the Faith lived among the people to whom such men came as missionaries: "In spite of the absence of all exterior help" says M. Launay, "without any sacraments—except Baptism—by the action of God in the first place, and in the next by the faithful transmission in families of the teachings and example of the Japanese Christians and martyrs of the sixteenth and sveenteenth centuries, the sacred fire of the True Faith, or a still burning spark of this fire, had remained concealed in a country tyrannized over by a government the most despotic and the most hostile to the Christian religion. All that was required was to blow upon this spark and to rekindle its flame in order to realize once more the wish expressed by our Saviour, "I am come to cast fire upon earth, and what do I desire but that it be enkindled?"

Here is another excerpt from Dr. Casartelli's paper worthy of Professor Schurman's attention.

"Curiosity was awakened in 1831 by the shipwreck of a Japanese vessel on the shores of the Philippines. Some twenty shipwrecked sailors were kindly received by the Spaniards, who were surprised to find them wearing Christian medals, which they appeared to reverence with superstitious veneration. On inquiry, they said they had descended to them from their ancestors. These descendants of the ancient Christians were all instructed and baptized. Already the Anglican Bible Society had been making efforts to introduce their Bibles into Japan, but had met with little success, and even been forced to fly."

Has the Professor divined the cause of such failure? His words betray an uneasy mind. "The Chinese," he says, "who are perhaps more intelligent than the Filipinos, regard our different denominations as so many different religions" There is indeed fear that the Filipinos may be bewildered by what Mr. Cobbold, in his fair-minded, appreciative little book "Religion in Japan" styles "trimming" in formulae, a practice he deplores as "full of painful

significance." The same writer also noted a difficulty that does not appear to trouble the more optimistic Schurman— that the married missionary is especially unsuited to Eastern fields and certainly cannot tend to their Christianization.

To illustrate the obstinate adherence of the "Catholic-educated" to their preference for a celibate clergy, and the confidence they inspire, one more quotation may be permitted. It is from M. Bernard Petitjean's most interesting description of the dedication of the church at Nagasaki, on the spot where three hundred years ago the twenty-six martyrs offered up their lives for the Faith.

Scarce a month had elapsed since the benediction of the church at Nagaski. On March 17, 1865, about half-past twelve, some fifteen persons were standing at the church door. Urged no doubt by my Angel Guardian, I went up and opened the door. I had scarce time to say a Pater when three women between fifty and sixty years of age knelt down beside me, and said in a low voice, placing their hand upon their heart:

"The hearts of all of us here do not differ from yours."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, 'Whence do you come?"

They mentioned their village, adding: "At home everybody is the same as we are!"

Blessed be Thou, O my God! for all the happiness which filled my soul. What a compensation for five years of barren ministry! Scarce had our dear Japanese opened their hearts to us than they displayed an amount of truthfulness which contrasts strangely with the behavior of their pagan brethren. I was obliged to answer all their questions, and to talk to them of O Deous, O Yaso Sama, and Santa Maria Sama, by which names they designate God, Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The view of the statue or the Madonna and Child recalled Christmas to them, which they said they had celebrated in the eleventh month. They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the Time of Sadness (i. e. Lent); nor was St. Joseph unknown to them; they called him O Yaso Samana yo fu, "the adoptive father of our Lord." In the midst of this volley of questions footsteps were heard; immediately all dispersed. But as soon as the new-comers were recognized all returned, laughing at their fright.

"They are people of our village," they said. "They have the same hearts as we have."

However, we had to separate for fear of awakening the suspicions of the officials, whose visit I feared. On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, April 13 and 14, 1,500 people visited the church of Nagasaki. The presbytery was invaded; the faithful took the opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the crucifix and the statues of Our Lady. During the early days of May the missioners learnt of the existence of 2,500 Christians scattered in the neighborhood of the city. On May 15 there arrived delegates from an island not very far from here. After a short interview we dismissed them, detaining only the Catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The Catechist, named Peter, gave us the most valuable information. Let me first say that his formula for baptism does not differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. He declares that there are many Christians left up and down all over Japan. He cited in particular one place where there are over 1,000 Christian families. He then asked about the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When I told him that the Vicar of Christ, the saintly Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news given us by himself and his fellow countrymen, he gave full expression to his joy. Nevertheless, before leaving he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the ancient missioners. "Have you no children?" he asked timidly.

"You and all your brethren, Christian and heathen, of Japan are all the children whom God has given us. Other children we cannot have. The priest must, like your first apostles, remain all his life unmarried."

At this reply Peter and his companion bent their heads down to the ground and cried out, "They are celebate. Thank God!"

THE WARTBURG.

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

Warte Berg, du solls'et mir eine Burg Werden.
Lewis the Springer on discovering the Wartburg.

Thou queen'st it o'er the bright Thuringian Thal,
Proud home of story, sanctity and song,
Enthroned the lush of fronded peaks among
Where Beauty lures to Joy's enchanting thrall,
Thy crown's bright cross, like Grail of Parsifal,
A hallowing flash 'mid sensuous vapors flung,
And from thy Horselberg's leaf-music rung
This clarioned spirit-paean sounds withal.

Minstrel and knight once in thy walls arrayed,
With shawm and spear, are dust,—an aureoled shade
Thy roses bearing Saint Elizabeth—
Thou waiting, soloist thy Springer's prophet breath:
Wartburg, shall'st be through time,—such is thy spell,—
For all chivalric hearts Joy's citadel.

JACK FROST.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Jack Frost has traced in fairy lines,
A lace-like work, of trees and vines.
A landscape with high hills and plains,
All on my glist'ning window panes.

A fairy brush he must have used;
And color he has not abused;
The tints and tones are blended right—
The tracery is all in white!

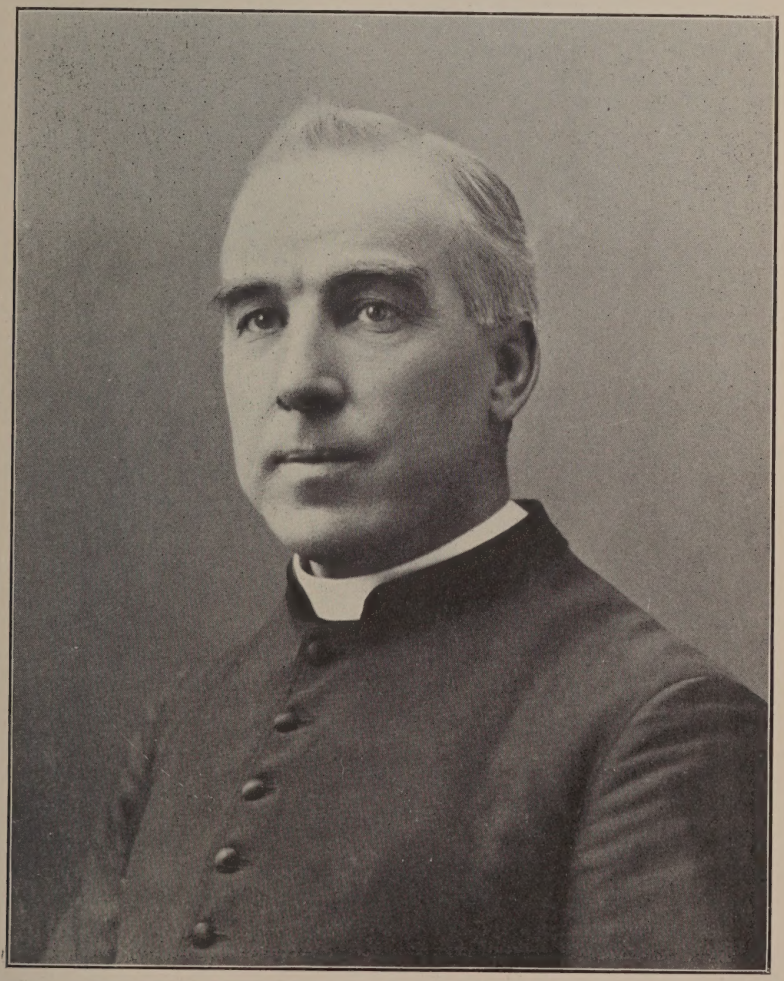
The morning sun comes peeping through,
With glinting gleams of pink and blue,
To view the picture Jack has made
With glit'ring jewels all inlaid.

The Sun, and Jack, are mortal foes;
One treads upon the other's toes.
The hills, and valleys, melt, and run—
And poor Jack's work is all undone!

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. John F. Cummins, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Roslindale, Mass., and State Chaplain of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Massachusetts, or "Father John" as he is familarly called by a legion of friends, is one of the best known priests in New England. His work among the sick and dying soldiers at Camp Wikoff, Point Montauk, upon their return from the Cuban battlefields is still fresh in the public mind. At the close of the Spanish war when men were eagerly scanning the news from the fever-stricken camp at Montauk, "Father John," actuated by the thought that hundreds of the A. O. H. were among the sufferers, went to minister to them in the pestilential atmosphere of the fever hospitals at Camp Wikoff. For his noble services at Montauk he has been elected an honorary member of several camps of Spanish American war veterans.



REV. JOHN F. CUMMINS.

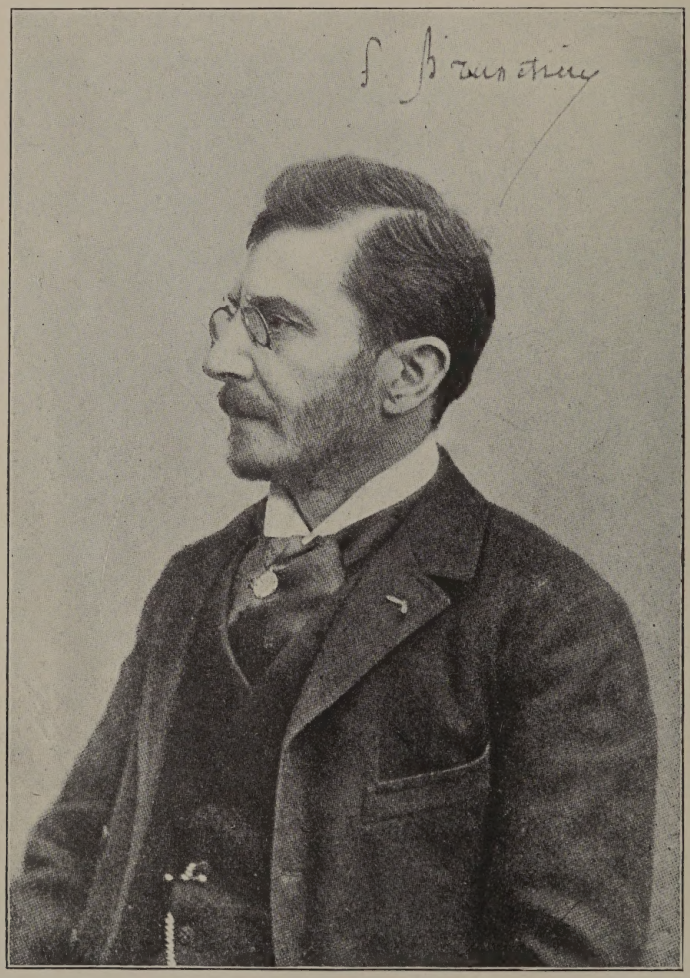
At the last national convention of the A. O. H., at Trenton, N. J., he delivered a stirring address on "True Hibernianism," an ad-

dress that will long be remembered. His latest manifesto exhorting members of the order in this state to banish from their assembly rooms all beer drinking at Sunday meetings is a brave step in advance and an advance in the right direction. This circular letter has created intense excitement in certain quarters. However Father Cummins is sure of his position for he is supported by the law of the Church, the civil law, and the law of the Ancient Order of Hibernians as expressed at its last state convention. With the poet, Father Faber, he can say:

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Towards the close of this year Father Cummins will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood and already preparations are under way to celebrate the event in a fitting manner.

Another French "Immortal" has come into the Church. M. Ferdinand Brunetiere is among the most distinguished of the recent converts to Catholicity. No doubt his well-known admiration for Pope Leo XIII and the Holy Father's cordial friendship for the famous French critic, to whom he vouchsafed many kindly audiences, have been instrumental in bringing about this happy result.



FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.

M. Brunetiere is the leading literary analyst of France, and his public courses at the

Sorbonne are invariably crowded. He is also chief professor at the Normal School of Paris, where so many men, now prominent in the literature of France, were graduated. M. Brunetiere has just completed a very successful lecturing tour in this country, appearing at Harvard and John Hopkins Universities.

JAMES M. McLAUGHLIN.

James M. McLaughlin has been unanimously elected director of music in Boston public schools. Mr. McLaughlin was born in Boston, Nov. 29, 1857. He comes of a musical family. Devoting his life to music he early became a teacher of organ and pianoforte, and has served as organist at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and as the conductor of several choral societies. He was the first chairman of the music department of the New England Educational Worker's Association, and is the author of several educational works on school music. For seven years he has been organist of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown. Mayor Quincy appointed him a member of the music commission. One brother, Mr. P. A. McLaughlin was for years clerk of the House of Representatives, and another brother, Dr. Joseph McLaughlin, has been for the last ten years visiting physician of the Massachusetts State Prison.

One day He will Himself seek His straying sheep.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AND SOME OF ITS CUSTOMS.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

Valentine's Day, the fourteenth day of February, used to be celebrated on the continent of Europe and in different parts of England and Scotland, by a peculiar and amusing custom, a custom which doubtless descended from the time of the ancient Romans, but was especially observed in those days of chivalry when knights rode forth to battle for trophies to lay at the feet of their chosen ladies.

On the eve of St. Valentine, a number of young folks would assemble together, and inscribe upon little billets the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintance, throw the whole lot into a box, and then draw them lottery-wise, care being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine.

Of course, besides having drawn a valentine for one's self, one became, by the universality of the custom, some other person's valentine.

During the feast of Lupercalia, held by the Romans in the month of February, a similar custom prevailed and when the drawing had taken place the fair one was notified of her selection by the gift of a scarf or some other article of finery so pleasing to the Roman maid.

How the name of good St. Valentine came to be connected with the custom cannot be decided with any degree of certainty.

We learn in the Lives of the Saints that Valentine was a holy priest in Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended, and sent by the emperor to the prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his promises to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterwards to be beheaded, which was executed on the 14th of February, about the year 270. Pope Julius I. is said to have built a church near Ponte Mole to his memory, which for a long time gave name to the gate now called Porta del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentini. The greater part of his relics are now in the church of St. Praxedes. To abolish the heathens' superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honor of their goddess, Februata Juno, on the 14th of this month, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on this day.

There is an account of a miracle performed through the intercession of a Bishop Valentine, during the Claudian persecution. Being cast into prison, his jailer's daughter daily visited him, carrying him delicacies and ministering to his wants. He taught her the truths of Christianity and in her ecstasy she declared that she would be blessed indeed could she but see the Bishop, but alas! she was blind. Moved by pity and gratitude the Bishop prayed, asking that her sight might be restored, and, his prayer being granted, the maiden fell on her knees and worshipped God.

Menage,in his "Dictionnaire Etymologique," published in 1650, accounts for the customs being ascribed to St. Valentine in this manner: "Madame Royale, daughter of Henry IV. of France, having built a palace near Iarin, which, in honor of the Saint, then in high esteem, she called The Valentine, at the first entertainment which she gave in it, was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their knights by lots. .... At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the

year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that at every tournament, the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his chosen lady, with the proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers.

The custom prevailed in England as far back as 1476, or more than a century before the Valentine Palace was erected by the French princess.

In the homes of the barons and gentry of England,it was the custom for the knights and ladies to assemble in the great hall of the castle on the eve of St. Valentine, and there draw lots, the lady drawing a knight and the knight drawing a lady. At the tournament the knight wore his lady's color on his breast, while she encouraged him in the joust by displaying his emblem. If the knight lost in the tournament, he offered the lady her ribbon, but seldom was it received for the knight was bidden go forth and do some deed of valor and so bring glory and renown to the lady.

In the 17th century Bourne refers to this drawing lots for Valentines as a custom "never omitted among the vulgar," showing that it had ceased to be a knightly practice.

On the east coast of England the children used to burlesque the chivalry of the knights, riding forth to do battle for their ladies, by walking the streets and singing on St. Valentine's Day some doggerel of which the following is a fair specimen:

"A lobster in a lobster pot,
A blue fish on a hook,
May suffer some, but nothing like
What I will dare for Mary Ann."

Perhaps the custom observed by poor children in the villages of Somersetshire may be also a burlesque on the days of chivalry. No sooner has Valentine's Day arrived than the children, many of them ragged and shoeless, parade the streets soliciting small alms, and repeating the following rhyme:

"Knock the kittle agin the pan,
Gie us a penny if 'e can;
We be ragged, an' you be vine,
Please to gie us a valentine.
Up wi' the kittle and down wi' the spout,
Gie us a penny an' we'll gie out."

At every house the children receive a reward in the shape of bright sixpences and "Valentine buns."

Valentine buns made with currants and carraway seeds are also given to the children in some of the villages of Kent, where a very curious custom prevailed during the last century, thus described by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1779:

"The girls from five or six to eighteen years old were assembled in a crowd," he says, "burning an effigy which they called a 'holly boy', and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an 'ivy girl' which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, huzzas and other noise. It was said to be an ancient custom for Valentine's Day. When the effigies had been burned the girls and the boys would pair off the smaller ones leading, and march through the village, the people giving them Valentine buns, called 'skittles'."

Another peculiar custom prevailed, until the middle of the present century, in the West of England. Three single men were selected as representing the bachelors, to go out before sunrise on Valentine's morning, with a clapnet to catch an owl and two sparrows in any neighboring barn. If they were successful and brought the birds without injury to the village inn, before the women in the house had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with pots of purl, and they were entitled to the same privilege at any house at which they chose to call. The owl was looked upon as an emblem of wisdom, and was supposed to have tempted the feathered race, as represented by the sparrows, into the net of love as

mates on that day. The custom died out perhaps because it was an incentive to drinking, the purl being a very insidious beverage, made by warming a pint of strong ale with a quarter of a pint of milk, and adding a wineglassful of gin, rum or brandy, with sugar to suit the taste.

The symbolism of the owl and sparrows was derived from the ancient nature-worship which prevailed at one time throughout Europe. It was believed that on St. Valentine's Day the birds chose their mates. Chaucer referred to this belief and Shakespeare mentions it in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The exchange of presents on Valentine's Day was not originally confined to the unmarried, and poets addressed their love songs to married and unmarried alike.

Under date of February 22, 1661, quaint old Pepys writes in his diary: "My wife to Sir W. Batteri's, and there sat awhile; he having yesterday sent my wife half a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her Valentines." In 1667, the custom commenced of drawing mottos as well as names, for we find Pepys referring to it in his usual quaint fashion. "Feb. 14th. This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself. But I am this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." And under date of Feb. 16th: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos, as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was 'most courteous and most fair'; which as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty."

The presents were often costly and worth treasuring. Again we turn to Pepys, who says under date, Feb. 23d, 1668: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells,, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds; and with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or another; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." It must be remembered that in the days of Charles II. the epithet "wretch" was not an offensive, but an endearing one.

In the reign of the "Merrie Monarch", the custom of sending love tokens and packages anonymously became a cloak for the sending of libelous and scurrilous letters which stung all the deeper because of their anonymosity. This evil and pernicious custom lives today in the harmless but silly caricatures which offend good taste every year, but which must find customers or they would not be printed.

The pretty and dainty cards "embossed, and rich in filigree," and laden "with the scent of lavender and musk" are still to be found, and many thousands go through the mails every Valentine's Day. More valuable gifts, some of great beauty as well as utility are exchanged still, and perhaps will be as long as the earth lasts.

THE TRANSITION.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

PART II—Continued.

"I just got sick of setting 'round doing nothing."

A sudden fright came into the other's eyes. "You'r not going to be married, Viola? without ever having told me like Carrie did!"

Viola impulsively flung an arm about her mother's neck and burst into a merry laugh. "Married! Indeed—I'm going to work in Garnett & Co.'s. Just think I'll be able to help then! Now aren't you glad?"

So Viola went to Garnett's and found it rather disappointing at first. It was hard work standing all day, and the pay was as poor as it could well be. The girls were so strange—some of them so positively unkind; but there were others who made up for these, and after a few weeks the strangeness wore away and she settled down to work. How she observed and noted everything and how adept she became in a short time! some instinct seemed to tell her of whom to make companions and whom to avoid, so that her friends were really such and never failed her. The girl's soul hungered for improvement, for the wherewithal to elevate herself morally and mentally. She read books and brought them home with her, books that had never been heard of in the Milligan household before. Annie whose tastes ran to the Seaside Library and the literature that is left gratuitously on back steps could not comprehend it at all—no more than she could see why Viola persisted in dressing in such quiet modes and in wearing such unobtrusive hats! The family however wisely forbore criticizing too freely; they gazed and admired, secretly delighted and wondering with a sort of awe how this transition of one of them had been brought about. It was pleasant but inexplicable. Milligan himself volunteered the information that his family had always been noted for their go-ahead methods, but unfortunately those intimately acquainted with his genealogy were unable to confirm the statement. So Viola's plane broadened. Her language grew different just as everything else about her did, but though she grew above them she never grew away from them; her mother never felt less at home with her.

Meanwhile the Young Man growing insistent, there was a second wedding in the family and Annie seemed to drop out of their lives. Nor was this all. Fate, which always delights in the unexpected, brought a newcomer among them; a visitor, whom Viola had never known intimately until now, cast his shadow across the threshold of her home and when the shadow lifted the figure at the door was gone forever. It was strange that the Death Angel should leave Molly the hard-worked and take him the unworked! But so it was! He was gone almost before they knew it, and despite his uselessness they missed him—these two! With all a woman's true devotion her mother had loved him, though he had brought little joy to her life, and so she sorrowed for him.

Thus it came that Irving Rivers across the way awoke one morning to find the little fish store closed and a black symbol hanging from the door. The bald spot on his head had grown larger—his hair whiter. He realized

he was no longer young—one is hardly ever that with a son of twenty-one who has just finished college—and Harvey was to be home in four weeks at most. The management of his father-in-law's many interests had left him less time than formerly to observe and analyze, but nevertheless he had not been blind to the change in his neighbors across the way. He had watched it in Viola's case with a keen interest. He saw the refinement grow like some exquisite thing and develop until it absorbed the whole girl; yet it never impressed him so thoroughly as on the morning after the black streamer had been taken down from the little shop, and she and her mother appeared together in the street. Then it was a revelation to find that this slim graceful girl robed in black, had grown positively beautiful! This fishmonger's daughter, whose mother he had loved in his own youth! A princess might have envied her poise, with its queenly grace and dignity. He noted the bright, glinting glory of her hair, the perfect oval of her face, and asked himself had all this happened in one night that he had never seemed so impressed with it as now.

"Ah, well" he thought "our mutual observations will soon be done with. We are at the parting of the ways—this girl, her mother and I! Two weeks will see me out of this old place for good and all, for Harvey could never be expected to exist in this doleful old street. I was content to wait for him; he has come and we must go! Then goodbye to you, Molly and Viola! You will never dream of the interest I took in you, we will never hear of one another again."

Two weeks later the little brown stone house was closed and a notice that it was for sale tacked on the old fashioned door. The last vestige of aristocracy had vanished from Washington Pl...!

PART III.

From Washington Place with its shabby dingy air to Belleville Avenue with its solemn shaded exclusiveness, where the air seemed almost oppressively still and laden with aristocracy, was indeed a change. Irving found he really missed the fish store! What an incredible thing to have to acknowledge! Although it was really the people more than the store—yet the one was so closely associated with the other that to consider them separately and apart seemed almost impossible. Then in the next week all thought of them was swept from his mind in the coming of his boy. He had never realized how much that young life had meant to him until now with the glowing young face turned so gladly to his.

"Father, I'm glad to be home again, for good" were Harvey's first words as they seated themselves in the stylish trap for the homeward drive. It was a healthful sentiment for a young man to utter, Irving thought, and for the moment he was supremely happy—supremely glad of his wealth, of everything that went to make up his life. Harvey was a very fortunate young man, the only one to whom his father's and his grandfather's wealth would descend, yet looking at the frank open face Irving felt that with all the vista of temptation wealth opened up he had preserved his moral balance. As they drove along he fell to speculating as to what the young man would do with the future before him; with the prosperity that had attended him had come no narrow views—there was no snobbishness about him; he wanted to act with his boy as he would prefer to be acted with were he a young man again.

So Harvey slipped into their lives. And within the short space of a week it seemed a wonder how they ever did without him; his grandfather had him with him upon all occasions. It was not long before the young man became deluged with invitations to house parties and the usual round of giddy diversions that go to make up a season, for

there was doubtless many a flutter of expectancy in the hearts of the dowagers of their social plane as to what he would do. Harvey seemed to care little for it all. Were it not for his grandfather, who was determined not to have him rusticate, he would have given them no notice; in deference to that person however he was induced to put in a formal attendance at times. It was evident the elder man had certain decided plans with regard to Harvey's future. Irving was not surprised, therefore, when one evening he broached the subject.

"The prime question of importance is the matrimonial one" he began. "I have always held that young men with prospects are better married; it fixes their interests; it anchors them as it were to a purpose in life. Harvey is just of the age now when we must consider the question. There is a very desirable young person whom I have in mind—the daughter of Horace Spellman of the Prescott Bank! Shrewd fellow! made a great deal out of that Railroad Reorganization—would be delighted—"

"Have you mentioned the matter to him?" asked the other.

"No! No! But I feel confident he would see the advantage of it as I do. I am going to see him tomorrow." Which was how it came to pass that Horace Spellman received a friendly call from his old time friend, Mortimer West, who was very cordial and reminiscent of other days. After the first preliminaries Mr. West grew so pursuasively eloquent that the conversation which subsequently took on a very matrimonial tone ended with both gentlemen impressed with the firm and pleasant conviction that an alliance of the Spellman-Rivers interests was really the most desirable as well as the most probable thing in the world. Irving though fully alive to the difficulties in the way, wisely forbore giving utterance to his thoughts; he felt that his estimable father-in-law was a little premature, just as he realized that he could not be convinced of the fact by any human agency, now. Harvey however proved himself willing enough to obey the elder man; that is he called upon Miss Spellman, and dutifully paid his respects as anyone might have done, nothing more; in fact he grew strangely reticent when anything vital to the subject was broached, so that Irving determined one day to draw him out if possible and find the drift of his sentiment.

"Of course you have readily inferred that your grandfather wishes your attentions to Miss Spellman to mean more than a mere social observance," he said. Harvey started and drew his brows together while his mouth took on determined lines; after a moment's hesitation he bent his gaze upon his father.

"I may as well tell you now, father, that I have determined upon my course in this particular," he said.

"You have?" asked the other.

"Yes" continued Harvey "I can never marry Miss Spellman—for I love another too well."

Irving heard the words unmoved, much to his son's surprise.

"Have you reckoned with your grandfather's displeasure?" he said simply, "you know we owe him a great deal—you and I."

"That's just the thing that disturbs me," burst forth the other, rising and pacing up and down the room. "For myself I do not care—but I cannot bear to think that it would hurt *you*. I have no right to do anything that would do that, yet--why do these things always seem to go the wrong way?" He turned appealingly toward his father as though the latter's silence implied a doubt of his unselfishness —"You think me selfish not to have considered you before everything—"

"I do not call you selfish" interrupted Irving calmly "but it seems to me that it would be well to throw aside any sudden whim or fancy—"

"It is no whim or fancy, father," broke in the other warmly. "Please do not call it that. You would not call your love for my mother a whim! I might have done just as you wished if Providence were not concerned in these things. You remember grandfather expressing a desire for me to grow more familiar with his business interests? Well, solely in obedience to that wish I went into Garnett & Co.'s one day—"

"Garnett & Co.'s," murmured Irving "your grandfather is a director of the concern. Go on!"

"I had never been there before" resumed Harvey. "I knew no one in the place, yet before I came out I had met the woman who was to be more than any other to me. There was never any doubt in my mind for a moment, yet—you may not believe it—I tried desperately to down the new conviction that had taken hold of me, but it was useless."

"And so you fell in love with a saleswoman in your grandfather's store," broke in Irving with calm deliberation.

"If you will, yes," with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is poor! but worth a hundred like me. She's the kind of girl who has risen to competency, alone and unaided. If she were a man you would hail her as worthy of everything, why not credit a woman as highly?"

"But there are other considerations higher and above all these" said his father.

"You mean that I have only considered myself— that I have cared nothing for your interests" the young man began vehemently. "I suppose it does seem so—perhaps it is—though God knows I never meant to be ungrateful." He turned hastily away, while his father stood regarding him a moment. After a moment he turned toward him again; his face was white, but his voice was clear and firm. "Father, I realize full well all I owe to you—I never realized more than now. You have every reason perhaps to be disappointed with me. Yet I do not want you to believe me ungrateful. Listen! I will," his voice trembled slightly "I will if you wish it—if you say so here tonight—give up all claim to this girl—" but the other started, "but I will never marry anyone else—never!" His voice ceased. The elder man, a sudden mist in his eyes, remained mute .

"What will it be father?" Harvey said again.

His father stepping forward grasped the young man's hand in both his own "What will it be?" he repeated huskily. "Boy, did you think I would exact such a sacrifice—that I would be so selfish, so forgetful of you? Ah, Harvey. You little knew me! You little knew me! but it has gladdened me more than a hundred marriages to as many Spellmans could have ever done."

"Thank you, father," said Harvey simply, a glad light beaming from his eyes.

"But with all this you have not told me *her* name, said his father gaily.

"Viola Milligan—she—"

"Viola Milligan! the little girl!" Irving broke off abruptly and sank back in his chair. Viola Milligan! This then was what the transition had brought them to—his boy to marry the little girl of the fish store! His boy, who had been so carefully kept from any possible contact with these people, to be brought at last into such intimate connection with them all. Surely there was a Fate—a Destiny—a Providence in it as Harvey said, a Something that laughed at their puny efforts. His sense of justice told him it was no worse for his boy to love Molly's daughter than it was for Harvey's father to love Viola's mother! No the more he looked at the matter the more useless it seemed to do anything but yield a ready acquiescence; yet, despite his philosophy, he could scarcely realize that Molly's daughter was to become his daughter—his son, Molly's boy!

Their lives so separate, so widely apart for many years to be brought together at last! It was hard to define his sentiments; he was pleased and vaguely uneasy at the same time. He thought of the fish store and wondered if it was still extant, then hoped it was not. He thought of Carrie and Annie—and frowned at the thought of their becoming a part of his life. He turned to Harvey who was regarding him intently.

"You know her?" asked the latter eagerly.

"Almost as well as you" said Irving, smiling at the thought "sometime I will tell you all about it." With which explanation Harvey had to be content for the time being. Soon after Mr. Rivers took occasion to inform his father-in-law of the failure of his plans.

"We must console ourselves with the fact that the young lady is a most estimable person in every way" he explained, as the elder man sat silently by, "I have known her for a long time—I may say a lifetime, so that I can vouch for her. As for the lack of money—or social position—why! Sometimes we have to put up with it. These things unfortunately cannot be adjusted to our liking."

"It seems not" observed the other, his eyes gleaming angrily "when certain obstinate young people have the adjusting of things. It is quite unnecessary to say that I am disappointed—grievously so! But I suppose old heads and hearts have nothing better to expect in such matters." He rose hastily and strode out of the room as though he dared not trust himself further. Irving murmured as he gazed after the retreating figure "Hang it! What is there about love affairs in general that invariably puts everyone but two people in the most dissatisfied condition imaginable? It seems to me the two chief actors being content no one else has a right to be any other way." Which sentiment in regard to many other matters as well, was perhaps the keynote to Irving's character.

So Harvey and Viola were married. It was a very quiet affair with none but the members of each family present. Grandfather West's love for his grandson triumphed and at the last moment he decided to go. His stateliness quite awed Molly, who nevertheless could not conceal her joy and pride at the wonderful good fortune that had come to her daughter. Carrie and Annie were not there at all; both declined to come under any circumstances, though Viola pleaded with them to attend. As for Viola herself, her beauty with its regal air, her quiet dignity that generations of good-breeding could not have improved, were all a revelation to Mr. West. He forgot the lack of position, of money, of all that had seemed so potent an argument; he forgot the Spellmans— he forgot his resentment! There was no doubt of Viola's conquest when, the ceremony concluded, he bent over and bade her welcome to his home and his heart. Irving noting it felt it was all part of the transition ever going on about them—just as he and Molly, talking and laughing there after nearly thirty years, were but another phase of it.

THE END.

HOMER DAVENPORT SEES A FEW SMILES ON THE SENATE FLOOR BEFORE THE GAVEL FALLS.

AMERICAN CARTOONS AND CARTOONISTS.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

The cartoon has opened up a new and fertile field in American journalism. Its growth in the past twenty-five years has been marvelous, and its influence incalculable.

But, like everything great, its power has often been turned to unlawful uses. It is, indeed, sometimes hard to draw the line between the lawful and the unlawful in caricature or cartoon. However, when national and religious hatred are allowed to sway the mind and color the pen of cartoonists, every fair-minded man must condemn.

The early American cartoonists were guilty of this wrong; and some of the present day artists are not entirely free from it—a significant fact, as no abuse can continue if censure from those most concerned is as severe and general as it should be.

The Irish people often suffered from this injustice. The reason for this is not hard to find.

When the Celt came to this land of freedom and free endeavor, he brought his faith and his wonderful genius, and his success and the growth of his Church soon alarmed the narrowminded bigots of a quarter or a half a century ago, with the result that some of the grossest and vilest creations of caricature were used to stay this inevitable progress. The Harpers, with Nast as cartoonist, and later Puck with Joseph Keppler as artist, were often manifestly unfair in this. Instead of being the just expression of a national sentiment, the cartoon was often a picture of the author's mind and feelings toward the Irish people and the Catholic Church.

No race in the world has a keener or brighter sense of the ridiculous than the Irish, and most of the leading American cartoonists of the day feel the flash and flow of the same Celtic blood.

The American cartoonist differs radically from the great illustrators of Europe. The German artists scarcely get beyond a caricature—a caricature often brought out only by the text. The French caricaturists show a charming ease in their choice of subjects and in the execution of detail, while the English adhere unfailingly to classic models established almost a century ago.

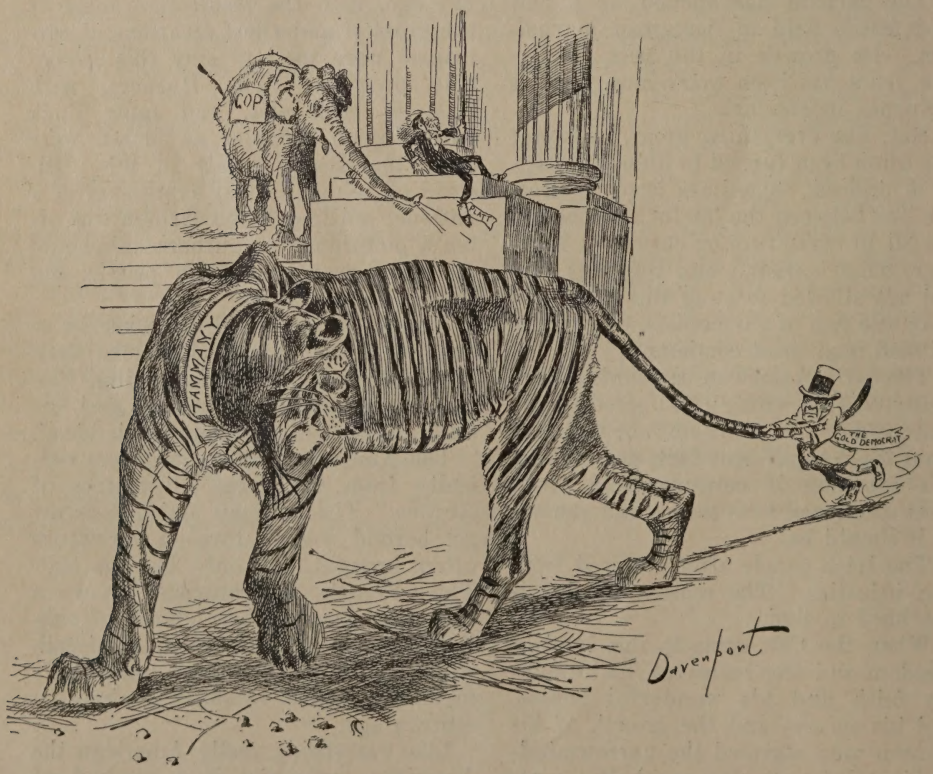
Like everything really American the American cartoonist is a product of

the soil. He is the follower of no school, a disciple of no master; he speaks to the American intellect and finds therein a ready response. The pioneers in the field, indeed, were influenced by European models, but the bold, versatile artists of the day are dominated by no traditions and are giving us something that shall not a die. They are feared more than the pen of the most trenchant writer. Nothing escapes them—no vice, no fraud, no folly, enjoys immunity.

There is a marked distinction between the popular artists of today and the so-called founders of American caricature. The latter are represented by Keppler and Gillam, now dead, and Tom Nast, practically unknown to the present generation.

Nast certainly holds simply the primacy of time among American cartoonists. He is a Belgian by birth and began to draw about 1864, toward the end of the War of the Rebellion. The second campaign of Lincoln furnished him with some of his best subjects. But it was some years later when New York City was under the sway of the Tweed ring, that Nast created the caricature of Tweed which did more than anything else toward killing off the old "boss" when confined in the Tombs. By far the greatest of his creations, however, is the "Tammany Tiger." Nast was great in his day, because he stood alone. When he was making his name there was not a single illustrated daily or Sunday paper in the United States. Harper's and Leslie's were the only large illustrated weeklies then in the field.

Gillam and Keppler, respectively the founders and artists of Judge and



"Gold Democrats Are Returning to Tammany."

WANTED
I'm an old gentleman sir, but I have a good many friends, to help me take care of your matters, if you'll let me have the place.
This little man in front of me Sir, is an impostor; and I have the genuine Certificates and besides I can refer to the last incumbent.
Please Sir, I've been trying a long time to get a recommendation for the place, and here it is at last, you'll find me a young man of regular habits
You're too late gentlemen, I've concluded to take down Ike Rotten and let Old Abe Lincoln have the Place. I find his record all right, and can safely trust him with the management of my affairs.
Thank you Sir, I will endeavor to do my duty.
It's too bad! here he's give me Notice to pack up and quit without a character, and I'll never be able to get another place.
THE WHITE HOUSE

"UNCLE SAM" MAKING NEW ARRANGEMENTS.
A rare cartoon of 1864.

Puck, had many points in common in their life and work. Gillam surpassed Keppler in originality and versatility but Keppler was much Gillam's superior in artistic finish.

No one can fully estimate the influence the establishment of Puck and Judge had in bringing about a change in newspaper methods of the day.

Our purpose, however, is with the living, ruling artists, with men who speak to us daily and weekly, in their cartoons and their caricatures.

Omitting a number of lesser lights, we may say that Nelan of the Herald, Davenport of the Journal, McDougal and Bush of the World, and Hamilton and Zimmerman of Judge, are the representative cartoonists of the country.

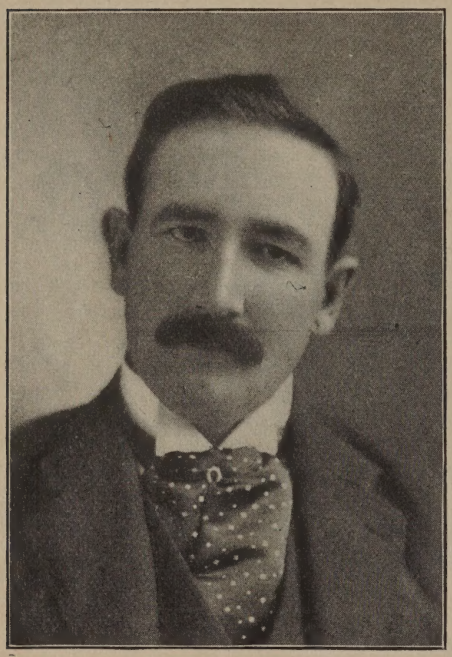
As a sort of general introduction, let me say that the cartoonists of New York today, are the most simple, unassuming, cordial lot of men I have ever met.

Another fact is that not one of them started out with malice aforethought, saying, "Go to, now, I shall be a cartoonist." In every instance each was all the while building better than he knew. Ohio claims most of them, being the state of cartoonists as well as presidents. Davenport is the first artistic fruit of Oregon.

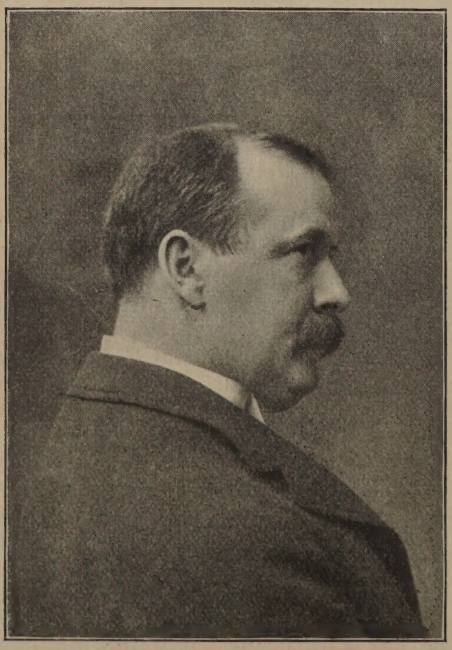
The cartoonist is not a metropolitan product. The exotic metropolis does not produce Nelans, Hamiltons and Davenports. They are not nurtured on metropolitan frivolities.

Davenport is perhaps the most popular cartoonist in America. He began to draw as early as at three and four years of age, but an erratic course of jockey, circus man, fireman and painter, led up to his art studies. Nature was his favorite subject, especially the animal creation. His first work as an illustrator was in Chicago, which never yet recognized original genius. Then New Orleans and San Francisco laughed at his cartoons. And now New York, and the country at large, has grown to look up daily what Davenport has to say on the matter.

Davenport is afraid of no subject. His originality is unlimited and today he has a thousand imitators of his style. His "Hanna," "Tom Reed," "Platt" and "Croker" are among his



HOMER DAVENPORT
Of New York World.



CHAS. NELAN
Of the New York Herald.

best works. His Hanna rivals Nast's Tweed in conception, while in artistic finish it is immeasurably above it. There is a similarity between Davenport's Hanna and Hawthorne's Judge Pyncheon. Under the sleek, smiling, unctuous exterior, both have detected the cruel, merciless soul of the tyrant and the composite face of the plutocrat. Personally, Davenport is a tall, gruff, kindly man, with a large, open hand and a large, open heart. His eyes are a bright, reddish brown and fairly glisten with wit and pleasure. Davenport is a young man who is just past thirty. His best work is yet to be done. His home is in Orange, New Jersey, where he lives on a small ranch, giving free vent to his Western nature, when he can escape from the thraldom of the printing office, to live again in unison with nature and a small army of pet animals.

A close rival of Davenport is Nelan of the Herald. To many he is Davenport's superior, being more of a real cartoonist. There is more dignity in his subjects, more tone in their finish. Nelan is an Irish-American, a product of Ohio; born at Akron about forty years ago. I think he has given us the best Uncle Sam of all the cartoonists. In fact, Uncle Sam, better than any other character, illustrates the evolution of the American cartoon. The original representation of Uncle Sam by Nast in 1864, and that by Nelan of today, are two distinct persons. The life and growth of the nation is depicted in that change. And the world over, Uncle Sam is today as clearly identified as the national representation of any country.

Mr. Nelan makes a specialty of Uncle Sam. For the last two years he has worked on the New York Herald, having been employed previously in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and San Francisco. He is a pleasant, bright talker and has a calm, dignified manner.

In answer to my question, he said: "I understand a cartoon to mean a picture made to influence public opinion

on questions of the day. Of course a cartoon may embody caricature. Davenport, you know, is the broadest kind of a cartoonist, because he exaggerates everything. A great cartoon will never hurt anybody. I am sorry to say that some of the cartoons printed in New York during the past two years have been too repulsive for publication. I first tried to make cartoons in Akron, Ohio, the little town where I was born. I made one of a vulture coming down into a farmer's field. Another farmer was there with a gun to shoot him. Well the vulture had the head of Foraker and it was during one of his campaigns in Ohio and Foraker happened to be speaking in Akron at the time this cartoon was published and made it the text of his speech. Of course that encouraged me to go on with my work as a cartoonist. That was about twelve or thirteen years ago.

Nelan's war cartoons were the best work done on the subject. The bound edition sold out in a week.

Hamilton is the chief cartoonist on Judge. He is a handsome, refined, pleasant man and a thorough artist. There is no comparison between his living, speaking pictures and the lifeless, stereotyped drawings of the son of great Keppler in Puck. He carries the dignified part of Judge, while Zim takes care of the caricature. He is thirty-seven years of age. Speaking of the cartoon, he said: "A cartoon need not necessarily have anything extravagant in it. It is an illustration put together in the shape of an editorial. A caricature makes any object appear out of its usual proportions. One may be an excellent caricaturist and not be a cartoonist."

Speaking of the influence of the cartoon on politics, a well-known New York politician said to him one day, "If you can't do anything good about me, do something bad. I want to be, I must be, before the public."

Any public character would like to have half a column of caricature every week and would not be displeased thereat. Senator Beveridge, one of the lead-

BILL NYE BY MCDOUGAL.

WALT MCDOUGAL.

ing senators of the west, said to me the other day that he considered the cartoons the most powerful influence on the great parties of this country. He said he might talk for an hour to a thousand men and not bring them to believe what he said, while Hamilton, for instance, could have them do it in five minutes by looking at one of his cartoons.

Speaking of the motives suggesting the cartoon, Hamilton remarked that no one could imagine Grover Cleveland

EUGENE ZIMMERMAN OF "JUDGE."

without a terrific stomach, or think of Ben Harrison except as a very small man under a big hat.

"An anti-cartoon law," he further added, "would simply place the papers of today on a level with Punch of London. We would be obliged to leave off the names of the person's picture."

Everybody is familiar with ZIM, written at the corner of Judge's caricatures. Zim's career was a chequered one. He was a farmer's boy, a fish peddler, a bar tender, a clerk and a sign painter. His art training was received in painting cellars and roofs on the east side of New York. Here, too, his art studies were made, for there he met characters which were to supply him with life material. He first came into prominence by painting the Mulligan Guards on the wall of a cellar when the Mulligan Guards were The Royal Guards of New York. Everybody visited Mr. Zim's famous painting and immediately Mr. Keppler, who had just founded Puck, sent for him and offered him a position on the paper. So Zim passed from the cellar to the editorial sanctum. He remained on Puck till the death of Mr. Gillam, the founder of Judge, when that artist's work was divided between him and Grant Hamilton, he taking the comic side.

Zim is best at homely, simple subjects. It is to be regretted that he sometimes employs in his Irish cari-

catures the Simian type of which Nast was the criminal creator. Zim's feelings , however, in this matter are kindly. He is thoughtlessly following a type too long received without general protest from those it misrepresents. It is an offence which should be cried down till abandoned. He may be found daily at the Judge office hard at work, his early training having fitted him for this great requisite of application to the daily demands of his arduous charge.

however, is the opinion of only some. McDougal has a high idea of his art and is a faithful, steady worker. For years his style on the New York World has been admired and imitated and it has been only since the accession of such great lights as Davenport and Nelan that his splendor has been somewhat dimmed. He is a pleasant, cultured man and a ready writer. He had this to say about cartoons and cartoonists: while dictating it he was actually drawing a picture of Bill Nye, whom

GRANT HAMILTON OF "JUDGE."

Eugene Zimmerman was born in Switzerland but came to this country while very young. He has been particularly a student of foreign types and it is at this class that he has done his best work. We have grown to look for Zim weekly and his absence would indeed be a great loss to Judge.

McDougal was one of the first cartoonists of New York journalism. He may be styled, "The Nast of Newspaper Illustration." Some think that, like Nast, he has outlived his day. This

he made famous. The sketch was done in exactly four minutes and a half, he talking the while.

"I distinguish between a cartoon and a picture. A cartoon occupies the same relation to an ordinary picture that an editorial does to the news story. An editorial is simply a comment on the news. It enforces some point that the editor desires to emphasize and that is just the difference between the picture and the cartoon. Now, for instance, a picture of Mr. Croker stand-

PARDNERS ONCE BUT STRANGERS NOW.
Davenport's portrait of Quay after the finding of the Senate Committee.

ing before the Mazet Investigating committee looking glum or sour, or something like that would make a picture,

A CARTOON BY NAST IN 1875 SHOWING UNCLE SAM IN TRANSIT.

might be a funny picture, but would not be a cartoon; whereas, a picture of Mr. Croker before the Mazet committee, concealing a large grip full of gas stock and condensed air bonds and a lot of other effects which he had procured in his political position, would make a man think at once of the reason why Croker was there and what they are trying to get out of him, has, in a word, a manifest meaning, is a cartoon. A cartoon is meant primarily to influence the vote—to change men's opinions."

The modern cartoonist, with very few exceptions, the real cartoonist, should have and does have, a correct view of things. Every man of prominence wants to get himself caricatured. It is money in his pocket. The politician wants to be caricatured just as bad as the actor wants to be photographed. I think the secret of the opposition of public men to caricature lies in their wives' vanity. They do not like the

way their husbands look. Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Nye and Mrs. Platt all have said that I must consider their husbands very ugly. I make a distinction between a cartoonist and a caricaturist. Bush and Nelan are cartoonists, pure and simple. Davenport is a caricaturist. Hamilton of Judge, I think, is the best man in the country as a cartoonist."

Of late years McDougal has not done much work. The cartoons of the World are exclusively in the hands of Charles Bush. Some say that McDougal has seen his day. It may be that he has outgrown the needs, or what he considers the needs of the day. However, it is hard for a man to be immortal and yet live.

One of the most genial of New York cartoonists is Charles Bush of the World. Mr. Bush is an artist in the highest sense of the word.

He has been before the public for over twenty years and has today a host of admirers. His pictures always have a fine tone and finish. For eight or nine years he did the principal work on the Herald and Telegram. Two years ago he was succeeded by Nelan and since then has been with the World. Even his daily cartoons show the finish of the artist. In boldness of conception and in attention to detail, he is second to none.

"John Bull" is proving a splendid theme in the African War. It is easy to see where the sympathies of the cartoonists are, with the brave little republic fighting for existence and freedom. God grant both.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A work of the highest historical value is "The Eve of the Reformation" by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B. This series of studies in the religious life and thought of the English people in the period preceding the rejection of the Roman jurisdiction by Henry VIII is a work of solid erudition and enhances the high reputation of the illustrious author as a writer of deep research and great critical power. It is generally supposed that the great religious upheaval in England consequent upon the breaking off of relations with the Roman See by Henry VIII was but the natural effect of causes which had long been maturing and which culminated at the time when Henry, unable to make the See of Rome bend to his lustful designs, declared by means of an act of Parliament the independence of the English church from the supremacy of Rome. There is a wide-spread impression that a great body of the English people were prepared for such a step, that they had grown lukewarm or disgusted with the principles of the Roman Catholic religion and were ready to hail with joy such an act on the part of the king as a deliverance from the thraldom of Rome. Is this contention true? It is a question of fact. There is only one way of ascertaining what was the state of feeling on the eve of the Reformation in England and that is by appealing to the records of the past. This is precisely what Dr. Gasquet has done in the volume before us and it is this presentation of facts gleaned from authentic records that makes his work so valuable. He does not ask the reader to accept bold assertions; but lays before him a photograph of the times, made up from the different phases of religious life which appear in the records of that day, and convinces by skilful presentation rather than by long and tedious argument. And what a wonderfully interesting picture is presented to our view! As we read these deeply interesting pages we seem to see the life of Catholic England before our very eyes. The beautiful prayers, the wonderful devotion towards the parish church, the thought of her wants in the making of wills, the close and intimate relation between priest and people, the religious sentiment entering into the very fibre of the people—all these things are brought out in a wonderfully interesting way. It has been sometimes asserted that the revival of learning by opening

men's minds made them anxious to escape from the thraldom of ecclesiastical authority and so prepared the way for the Reformation. No one can read these pages and fail to see that the revival of letters was already an accomplished fact, and that too, with the full approval of high churchmen, before the revolt of the sixteenth century began. Indeed, the author fully demonstrates that the phrase "new learning" which was so much in vogue in England at this time, instead of having reference to the revival of letters, as has been generally supposed, was actually the term, used in a contemptuous way, to designate the errors of the religious innovators who sought to transplant in the soil of England the errors of the German reformers.

The assumption that there was little or no practical religion among the mass of the English people for some considerable time before the outbreak of the religious hostilities of the sixteenth century is not borne out by the facts, as any one may see who ponders well the author's chapters on "Clergy and Laity," Teaching and Preaching," "Parish Life in Catholic England" and "Mediaeval Wills, Chantries and Obits." A most interesting chapter is the one on "Pre Reformation Guild Life," in which the spirit of hearty co-operation and mutual help which pervaded all society in Catholic England is set forth. The spirit of brotherhood brought the rich and the poor together, and the sharp line of difference between the classes was something entirely foreign to society as constituted in Pre-Reformation days. There were many poor but no paupers; pauperism is a growth of the later days of vaunted progress. The picture of social life, as shown forth in this exposition of guild-life before religious differences erected barriers between the different classes, is most beautiful and makes one long for a return to some of the old ideals. Probably the most scholarly chapter and the one displaying the greatest critical skill, in the whole volume, is the one on "Erasmus." This genius of the Renaissance of Letters, who spent some time at Oxford, and was an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More, has been the subject of heated dispute in many a historical treatise. He has been claimed by both sides in the struggle of the sixteenth century, and by many has been heralded as a champion of the Reformation and an upholder of the principles of Luther. The author treats this subject in the best possible spirit, and brings to bear upon it the critical faculty of a mind well informed upon the subject, disentangling the truth from the mass of legend which has grown up round about it. He makes clear the attitude of Erasmus' mind toward the teaching of the Church and shows conclusively that however exaggerated in statement Erasmus may be when he condemns the evils which he sees around him, he never ceased to be a true believer in the Church and cannot by any process of sound reasoning be counted among the approvers of the Reformation.

This work is a critical study of the first order; it is crowded with facts obtained at first hand; it is fair and candid in statement and temperate in its conclusions. Written in a clear, flowing, yet strong style, it ought to appeal to a large class of readers, whatever their religious belief, and find favor with all who are looking for the true facts of the case and wish to know the true state of men's minds and their religious sentiments on the eve of the great religious upheaval in England.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: John C. Nimmo. $3.50.

There was a time when religion was considered by all men as the basis of morality, and no man could well write on the subject of ethics without bearing in mind this essential truth. But times have changed and men are discussing in these days ethical principles while divorcing them entirely from the influence of religion. "Religion and Morality" by Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D., is for this reason, an opportune book. It was written as a dissertation for the Doctorate in the Catholic University of America and was deemed worthy of securing for the gifted writer that great honor. The subject is one of the highest importance, and in a volume of over three hundred pages the author brings to its discussion a great deal of erudition and reasoning power. He considers his subject from a double standpoint, the historical and the doctrinal. The historical review of the question leads him to consider the religion and ethical systems of Pagan Greece and Rome, of India, of China, of Egypt, of the Mahometan countries, and he gives a clear statement of the leading tenets of each religion and its ethical standards. The doctrinal part is the more important and timely, as it permits the author after proving his own thesis, to examine and refute the many false systems which have grown up in modern days, especially those of Kant, Mill and Spencer. The author has given us a book full of information, well reasoned throughout, with a clear and logical setting forth of true ethical principles, and expressed in clear and graceful style. Such books are needed in these days to combat the great mass of false ethical teaching which is being put forth with all the assurance of infallible authority, and which tends to undermine the foundations of the Catholic faith. This book will be a preventive for those whose minds have not been imbued with the principles of this false ethical teaching, and a corrective for those who have already tasted the bitter fruit. New York; Wm. H. Young & Co.: $2.00.

"Chisel, Pen and Poignard" is the suggestive title of a life of Benvenuto Cellini by the author of "The Life of a Prig." A turbulent life was that of Benvenuto and one full of licentiousness and lawlessness, but the writer has done his work delicately and well. Of an ungovernable temper, Benvenuto was constantly in trouble, whether in Italy or France and no less than three murders may be laid at his door. He fought with Popes and Princes and with his fellow workmen, and his whole life was stained with numerous acts of violence and malice. But he was the first goldsmith of his age and his wonderful creations have made his name famous not only in his native Florence but the wide world over. He was a versatile man: "A sculptor, an author, a goldsmith, a gunsmith, an engineer, an enameller, an artilleryman, a swordsman, a sportsman, a bronze-caster, a poetaster, and a performer upon the cornet-a-piston."

His fame rests chiefly upon his wonderful success as a craftsman in beating out gold into forms and devices of glorious beauty. This book presents a good description of the main points of his career, an examination of his principal works, and a just estimation of the place he should hold in the world of art. Incidentally there is given quite a striking picture of his times and his contemporaries. There are many fine illustrations, many of which show forth the marvelous creations of Cellini which have made his name world renowned.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

A new and revised edition of "Historic Mansions and Highways around Boston," by Samuel Adams Drake has just appeared. The merits of this work are well known. It is full of Revolutionary memories and is principally concerned with the places made sacred by the struggle of the "embattled farmers" to gain the independence of the American colonies. The author has been a conscientious researcher, and he pours forth in easy, flowing language the riches he has unearthed, and very interesting reading they make. Cambridge, especially, so full of memories of the immortal Washington, who made his headquarters in the mansion now known as the Longfellow house, occupies the largest portion of this interesting historical and reminiscent book. Other places in Middlesex county, the scenes of stirring, historic events receive interesting notice. Readers will find in this revised work much valuable historical information and no student of Revolutionary times who wishes to know the part which Boston and old Middlesex took in that historic struggle which culminated in the independence of the American colonies can afford to be without it. There are many fine illustrations.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

"Hawaii and Its People" by A. D. Twombly, is a short and interesting history of the land of the rainbow and the palm. The author gives a graphic account of the history of the island since its discovery and settlement by the whites, bringing his account down to the present day. There is much information in this valuable little history, but he has glossed over the transactions of the American missionaries who caused so much trouble by their bigotry; and he makes a most ungenerous reference to the martyr-priest Damien who has become by his heroism an apostle of humanity.

Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.00.

"Ireland and France" from the French of Alfred Duquet is an interesting account of the visit and reception of the French delegates to Ireland to thank the Irish people for the ambulance corps which they sent to France during the Franco-Prussian war, to minister to the French sick and wounded. The enthusiasm with which they were received at every place in Ireland which they visited, and the speeches of goodwill which were made on both sides mark the close bond of union which exists between the Irish and French and recalls the days when the Irish Brigade was fighting under the banner of the Fleur-de-lis. A short and interesting life of Marshal McMahon, a descendant of the exiles of the Irish Brigade is included in the volume. This book forms an interesting page of modern history.

Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We have read with a great deal of pleasure the series of essays by a member of the Order of Mercy which have been issued under the title of "Essays-Educational and Historic.' The portrayal of educational life in Louisiana under the French and Spanish in colonial days is of great historical value and very interesting. The experiences in Mormondom as detailed in these pages are of very great interest. A most readable and enjoyable book.

New York: O'Shea & Co.

"Songs of Sun and Shadow," a volume of poems by Julian Johnston displays the fine poetic gift of the author and brings before us a poet of rare merit and great promise. Especially happy is he when giving expression to the thoughts awakened in his own soul by contemplation; less happy, we should say when his poetic vision is limited altogether to the external scene he would describe. When giving utterance to his own feelings he fully enters into the spirit of the theme of which he sings and there is a life a movement and grace in his verses that impress one with the poet's power. He has also the rather difficult and unusual gift of clothing the deeper thoughts concerning life in forms of beauty which clarify while

adorning the thought he wishes to convey. An exemplification of this rare faculty may be found in the poem on "Immortality." We welcome this new poet with his fresh and vivid thoughts and fine poetic fancy and recommend his delicate, exquisite verses to all lovers of the beautiful.

Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

It is a significant fact that despite the abundance of new books publishers are compelled from time to time to bring out new editions of old favorites to supply the demand for them. Among the handsome holiday books recently issued appears an illustrated edition of "Henry Esmond," a story first given to the public half a century ago. Since then it has appeared in many successive editions and in various forms, and been translated into French, Swedish, Hungarian, and other languages.

Writing to his mother in 1850 Thackeray said, "I've got a better subject than any I've yet had." After eighteen months' work the author then produced his masterpiece, a book full of "sparkle, impetus and interest" as an outspoken critic of that day decided. The half century that has since elapsed has only served to strengthen its hold on the reading public, and that this popularity shows no sign of waning is indicated by the fact that at least three new editions of the story have been published in London in the year just closed.

Catholic readers naturally take exception to the role assigned the Jesuit, Father Holt, but the interpretation of his part is evidently the outcome of the writer's ignorance of the true mission of the Catholic priest together with the prejudice common to the period. On the whole such lapses are more pardonable than is the combination of words employed by the writer of the introduction to the present volume wherein he describes Father Holt as "the Jesuit Spy." Otherwise we can agree with him that "fortunate indeed are those who have yet to make the acquaintance of Rachel, Lady Castlewood, her daughter, Beatrix, and her son, the young lord, of her kinsman, champion, and lover, Henry Esmond, of loveable Dick Steele, and the other good, bad and indifferent, but intensely human characters of this story."

The publishers give worthy form to the author's work of genius. The book is handsomely bound, and the quaint colored illustrations by Bedford, delightful little sketches, are in themselves illustrative of the author's careful study of his characters.

Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. $2.00.

"The Young Puritans in Captivity," by Mary P. Wells Smith, tells the story of three English children's experience as captives among the Indians during King Philip's War, and gives many details of Indian customs.

A chapter of especial interest to Catholic readers, Chapter XIX, gives a very beautiful picture of life in the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, in those early days.

"Submit's docility and her brightness, the quickness with which she learned the French language, and her skill in embroidery, all made her a favorite with the nuns. They had promised her that soon she should be baptised under the name of Francesca Ursula, the last name in honor of the nunnery's patron saint, who had no doubt aided in Submit's rescue. Surrounded by love and gentleness, in a life so suited to her tastes, it is not strange that the friendless child clung to the kind nuns, dreading a possible return to Hadley. Life, which had stretched out before her dreary and forlorn, now took on serene if not bright hues. In fancy Submit saw herself a nun, good and gentle, serving God, as did the nuns, by creating beautiful embroidery and artificial flowers for His altars, by nursing the sick, teaching the savages, in prayer and chant, until at last the Heavenly Father in His kindness should take her to her own mother."

There are other touches here and there revealing the writer's fair mind in writing of the Young Puritan's treatment by the priests and nuns, and adding much to the charm of this book of adventure that can safely be commended to young readers.

Little Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary is a brochure of unusual interest, a most valuable reference on immigration during the present century.

The pamphlet contains three articles. The first is by the Director and is entitled "A Century of Irish Emigration." It gives a sketch of the causes which led to the Irish Exodus of the nineteenth century as well as a story of the Mission's career. The second article on "Castle Garden" is from the pen of Mr. Henry J. Jackson, who for years filled the office of Superintendent there. The third article on "Immigration in General" is contributed by Mr. Edward F. McSweeney, present Assistant Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, and a close student of the history of Immigration. His terse, vivid and interesting recital will be found both delightful and instructive.

In addition to these articles there are letters of endorsement from such high dignitaries in the Church as Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Cardinal Logue of Ireland, and Cardinal Vaughan of England; and kind and encouraging letters from Archbishop Corrigan, New York; Archbishop Ryan, Philadelphia; Bishop Phelan, Pittsburgh; Bishop Harkins, Providence; Bishop Sheehan, Waterford; and Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe, Ireland; from such venerable and patriotic societies as the "Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick"; the "Irish Emigrant Society" of New York, and the

"United Irish Societies" of New York City, and those of Hudson Co., New Jersey. Former U. S. Commissioners of Immigration, Col. Weber and Dr. Senner also write highly apreciative words of commendation. In addition to these gratifying testimonials from such high and influential sources, the Mission presents to its readers letters from men prominent in the business world, and last, though not least, communications from some of the Mission's many subscribers and guests.

"A Century of Irish Emigration" by Rev. Michael J. Henry is a masterly resume of the causes leading to Irish emigration and its results. Beginning with the convention at Dungannon, Father Henry describes the growth of the insurrectionary movement, its failure, the effect on the people, the coming of the famine, the organization of the Young Ireland Party, the exodus to America, and the sufferings of the exiles. Here is a pen picture vividly setting forth the wretched facilities for transportation provided in those early days:

"What with bad or scanty provisions, scarcity of water, severe hardship and long confinement in a foul den, ship-fever reaped a sad harvest between decks as frequent splashes of shot-weighted corpses into the deep but too terribly testified. It was no unusual occurrence for the survivor of a family of ten or twelve to land alone bewildered and broken-hearted on the wharf at New York; the rest, the family, parents and children, had been swallowed in the sea, their bodies marking the course of the ship to the New World."

Interesting as is this Irish history space demands that only brief mention be given to it before taking up what is, perhaps, the greatest work necessitated by the evils of Irish government—the foundation in America of a home for immigrant girls. Embodied in Father Henry's paper is an important excerpt from a letter written by Archbishop Ireland telling of the successful efforts of Miss Charlotte O'Brien, daughter of the Patriot, to establish such a home, and of the steps taken to accomplish her purpose.

From this starting point in its history the Home had its share of vicissitudes, but was ever blessed in the character of the directors of the great work. Their names form a noble roll call, from Father Riordan down to the present honored head, whom may God long spare to his labor of love. In his paper he bears generous testimony to the worth of others, but with characteristic modesty is silent as to his own achievements, obliging us to look elsewhere for such information.

Commissioner McSweeney, and Ex-Superintendent Jackson in their papers supply facts that are eloquent of the zeal and energy of the present Director of the Mission:

"Hundreds of thousands of Irish girls throughout the land have to thank the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, of which the Rev. M. J. Henry is now the honored head, and Mr. Patrick McCool, the representative at the landing station, for giving them the first encouragement, aid and practical assistance in America. The immigration authorities have gladly shifted the moral responsibility of safeguarding these immigrant girls to the representatives of the mission, and they, like their predecessors, have cheerfully accepted the task.

Last year over 12,000 Irish girls landed. Through the beneficent work of the mission all these were enabled to begin life in America under happy auspices. Under the mantle of its guidance and protection they went forth to become bread-winners and home-makers—a credit to themselves and to the land of their adoption.

All the United States Commissioners of Immigration—the Hon. John B. Weber, Dr. Joseph H. Senner, and the present incumbent, Hon. Thomas Fitchie, have given the mission their most hearty support. This is the best possible endorsement of its work."

In such a work every person of Irish parentage should feel honored to have a share and to do his part in bringing to pass the desire of Father Riordan's heart, a desire that led him fifteen years ago to make the following appeal which applies today as truly as it did then:

"To every one who reads these lines, I say—remember your own trials when you landed at Castle Garden, or those of your sire or grandsire who passed bewildered and friendless through its gates! Remember what the Catholic immigrant has endured in the past and what he has done for this free and glorious Country which we fondly call our Home! Remembering this, let us, I say, perform that which is a most fitting and decorous duty; let us erect on that spot hallowed by the griefs, the loves and the heroisms of generations of our kindred coming into exile from their beloved Motherland to give their blood and their marrow to the building up of this New Nation of which we are so proud; let us erect, at the gateway of America, an Institution whose aspect and whose object will be a monument to the memory of the Irish Catholic Immigrant."

The story of "Little Orphan Annie" is told by Mary A. McGill in a most entertaining manner. From the moment of her reception in the good Sisters' orphanage in Mobile the little waif claims the reader's attention, and her good fortune gives pleasure to all. There are some excellent character sketches, notably that of the kind Sister De Chantal, that add much to the interest of the story. Little Orphan Annie should gain many new friends, and is a de-

lightful companion for the children in every Catholic home.

O'Shea & Co., New York. Price $1.00.

"Thoughts that Found Expression" is the happy title of a dainty volume of poems and essays written by Miss Julia Teresa Butler, who needs no introduction to readers of Catholic publications. Several of the graceful poems included in the collection have appeared in Donahoe's, "Fides," in particular, winning much commendation for the young writer. Among the essays we find many helpful thoughts and beautiful passages, and every one will well repay the reader for the time devoted to its perusal. We quote a few "Thoughts" that illustrate the character of the book:

"It is in making the best of things we make our success."

"The devil tempts every other thing but idleness. That tempts him."

"All good qualities are happy qualities. And greatest among all good qualities is charity, which not only covereth a multitude of sins, but reveals all the essentials that go to make life beautiful. It is the giver and receiver of happiness, and, from its heavenly nature, is akin to love. It is the chord divine in our lives, awakening within us the harmony of heaven. We may boast of our grand religion, but we are far from practising it if charity does not rule our every motive and crown our every deed."

The volume is dedicated to the Rev. Denis O'Callaghan and bears on the cover an admirable likeness of the author.

Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

The initial number of the new Sunday schol paper, The Sunday Companion, published by D. H. McBride & Co., gives promise of valuable assistance to teachers as well as of high-class entertainment mingled with instruction for the children.

Some of the features that will commend it to all are:

Lessons for each grade in the Catechism work, briefly outlined each week, and suggestions given as to the best methods of teaching these lessons. This important department is under the direct supervision of a Priest.

Each week's issue will contain copies of some of the masterpieces of art, and selections from the world's best literature that may be used in connection with the regular Catechism lessons. The Companion will thus aid the teachers in giving them suitable material for their regular class work, and in suggesting ways and means of correlating nature study, literature and art with Catechism work, making the best thought of the world aid in the Catechism class, the most important one for the children.

The short stories and sketches will be related to the Sunday school work and will be of interest to the children. Some of the best writers in the country have been engaged to aid in the department of short stories, anecdotes and sketches.

The Companion is a welcome addition to the list of Catholic publications and in extending it a welcome we add the wish that it may receive the support it merits as the children's friend and promoter of their best interests.

"Unbelief a Sin," by Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., and "The Proof of Miracles," by Henry F. Brownson, two papers first published in the Ave Maria, have recently been reprinted in pamphlet form, and will find many interested readers.

Ave Maria, NotreDame, Ind. Price 5 cts.

The Jubilee Manual is a useful little book containing prayers and pious exercises for public and private devotion during the Jubilee Year. Paper 5 cents.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York

The Manual of St. Anthony of Padua, recently issued by the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, contains a description of the principal sanctuaries in honor of this great saint, the hymns, the rosary, the novena, and a large number of prayers and exercises referring to this devotion. Price 20 cents.

SUGGESTION FOR READER.

A recent issue of "Success" published a portrait and sketch of the career of Miss C. H. Lippincott, the well-known seedswoman of Minneapolis. She commenced business about ten years ago in a small way and has now built up a business extending all over the country. She has upwards of 200,000 customers living in every state and territory, and says that hard work, advertising and insisting on sending out none but the very best seeds that can be grown explains her success. The dainty little catalogue for 1900 which she has just issued is devoted exclusively to flower seeds and the prices are astonishingly low. She will send a copy free to applicants. She is the original pioneer seedswoman—a real woman, managing all the details of a large business herself.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

E. C. writes: 1. How many children were numbered among the Holy Innocents? 2. In what place was our Lord circumcised and by whom? 3. How long would it take Joseph and Mary and the Child to reach Egypt, and why was Egypt chosen rather than some other place?

1. Some have made fabulous estimates of the number of children put to death by Herod. But, reckoning by the number of inhabitants in Bethlehem and the surrounding hamlets, the conclusion reached by careful commentators is that the number should be fixed between twenty and seventy. 2. At Bethlehem, and probably by St. Joseph. Some painters represent the circumcision as taking place in the Temple of Jerusalem, but Benedict XIV points out how this is but imaginative. Our Lord was circumcised eight days after birth, and was presented in the Temple only after forty days, according to the Law. 3. From Jerusalem to Egypt was reckoned an eight to ten days' journey. Egypt was chosen as being near; as being independent of Herod; as being inhabited by many Jews among whom Joseph might easily find work; as having been the refuge of the patriarchs, whose flight is rightly considered as a type of that of our Divine Lord; as being, like Babylon, a type of impiety, and as Babylon in the persons of the Wise Men came to Jesus, so does Jesus Himself go to Egypt, in order to show that He came to save sinners; as having been the recipient of Messianic promises, which should be fulfilled, (Isaias XIX, 18 and following verses,) as being destined by God to become in the early days of Christianity a sanctuary of believers. And so did Egypt profit by the visit of our Lord, that its cities and its deserts were peopled with hermits, martyrs and virgins.

M. T. M. writes: Why is Christmas called Yule-tide? What is the name of the black King among the three Wise Men?

The word tide was once used to signify time or season. That meaning is now obsolete. An example of its use is furnished by these lines of Spenser:

Then they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat and rest their weary limbs a tide."

The word Yule appears to signify a feast. It was in ancient times the name of the great feast on the first of August, Lammastide, and of the great Christmas feast. It was more especially applied to the latter, and later on only to this latter. So Yuletide signifies the time or season of the feast, and the feast it refers to is Christmas.

The Scriptures leave much to seek in the way of information regarding the Wise Men. The general tradition is in favor of their number being three. But the inferences to be drawn from the words of the Bible are rather against their being kings. Popular belief, however, holds them to have been kings. Their names have been given so variously that they remain most uncertain. Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar are the names most familiar to us. The Wise Men came from the East. The "East" is very indefinite. It has been interpreted to mean Arabia, Persia, Chaldea, Parthia, Egypt, Ethiopia. From the names attributed to the three, their origin has been pointed out. Caspar is said to have come from the Caspian Sea, or from India, and to have represented the descendants of Japhet; Melchior, king of light points to the South, to Egypt and Ethiopia, and he is the black king, descended of Cham; Balthasar, as a Chaldee name, points to the countries around Babylon, and he is the descendant of Sem.

M. F. K. writes: "Would you suggest some subjects for debates suitable for Catholic young men; the subjects to have some bearing on Catholics or their religion.

Without formulating the matter, the following heads may furnish some subjects for the young men, Feudalism, Monasticism, the Crusaders, Chivalry, the Papacy, at different periods of its history, as in the relation of Gregory VII with the Emperor Henry IV of Germany, of the Pope with England when she cut adrift from the Church, of the Pope of our own century with a Napoleon or a Bismarck. The attitude of the Church towards true progress, with the retarding influences of the early reformers on civilization, will open the eyes to truths little dreamed of by some whose knowledge is only the clap-trap of the day, the yielding of intellectual assent to the unproved and never to be proved statement that Protestantism is an enlightener. English rule in Ireland, Home Rule for Ireland, the taxation of Church property, art and morality, art and religion, the pulpit and the press will interest many. And talks formal or informal, as debates or not, are very essential in our day on these two topics: the Catholic Church is not a sect, and there is a necessity for each one of us to have a definite creed or belief, and having it, try to live up to it.

A Protestant writes: What must be the physical condition of a candidate for the priesthood? Can a person who is slightly lame become a priest?

The candidate for the priesthood must be free from any such defect of body as would unfit him for the proper and becoming exercise of the priestly functions and from any such deformity as would excite horror or give serious offence to those present at the sacred mysteries. And as the life of the priest is to be one of active labor, only those in at least ordinary health can reasonably aspire to it. Sometimes a young man's health may fail him, when he has already received sub-deaconship or deaconship, and sometimes a young man under these circum-

stances is ordained to the priesthood even when his sickness indicates that only a very short span of life is to be accorded him. But those are exceptions, rare exceptions. The general rule is for the health and strength requisite for the ordinary work of the ministry. One who is lame to such a degree that he cannot stand at the altar without a cane is not considered an eligible candidate. A trifling lameness does not make one ineligible.

We print the following letter in its entirety:

I think the question box a great institution of Donahoe's, and of immense help to those in doubt, which is the predicament of your humble correspondent. We are continually told by many of our spiritual superiors, that it is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday without sufficient cause. Now as an obedient Catholic, I fully concede, that as dutiful children we are bound to obey the Church's laws, but even if I purposely and wilfully choose to stay at home from Mass, should I die in that condition, is my soul to be forever lost? Murderers and other great sinners can only be punished in Hell, and for this mere neglect of a religious duty, am I to be everlastingly punished in the same manner? I once heard a pious Benedictine priest say: "That the Church cannot make a mortal sin out of her broken laws or precepts, and this is my view of the justice of this position. Nowhere in my prayer book, or other books of instruction can I see missing Mass really termed a mortal sin, so why some priests constantly call it such I cannot understand. Now, Sir, I never wilfully missed Mass, without cause, in my life, so you will see that this is not the question of a lazy Catholic, but of one who cannot understand how such an offence should be punished along side of the greatest crimes.

A Texas Catholic.

If we may judge by the lives of some careless Catholics there is ample reason to fear that our correspondent is not alone in her position. We are surprised, however, that she has not met the statement in her prayer-book or in other books of instruction that missing Mass on Sunday is a mortal sin when there is no grave reason for staying away. The experience of most readers is rather that they see this statement very formally set forth at least in the table of sins for the examination of conscience. In Lesson 35th of the Catechism prepared by order of the third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the question is asked: "Is it a mortal sin not to hear Mass on a Sunday or a holy day of obligation." Answer: "It is a mortal sin not to hear Mass on a Sunday or a holy day of obligation, unless we are excused for a serious reason. They also commit a mortal sin who, having others under their charge, hinder them from hearing Mass, without a sufficient reason." This is the Catechism that is generally taught to all Catholic children through all the United States. And the teaching is the same in every Catechism for the children, and in every language and in every land; it is the same in Catholic colleges, convents, academies and seminaries. It is the teaching which is imparted to the young men who prepare for the priesthood. It is in one word the teaching of the Church. To her was given the mission to teach God's law to the entire world, to set forth to men the will of God. And to anyone disobedient to the Church it is said: "He who will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Matt. XVIII: 17. The Church is not arbitrary in her commandments: she is guided by the Spirit of Truth: "I will ask the Father, and He will send you another Paraclete that He May abide with you for ever, the Spirit of Truth." John XIV: 16. It is not some priests who say that staying from Mass on Sundays is a mortal sin. All priests must say so because they are not to preach commandments of their own, but commandments of the Church, and they are not to determine what is the sanction of the law, but only proclaim the Church's statement. And the Church imposes on her children the obligation of hearing Mass under the pain of mortal sin. That she has this right from the will of Jesus Christ every Catholic knows, who understands what his Church is. We have often in these pages given the proofs of this statement and a text quoted a few lines above tells us what our Divine Lord has Himself said to us of those who will not hear the Church. Again, the universal belief and practice of Catholics points out how staying away from Sunday mass is considered a mortal sin. So few are those who really agree with our correspondent, that we may well say "universal belief and practice." That there are many who would like to persuade themselves that the fault is not a serious matter, is another thing. So did Luther try to destroy from out his soul his belief in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. But all his apostacy and licentiousness were unable to oppose his belief as he acknowledged many years after his revolt from the true Church.

Finally it is to be hoped that the pious Benedictine priest will be spoken to by our correspondent. Then the "Texas Catholic" will be abashed and ashamed at having so misunderstood the good man herself, and at having so wofully misquoted him. No instructed man, priest or layman, who is a practical Catholic, can think any such ideas, much less seek to impart any such impression as Texan has received.

"All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay."

"O blessed Gabriel! Tongue of God!
Sweet-spoken Spirit! thou hast showed
To us the Word mad man;
He bade thee break His silence here;
The tale thou told'st in Mary's ear
His coming scarce fore-ran."

"Jesus is nigh where Gabriel is;
His presence too was Mary's bliss,
And Daniel loved him near;
Angel of grace! oh prophecy
To us of God's forgiving Eye,
Which thou canst see all clear."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XLIII. MARCH, 1900. No. 3.

STEPHENS GREEN.

A DUBLIN STREET.

A SUNDAY IN DUBLIN.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

Not one of them knew the first thing about it. Neither the station master, nor the baggage master, nor the ticket master nor any of the porters, had the slightest notion when the next train would leave for Kingstown. It is true, one man did say that he thought the next train had just left, but we had an impression that he did not know what he was talking about.

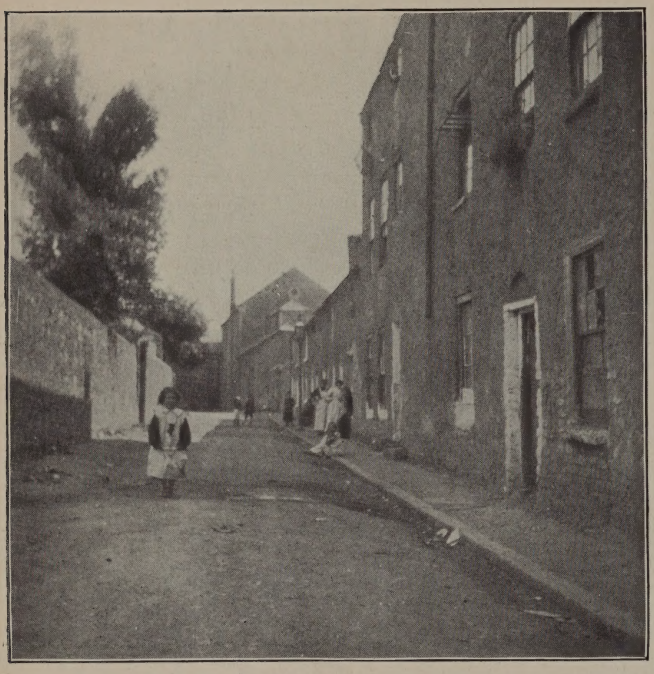
We had just arrived in Dublin, late Saturday afternoon, and wanted to go right on to Kingstown, in order to catch the evening boat for England.

But no one at the station could tell us when or how we could get there. We learned afterwards that this unanimous ignorance was due to the fact that the train for which we were looking left by a different road from that on which we had come in, and it is the policy of rival railway companies in Great Britain, to religiously abstain from knowing anything whatever about one another's business.

As the result of this unneighborly policy we missed the train we wanted and found ourselves stranded in Dublin.

But never was there a more happy misfortune. Our enforced stay of twenty-four hours in the capital city of Ireland, proved a genuine pleasure and delight, and ere we left we were devoutly thankful to the railroad company for so carefully minding its own business, and keeping us in ignorance of the train that would have deprived us of our Sunday in one of the most charming and most interesting cities in the world.

We engaged one of the many jaunting cars at the station, and drove to a hotel in the upper part of the town.



DONNYBROOK.

A jaunting car serves the purpose of a cab. At the same time it is a far more rapid and exhilarating conveyance than the cab. In the first place, it is an open vehicle; a high, two-wheeled cart, with a seat overhanging each wheel, lengthwise of the car; the two seats being placed back to back, with a raised box between them for the driver, in front. In the second place, it dashes through the streets like mad; and as all vehicles in Great Britain keep to the left of the road when passing, it is at first somewhat trying on the nerves of an American, perched on top of one of these lofty and rapidly moving carts, with scarcely anything to hold on to, to find himself constantly swerving to the left, when all his instincts of self preservation prompt him to go the other way, in order to avoid collisions.

By the time the drive is over he feels twisted. His personal bearings are a trifle confused, and it is a moment or two before he is certain what side of him is which.

Most of the streets of Dublin are paved with wooden blocks, forming a very smooth and yielding surface, and as our jaunting car was provided with rubber tires we sped along the streets with an ease and comfort truly surprising. Barring the sudden and swift turns around corners and the constant menace of smash-ups, the drive to the hotel was one of rare enjoyment.

As we turned into the street containing the hotel we beheld at the farther end, displayed in bright relief against the deep blue of the evening sky, a beautiful American flag, floating gracefully in the breeze from the roof of a tall building.

This sudden and unexpected sight of Old Glory, three thousand miles from home, thrilled us with patriotic fervor, and inspired by a common impulse we broke forth into a chorus of hurrahs, and the two of us who were not women took off our hats and waved them aloft in jubilant salutation; all of which was a great surprise to the driver and was regarded by the horse as a pretext to stand on its hind legs.

After assuring the driver that we were all right and explaining to him the cause of our startling outburst of emotion, he very kindly reciprocated

the explanation by informing us that the flag designated the building occupied by the American consul.

As the consulate proved to be within a few doors of our stopping place, we put up at the hotel with a comfortable sense of protection, and were ready to defy the driver should he presume to impose upon us in the matter of fare. But he was either an honest man or a very knowing man, for he made no attempt to overcharge us.

Nevertheless we had some difficulty in settling with him, for he would persist in declaring that we owed him four bobs; and in our endeavor to ascertain the value of a "bob" he gained the impression that we were trying to bicker with him. To avoid complications and unpleasant epithets, which were not far off, we gave him a sovereign (five dollars) and took what change he had a mind to give us. During this part of the episode we incidentally learned from his remarks that "bob" is a pet name for a shilling. With this explanation all difficulties were cleared, and we parted good friends.

Notwithstanding the fact that we had had a long and tedious ride from Cork, in addition to having risked our necks in the morning stealing a kiss from the Stone of Blarney—a feat requiring no small amount of labor and fortitude,—we ventured out to stroll about the city just as soon as we had had a cup of tea.

It was then nearly eight o'clock, but owing to the high latitude of Ireland as compared with United States, the day was still quite bright, and it was not until after nine o'clock that it became too dark to read. As might be expected this unusual length of day deceived us. We had not calculated on such a generous amount of sunlight, and consequently we remained out an hour or so longer than we thought we had.

HIGHLAND GUARDS.

Our watches were not much help to us. They were still running according to the American schedule and were consequently four or five hours behind the time. When we thought it was eight o'clock, our watches said it was four o'clock, and the correct time was nine o'clock; so that it was no

wonder that by the time we again found our hotel we were decidedly confused in the matter of chronology.

We were somewhat disappointed to find that nearly all of the shops were closed. We were obliged, therefore, to confine our purchase of souvenirs to little black pigs—cunning little fellows made of bog oak,—which we found in tobacco shops and in one or

IN PHŒNIX PARK.

and other stores where trinkets were sold.

Before we got back to the hotel it began to rain. Our American impulse was to duck our heads and run. But we discovered that nobody else seemed to know it was raining. Men, women and children kept on walking up and down the streets without the least attempt to seek shelter or protect themselves from the wet. Umbrellas were nowhere to be seen, and everybody appeared so unconcerned, that we made up our minds that we would better get soaked through rather than make a disturbance in trying to keep dry.

Foreigners find it difficult to understand the Americans' aversion to being out in the rain, unless protected with umbrellas, rubbers or waterproofs. Rain never interferes with their comfort or plans. It matters not to them whether it pours or shines.

"One of the strangest and funniest sights I ever saw," said an Irish clergyman speaking to me of his visit to the United States, "was an old negro driver perched up on his cart and sheltering himself from the rain with an umbrella."

Armed with a camera we were out bright and early the next morning; a cool and beautiful morning in July.

Had we lost track of the calendar the appearance of the people would at once have told us that it was Sunday. They were all dressed with the utmost neatness and studied care; except, of course, the beggars, who dress in rags at all times as a matter of professional etiquette.

The women were decked with gay-colored ribbons and hats, and bright, dainty dresses. Even the little girls, rich and poor alike, wore neat-fitting gloves; and each one, like her mother or elder sisters, carried a prayer book in her hands.

A JAUNTING CAR.

The men and boys, too, were sprucely dressed; canes, gloves and boutonnieres completing their adornment. Many of the small boys carried canes,—boys not more than eight and ten years old. This was especially so in the case of children of the upper classes. Their whole dress was mature—long trousers reaching to the tops of their shoes, gloves, standing collars, prim cravats, and low-crowned silk hats or derbies.

We found ourselves within half a block of Stephens Green, an extensive and unusually picturesque park in the fashionable portion of the city. Entering the park we found it thronged with people, either walking leisurely along its shaded paths, or seated about on the benches. Its miniature lakes abounded in rare aquatic birds; many of them of most gorgeous plumage. Some were swimming about on the clear surface of the water, while others rested on the grassy banks, seemingly quite unmindful of the presence of human beings. Evidently the Irish boys have been taught not to throw stones.

Acting upon the advice of our landlord, to whom we had confided our wish to see as much of the city as possible in one day, we boarded an electric street car, or tram-car, as it is known over there, and prepared ourselves for a ride to Phœnix Park at the other end of town.

We rode on top of the car. Nobody, unless he is forced to by lack of room, rides inside of a tram-car. The roof is provided with two rows of seats, protected on each side by a railing, and reached from below by a very narrow and a very steep and a very dangerous spiral stairway. Until you

learn how to do it you have much trouble climbing up this staircase, especially when the car is in motion or somebody tries to come down at the same time you are trying to get up.

A portly lady came backing down as I was about to mount, and planted her ponderous feet on my head. Fortunately my hat was a soft one, and no damage was done, though the lady was much embarrassed and so was I.

As we were bound for Phœnix Park, a distance of several miles, we paid three pence, or six cents apiece for the ride. Fares are regulated according to distance. A ride of a few blocks can be had for a penny. Each passenger is provided with a ticket upon the payment of his fare. This serves as a certificate of a payment, in case the conductor should so far forget himself as to levy a second fare.

The streets over which we rode were broad and remarkably clean and well paved. The buildings, which are nearly all of stone, impressed us with their handsome appearance and state-

A GLIMPSE OF THE POORER QUARTERS.

ly size, while the public buildings were particularly attractive and imposing in their fine old architecture and grand proportions.

We were at once struck with the general appearance of brightness and cleanliness that pervaded the city. The roadways and sidewalks, the houses, the gardens, the bridges—everything, had a look of tidiness. There was no dust, no dirt, no litter of any kind. Everything was in order and uncommonly clean.

Our view of the city as obtained

from the roof of a street car, speeding along at a rapid rate, was necessarily somewhat fleeting; but it was sufficient to enable us to become acquainted—and very favorably acquainted—with the main features and characteristics of this very ancient metropolis; a city whose existence is referred to before the time of Christ.

Trinity College with its surrounding gardens, the old Parliament building, the National Bank, the Royal Museum, the City Hall, and the old castle of Dublin, built more than seven hundred years ago, were all pointed out to us by kindly fellow passengers.

The great Nelson monument, the colossal statues of Tom Moore, and Goldsmith and King William, occupying prominent positions at different points on our journey through the city, also claimed our attention, while at every turn we encountered a church; some of them of magnificent proportions and design, and all of them with open doors receiving their throngs of humble worshippers or sending them forth from early service.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is built over the well where the patron saint of Ireland baptized many of his converts, we saw in the church-yard an enormous marble crucifix, and as we passed we beheld a young woman kneeling on the ground before it; her head bowed in prayer and her hands clasped reverently.

Everywhere the streets were crowded. Great masses of people moved quietly up and down the broad thoroughfares or crowded into the narrower side streets. There was no confusion or noise of any kind, however. Everyone was orderly and well behaved, notwithstanding that in some places the throng was so great as to form an almost immovable jam. It is thus that the good people of Dublin turn out to go to church on a Sabbath morning. Religion has lost none of its attractiveness or power with the people of Ireland.

These interesting street scenes were enhanced in their picturesqueness and novelty by the appearance in all directions of great numbers of soldiers, dressed in uniforms of most striking colors and pattern. With scarlet jacket, tight-fitting trousers and top boots, a tiny skull cap perched on one side of his head and held in place by a strap under the chin, and carrying a smart little cane or whip, Tommy Atkins strutted about with great pomp, in couples or in squads of four and six.

Here and there, also, we beheld some of the Scotch Highland guards, in their characteristic uniform, moving in and out among the throngs; while towering above the heads of all were the big, brawny policemen—stalwart, broad-shouldered, muscular fellows, and most of them more than six feet tall.

The police regulations of Dublin require all members of the force to be at least five feet nine inches in height; and the result is that the city has at its command a force of guardians whose physical equipment is alone sufficient to inspire awe and respect.

From the more thickly settled parts of the city we passed into the streets devoted to residences. These are built for the most part in small rows, or terraces; each terrace having a special name and each house being numbered in accordance with its position in the row. The house numbers, therefore, do not run continuously from one end of the street to the other, but begin afresh with each terrace.

The dwellings stand back from the street and are fronted with tastefully-kept gardens, many of them overflowing with shrubbery and flowers. Every house has its window-boxes, gay with bright blossoms or overhanging vines, while in the transom over each front door is an ornament of some sort; generally a bit of statuary—a ship, a castle, a horse, an angel; subjects of all kinds and varieties.

Arriving at the end of the car line, we alighted and found ourselves at the entrance to the famous Phœnix Park, one of the largest city parks in the world; covering, as it does, an area of nearly eighteen hundred acres. Aside from its beauty and size, however, it has been particularly noted since the year 1882 as the scene of the murder of Lord Cavendish and Thomas Burke.

The circumstances of this celebrated tragedy are known the world over, and it will go down into history as one of the most tragic political occurrences of the time.

The tragedy occurred about a mile from the main entrance to the park, and the benches on which the conspirators sat while waiting for their victim are pointed out to visitors. As we were not morbidly inclined we did not seat ourselves upon the benches and harrow our sensibilities in an attempt to picture the bloody scene.

We devoted our time to enjoying the beauties of this sylvan retreat, with its giant trees, its wide-spreading lawns of richest green, its magnificent driveways, thronged with bicycles, jaunting cars and fashionable equipages; its sparkling fountains and lakes, its gardens, and its ornate statues and monuments, with here and there a picturesque old woman seated by her cart, selling apples and gooseberries.

Boys and men, women and children, dogs, cows and deer wandered aimlessly over the lawns and through the groves. The deer were perfectly tame, every dog was muzzled, and the cows were sleepy and stupid; so that the most timid person was relieved of all anxiety regarding his personal safety in the midst of such a promiscuous zoologic gathering.

The people, too, were quiet and unobtrusive. There was an utter lack of anything resembling a rough element. Every man appeared to be a quiet, honest, peace-loving individual, whose sole object was to enjoy a day of rest in company with his family or his pipe or, mayhap, his sweetheart.

From Phœnix Park we took our way toward Donnybrook, the scene of the Donnybrook fairs, where in the good old days the laughing lassies with their witching wiles broke the hearts of the lads, and the lads themselves broke one another's heads with their shillalies.

Donnybrook is at the opposite end of the city. We traversed part of the way on foot, in order to have a more leisurely look at some of the sights. It afforded us, also, a chance to turn into some of the side streets, and catch a glimpse here and there of the poorer quarters of Dublin, with their narrow, winding lanes, bordered with low, one-story huts, many of them roofed with thatch, but all presenting a bright and cheery appearance with their white-washed stone walls.

Cutting the city in two the river Liffey winds its lazy course toward the bay. It is spanned with a great number of bridges and is walled for

its entire length across the city with massive masonry. Today the shipping was lying at anchor, and the busy life that characterizes the stream during the week was quietly sleeping.

After a walk of a mile or two we hailed an electric tram car bound for Donnybrook. It is no easy matter for a stranger to decipher the designations on these cars. Each one is decorated with such a gorgeous array of sign-boards, advertising soaps and hats and other family necessities, that the modest little notice informing the public of the destination of the car is hardly discernible.

We found Donnybrook to be a quaint, suburban village, inhabited by the poorer classes; most of whom were spending the Sabbath in the narrow streets. We attracted much attention with our camera, and frightened some of the younger generation into howling contortions by pointing it at them. They probably thought it was loaded, and so it was.

By the time we again reached our hotel it was late in the afternoon, with only sufficient time remaining for a little rest and a little supper with a big price, before the train left for Kingstown, down by the bay of Dublin.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

A silent token on my brow,
The lenten ashes lie—
The days of penance and of prayer,
To my hushed soul draw nigh.

The world with all its crowding cares,
Drops from my soul away;
And in a quiet restfulness
I walk with Christ today.

No silent hermit cell is mine,
No cloister's dim retreat,
But of my inmost heart I make,
A cloister, calm and sweet.

And there, with loving, trusting faith,
My daily prayer I raise.
"Abide with me, and I with Thee,
These holy, Lenten days."

Shine in my soul, Oh Light Divine,
And let me clearly see,
The hidden faults, the secret sin,
That keeps my soul from Thee.

Through dark and daylight, joy and pain,
The days are flying fast,
What shall I have to give my Lord
When Lenten days are past?

Through all the weeks my prayers shall rise,
Each day from out the seven,
"Thy Will be done in my heart, Oh Lord,
Just as it is in Heaven."

THE ALLEGED EUROPEAN COALITION

AGAINST THE UNITED STATES DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY.

During the late war and since its close, despatches regarding England's attitude toward the United States have been constantly appearing in a large number of British and American newspapers. These despatches were sent out with the view of creating the impression that France, Germany and Russia were ready to intervene in the interest of Spain, and were held in check only by the knowledge that England would array herself on our side in the event of such a contingency.

Acting on the theory that a lie, if told often enough, will in the end do duty for the truth, a small but noisy group of Americans are constantly referring to these statements in support of their contention that out of pure gratitude we should support England's position in South Africa, become her ally, and relieve the tension of her present isolated situation in Europe.

A great deal of maudlin sentimentality has been uttered since the beginning of this pro-British campaign in the United States, which has been anything but flattering to our national pride.

What has been the object, I ask, of this subserviency to a European power which has been always our consistent and untiring enemy? Why should American citizens be so anxious to credit England with a part in our victories during the late war, and attribute to her moral support, the achievements of our army and navy? How insufferably truckling in spirit appear citizens who make use of a statement, branded time and again, by the highest authorities, as a falsehood, which has the effect of exhibiting their country before the world as a protected weakling.

It is my intention in this article to show that this so-called coalition was not of continental, but of English manufacture; that it found its origin in papers notoriously under the control of the British Foreign office, for the purpose of working an unscrupulous imposture upon the credulity of the American people. This fact I will prove by the unanimous voice of the Ambassadors of the Powers directly concerned, by the statement of our Secretary of State, John Hay, and also by the reiterated statements of our own Ambassadors accredited at Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. I will show that at no time during the war with Spain did England decline to join the other Powers in a move for intervention. I will show that no such action on the part of Great Britain ever took place, and that the impeachment of the continued friendliness of the other Powers is due to a carefully-planned conspiracy of the pro-English news agencies. At no time was there a purpose on the part of the great Powers to interpose against the United States, so that there was never

an occasion for such a demonstration of English friendship as has been so assiduously presented. The story, although very widely circulated and generally accepted as a fact, is nothing less than a pure fabrication, and for the truth of history, as well as for the removal of the groundless reflection upon the attitude of the European Powers, it should no longer be accepted as a part of the records of the war.

The Ambassadors and the other high authorities I quote do not give merely their personal opinions, but the facts learned during their visits to Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

I feel that it is but simple justice to these Powers that the consistent friendship they maintained to the United States throughout every period of the war, and continue to maintain toward this Government, should not be obscured by the fiction as to the exceptional friendship of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty.

Upon the outbreak of the late war, England set to work the springs of her journalistic machinery in the European Capitals to prejudice continental opinion against the United States. At the same time, in order to fan the flame of whatever disaffection existed toward America she insidiously spread rumors of an understanding between Washington and London.

The leading correspondents at the European capitals are Englishmen, and most of the news passes through London to America. The correspondents were instructed to carefully select for transmission here the utterances of the most rabid anti-American newspapers, papers which have always had the reputation of being suspiciously close to the English Foreign Office. This journalistic campaign is an old trick of John Bull, and has been frequently worked before, but in no case so flagrantly or so successfully, as during the Hispano-American war.

Every ridiculous canard cabled from London, purporting to represent Continental opinion, was published here with startling headlines, while the views of reputable newspapers were hidden away in the most obscure corner. Our papers seem to have fallen into the trap so cleverly laid, and joined with eagerness in the British campaign of palaver, buncombe, and hypocrisy.

The "Literary Digest," an impartial review of the newspapers of the world, said, upon this point, during the early stages of the war:

> **"Owing to the want of a direct cable, the news from America to Germany and vice versa passes through English hands, and the Germans accuse the British of making unfair use of this advantage. As for the Associated Press it is asserted that the agency supplies numberless falsehoods regarding Germany and that denials are generally ignored."**

This fraud and cheat upon the public mind early showed its fruit, because continental criticisms of the United States increased in direct ratio to the wave of manufactured English emotion in our behalf.

Responsible papers in Germany and France were not inimical to the United States. During the second month of the war, cabled despatches appeared in the New York Herald which seemed to indicate that England's game was being seen through. I quote from an editorial in that paper, which was forced to admit that the origin of continental hostility to

America was mainly attributed to the British agencies. The Herald says:

"The fact is noted that England is accused of having incited the present unpleasant feeling between France and the United States, and it is curiously significant that the German press—as noted in a special cable despatch from Berlin to the Herald this morning—similarly charges the correspondent of the English newspapers with inciting antipathy between Germany and the United States."

The special Berlin correspondent of the New York Journal says:

"Diplomats here emphatically express their irritation over the persistent reports, emanating from English sources, of strained German-American relations."

Mme. MacGahan, the well-known Russian correspondent, says:

"In this present instance, the Vienna agencies are obviously working in concert with similar agencies in London, with a view to convincing the United States that they have not a friend on earth save England. But what use has the United States of anybody's friendship in the present emergency?"

Finally, let me say that the correspondents of London papers here continually cabled to the Continent every article hostile to Russia, France and Germany for the purpose of arousing irritation against us in those countries. When we recall the insulting and abusive attitude of a large element of the American press against these Powers during the Spanish war we should not wonder that there is a bitter feeling in some parts of Europe against us. The marvel is that it is not stronger.

The Attitude of France.

France, it was said, assumed the initiative looking for a concerted action of the Powers, and because Spain placed her interests and subjects under the protection of the diplomatic and consular agents of that government, additional color seemed to be lent to the fiction. But what was the attitude of the late lamented President, of M. Cambon the French Ambassador to this country, and M. Hanatoux, the then Minister of Foreign affairs, during the period of these alleged continental negotiations? We have the authority of our ambassador, General Horace Porter, in interviews, public addresses and communications to this government, that France adhered to the strict line of neutrality and that reports to the contrary were malicious fabrications. In regard to the alleged coalition, M. Cambon and M. Hanatoux, as well as General Porter, denied in the most unqualified terms any knowledge of such a proceeding. President McKinley has been outspoken in his commendation of M. Cambon for the tact, delicacy and wisdom with which he handled the difficult negotiations during the war, and leading up to the signing of the protocol.

Upon his return from the preliminary meeting of the Venezuelan Arbitration Committee in Paris, Mr. Justice Brewer was interviewed:

"From the public men I have met in France," he said, "and from others, I have heard nothing but the most cordial feeling expressed toward the United States. So far as I have been able to judge from my visit the French are quite as friendly toward the United States as the English."

Le Clair, one of the chief journals in Paris, discussing England's relations with American affairs, and the unfriendly attitude of the United States toward Germany, throws the responsibility on the English press saying:

"We know the experience of the London papers and postmasters in this kind of work, and cannot forget that in the beginning of the Hispano-American war, we also were the victims of the mislead-

ing information of these sheets whose lies and calumnies almost succeeded in deceiving the American public opinion. At the present moment, Germany is the victim of British journalism, which ably seconds the Foreign Office's efforts to embroil the United States with European Powers for the purpose of associating more closely America and England."

The aftermath of this propaganda of slander and deception is seen by the views given in the Herald, by a French diplomat. The New York Herald says under date of January 16:

"A distinguished French diplomat, who has given careful study to the history and political economy of the United States, this morning gave his explanation of the French state of mind on the subject.

"If France were convinced," he said, "that the United States had an independent policy of its own, it would applaud, but the French see in America only a docile pupil of Great Britain. We should like to sees the seas divided, not united, under the Anglo-Saxon flags against the world, and that is why thoughtful Frenchmen regret that the United States should quit its isolation of the days of Washington."

The Attitude of Germany.

Germany was the victim of the news bureaus of England for a considerable time during the war, and for that reason I shall discuss her attitude toward us at greater length.

In the memorable debate which took place upon this subject in the Reichstag, Herr von Bulow, the Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, directed attention to the relations of amity which have existed for upward of a century between Prussia and this Government.

During our Revolution, Frederick the Great refused to permit the passage of the Hessians hired by George III, through his Dominions, and he was one of the first European sovereigns to recognize the independence of the American colonies. He was also one of the chief promoters of The League of Neutrals, formed by the Northern Powers to apply pressure upon the British Government to sign the peace of 1783. During the Rebellion when Louis Napoleon tried to bring about a joint intervention on behalf of the Confederacy, Prussia and the other German States made no secret of their friendship for the United States, and German capitalists subscribed for large quantities of our bonds at a time when the people of Great Britain were lending money to the seceding states. During the Commune of 1870-71, Germany placed the lives and property of her subjects located in France, under the protection of our representatives.

In addition to such proofs of amity we have 20,000,000 people of German extraction in our Republic, a far larger number than belong to the mythical Anglo-Saxon race.

During the early weeks of the war, owing to the persistent attacks inspired by British influences, appearing in a section of the American press upon the German Government, Herr von Holleben, the German Ambassador, called twice upon the President and protested against the systematic impeachment of the good faith of his government. This unusual departure in diplomatic procedure was subsequently repeated on more than one occasion during the later developments of the war, and at each visit President McKinley warmly assured Dr. Von Holleben that he and his cabinet were perfectly satisfied with the attitude of Germany, and were not at all influenced by the irresponsible utterances of the sensational and subsidized press upon both sides of the Atlantic.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to the Court of Emperor William, had peculiar facilities for discovering the feeling of the Kaiser's Government, and in notable speeches delivered in Leipsic and Berlin, he vigorously denounced the statements appearing in certain newspapers as absolutely baseless. He was equally emphatic in his declaration that no combination, organized or individual, had been attempted by any Continental Government for the purpose of interfering with or neutralizing the force of the United States' position in the Hispano-American war.

So bitterly were the attacks upon Germany by American newspapers and public men resented by the American colony in Munich, that they held a meeting on January 24, 1899, and denounced the anti-German expressions used in the press and House of Representatives. It was decided at this meeting to draw up a protest and send it to the government at Washington, accompanied by a declaration that no animosity against America existed in Germany.

The Neuster Nachrichten, in commenting upon this protest, expressed a deep sense of its regret that the credulity of the American people should be exploited to such an extent by the sensational press and Anglomaniacs of the United States.

The Kolnische Zeitung, in its issue of January 30, 1899, commenting upon the assertion of General Woodford that Continental Europe was ready to interfere with the plans of the United States, except for England, said: "The idea that there was any European anti-American coalition is a mere figment of the imagination. Certainly Germany, France and Russia, from the very outset of complications, resolved to maintain the strictest neutrality."

Finally, we have had the debate in the Reichstag, to which I have previously alluded, in which the members of all political parties vied with one another, and with the ministers of the government, in expressing good-will and friendliness toward our government and our country.

There is no doubt that Admiral Von Diederichs in the Philippines displayed a want of tact and an officiousness that was altogether unnecessary, but the moment the Kaiser was made aware of the situation he relieved him of his command and substituted his own brother Prince Henry. What further reparation could the German Emperor have made?

Russia's Position.

And now I shall discuss the attitude of Russia.

Not once, but several times has Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, denounced the fiction of the so-called European concert. I quote from his latest interview, held at the Russian Embassy, in Washington, on November 12, 1898. The Ambassador after a vigorous protest against the foreign-interference lie, which the English press, and the Anglo-American Alliance promoters had been using to further their scheme, continued:

"At no time was there a purpose on the part of the great Powers to intervene against the United States. No appeal by Spain to limit the claims of the United States has been made to Russia or to other foreign governments.

"America needs not the friendship

of England to become a great power. She is a great power! England needs the friendship of America—that is why she speaks as she does now. England wants America to help her to her schemes, and America will not let herself be used, I am sure. During your war with Spain, though the contrary has been urged, yet I know as a fact that at no time was there any purpose of the Powers to check America's plans or advances upon the Philippines.

"England did not refuse to join for intervention, because I say that no one wished to intervene."

Count Cassini is corroborated by no less an authority than our Ambassador at the court of the Czar during the Spanish war, the Hon. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, who at present holds a portfolio in the cabinet of President McKinley. In an interview had with him by a representative of the Associated Press, Mr. Hitchcock denounced emphatically the stories current since the beginning of the Hispano-American war that Russia was a member of a coalition of Continental Powers which would have intervened in the dispute had not England refused to join them.

"These stories are utterly unfounded," said Mr. Hitchcock. "There has never been a single item of proof produced to substantiate them, and, on the contrary, Russia has been most friendly towards the United States and has manifested that friendship during the past years in many ways, of which my position forbids me to speak."

The Hon. John W. Bookwalter, formerly Governor of Ohio, a brilliant man of affairs and ideas, was in Russia during the war and was allowed to go everywhere, to see everything, and to take any number of photographs. "The United States will commit a woeful mistake," he said, "if they fail to retain the friendship of Russia, the great world-power of the future. Everywhere I found the kindest, most friendly feeling toward America, and heard everywhere expressions of satisfaction over America's success in our war with Spain. Wherever I went everything was thrown open to me simply because I was an American. I distrust the friendship of England, and advise above all the cultivation of friendship with France, Germany and Russia."

I have reserved until now what is possibly the highest corroborative testimony I have quoted upon this subject, the testimony of a man who above all others should have been acquainted with the sinister intentions of the Powers and the friendly spirit of the government of the octogenarian sovereign of England. I refer to an interview with Colonel John Hay, our Ambassador to the Court of St. James during the Spanish war and our present Secretary of State. Upon his arrival in this country, the following categorical question was asked Colonel Hay, and I give both question and answer verbatim, from the New York World of September 22, '98.

QUES.—"*You mean to state positively that there was no combined or individual attempt on the part of Germany, France or Russia to humiliate the United States by taking sides with Spain?*"

ANS.—"*I certainly do. Nothing of of the kind occurred.*"

About the same time in the leading newspapers of America appeared an interview with William T. Stead, the well-known British journalist, whose opportunities for diplomatic informa-

tion on the continent are well recognized. Speaking of the alleged combination of the Powers he said: "I am afraid I shall have to prick this bubble, much as I should desire England to have assumed the position so generally attributed to her. She did not have the chance to do so, as no attempt was made by any of the Powers to interfere with the United States. This fact I have learned by inquiries at the Foreign offices in Paris, London and Berlin: and men of all parties disavow the whole story."

Henry Labouchere, M. P., the editor of London Truth, and other British journalists of distinction have frequently ridiculed the story.

Against this weight of testimony nothing has been advanced by the believers in this mythical coalition of the Powers, but an anonymous article which appeared in a second-rate London publication, called the National Review. This magazine is edited by a Captain Maxse. It is generally believed in the United States that the article was inspired if not written by an Englishman named A. Maurice Low, who has had some connection in Washington with English and American newspapers for some time past. Mr. Low is an avowed and militant supporter of an Anglo-American Alliance, and is a firm believer in the new-fangled notion that the Anglo-Saxon race must rule the world.

The proof of the pudding lies in the eating and the best index of English opinion—private and governmental—may be found in contemporary British newspapers and magazines. Let me append a few extracts from the representative English journals during the Spanish war:

Here is fraternity from the St. James Gazette:

"If American intervention goes farther now in an aggressive, insulting attack upon the mere existence of European sovereignty over the island, our sense of justice compels us to sympathize with Spain, and a straitwaistcoat would seem to be a useful article for outside powers to provide for a country which, like Greece in the Cretan question, wanted to bite off more than it could chew without any consideration for the disturbance of other people's interests.

Here is "Hands across the Sea," from the amiable Saturday Review:

"We are told that America represents the cause of civilization, humanity, progress, while Spain represents mediæval barbarism and cruelty. We should like a little better evidence of the proposition. In Cuba itself there is anarchy and devastation, but we do not know that the invasion of the island by American filibusters and carpet-baggers will constitute an improvement. . . . Wipe out both countries and their achievements tomorrow, and which of them would be mourned by civilization? Should we miss most the oil and the corn and the iron and the pigs, or the poetry of Calderon, the art of Velasquez, the immortal fiction of Cervantes? All these would be regarded as 'back numbers' in New York or Chicago, but the world will remember them; and what will it care to remember about America?"

April 28, 1898, the N. Y. Herald had this from London:

"The trend of English sentiment toward Spain is becoming so pronounced as to be a generally recognized fact. All resident Americans, even American diplomats are compelled to admit it. Although the government's friendly attitude is unchanged, it is questioned whether a majority in Parliament is not now Spanish in its sympathies, although a week ago practically unanimously partisan for the United States.

"A straw indicating the direction of the wind is shown at a popular music hall in London, where nightly pictures of the American and Spanish war ships are shown by the kinetoscope. The American war ships are only moderately applauded; the Spanish most enthusiastically."

Blood is thicker than water, in the Saturday Review:

"The United States is socially sordid to the last degree; its courts and civil institutions are corrupt, and it has shown the world the depth of public depravity into which a civilization is capable of descending."

Our cousins in the country north of us spoke of us through the Hamilton Times in this appreciative spirit:

"While some Canadian papers show a disposition to play the lickspittle and try to curry favor with the organs of the bullies across the line, the war organs do not spare the feelings of Canadians in the least. Many of them openly boast that the war to capture Cuba and the Philippines is to be followed in due time by giving effect to the Monroe Doctrine by seizing Canada, Jamaica, etc., a threat which quite naturally elicits notes of defiance."

The Literary Digest sums up British opinion as follows:

"Is England with us? That part of the British press which has proven itself most influential during the past few years certainly is not. Our sympathizers are the papers which promised to aid Armenia and backed Greece, The Daily Chronicle, Leader, Manchester Guardian, Advertiser, etc. Government organs like The Standard, sit on the fence. Confirmed Conservatives, such as The St. James's Gazette, side openly with Spain. Journals which are compared by continental papers to our American "Know-Nothing" press abuse us in the most unreserved manner, such, for instance, as The Saturday Review."

The Associated Press sent from London April 29, 1898, this:

"Individual opinion and the sympathies of a large majority of the British are undoubtedly anti-American. This is evident to every one having any intercourse with the people."

These are samples only: the British papers even after Dewey's victory teemed with sneers and abuse of America. It was only after the results of the war began to dawn on the brain of Britain and the colossus of the West began to loom up big and serene, that the government of England woke to the necessity of getting in out of the rain, and of capturing America for an ally. Then began the propaganda of falsehood and imposture, the use of false telegrams, the fabrication of bogus conspiracies, the manufacture of a tender and effusive affection for the new, strong world-power. Every British agency went to work with a will; banking and stock exchange agencies toiled nobly; the cables were heavy with taffy from London and laden with fabricated hatreds from Europe. Evidently England imagined that the ears of Americans were longer than their memories. She needs us now; she needs anybody she can get; let us be wise as strong and simply say, "John! Your fraternity is beautiful and does you credit, but this is our busy day; we have troubles of our own; we are not in any alliance mood this week."

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Just ten years have elapsed since the greatest master of the house of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam lay in the weariness and resignation of death on the pallet of the Hospital of the Brothers of Saint Jean de Dieu.

Have we forgotten—or have we been told—of his love for our young country, with its mysterious past and wonderful promises, that fascinated his soul, always enamoured of the magnificent, and called forth, in celebration of our national Centennial in 1875, his weird and powerful drama, Le Nouveau Monde? His tributes to Edgar Poe alone; the reverent study he gave the latter's stories and art ideals should of themselves entitle him to our consideration as the first great European writer of prose to be influenced by American genius.

Beaten down in the race of life like so many other masters of his craft, Villiers, throughout his unconventional and unhappy career, saw himself outstripped by the whole herd of literary pettifoggers; saw his own wonderful sayings and bon mots go to fill up the daily pages of his hangers-on in the underground brasseries of Paris—and yet no fame, no recompense for him.

It was beneficent in his Maker to have given Villiers one great consolation in all his miseries; this was his pride in his family, which from the fourteenth century had been glorious in the annals of France, had given Rhodes its first Grand Master in 1521, and had as proud an escutcheon as any in Europe. Was it some atavistic strain, the soul of some doughty Crusader, that in this nineteenth century had its reincarnation in Villiers? For his heart and his fancy were almost wholly in the past, with the crude, clean life of the first Knights of the Sepulchre; the gloom of those wild ages fell upon him with tragic blackness; the gleam of swords and spears, the flaming of a pennon, the wave of an arras, the secrets of a castle-keep—all were part of his daily vision and distracted him from his real afflictions.

Poor Breton marquis and marquise, watching your son Mathias day by day, letting the grasping world go by him! In your miserable apartments, with here and there a remnant of your ancestors' splendor, there was little happiness, we are sure, and only the cold superiority of your family pride to keep you from envy and chagrin. And when the day of his success did not come, and hopefully, half cheerfully, you disappeared from the little scene, your son, affectionate as a child, grown old without prosperity or promise, wayward in his weaknesses, knelt by your bedside and all but despaired.

How he survived through these long years of neglect in Paris is a story more than wonderful, helped only, as he was, by some humble friend who, in his many changes of lodgings, seemed to be raised up providentially to preserve him. And yet when he would saunter forth on the boulevards just as the lamps were

being lighted, and, like one in a dream, his strange eyes with their light of far-away staring before him, there were some triumphs reserved for him. For his little world knew him and cringed before him, fearful that the newspapers should herald forth his fatal sarcasms, his brilliant venom, the following morning. Yes, he was prince by his own right in his own domains, the rendezvous of Parisian Bohemia.

We can see him, too, in the circle of the Parnassians at the house of Catulle Mendès, singing absent-mindedly, just as Francois Coppee describes him, some sonnet of Baudelaire to which he had given one of his effective musical settings. That was in the earlier days when Villiers' published work amounted to a few pieces in the journals, principally in the Revue Fantaisiste. A publisher in Lyons was soon to bring out his Premieres Poesies, and two plays, Ellen and Morgane, which never saw the glow of the footlights, were in course of preparation.

Then came his lawsuit against the Porte Saint Martin Theatre for the slander of the Grand Marshal Jean de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam in a drama entitled Perrinet Leclerc. It seemed to the Parisian public to be peculiarly comic, this attempt of the poet's to defend the reputation of the old warrior of the fourteenth century, and there was much giggling whenever it was spoken of. As a piece of legal learning, it should be added that the court (after passing upon the validity of the artist's line of descent that had been so much ridiculed and assailed) decided that the Grand Marshal being an historical personage, as such was public property, and might be treated as authors saw fit.

Also connected with the stage was the contest instituted by the theatrical press of France in honor of the Centennial of 1875, in which Villiers bore off the palm, against many competitors, with his drama, Le Nouveau Monde, which we have mentioned already. Such men as Victor Hugo, Emile Augier, and Mr. Grenville Murray as representative of the New York Herald, constituting a final committee of award, seemed to assure those entering the lists that the promised medal, the prize in money, and the production at the Theatre Francais would be forthcoming. Villiers' drama received the award and the announcement of victory. As for medal, prize, and production, not one of them was given him!

A more amusing picture is that of our poet as the Royalist candidate for the Conceil Generale of the Seine, with the negro poet Heredia as his opponent. It is a picture full of contrasts: the Villiers of the boulevards and the attics championed by the staunchest old dowagers and the clergy of a rural district. Not the least comic part were the projects that he announced in his speeches, among which there was one for the re-establishment of the debtors' prison to provide a refuge for literary men. As he had expected from the start, defeat was the result, and Villiers turned again to his writing.

Music also owes her debt of gratitude to our author; for much that we know of the inner personality, the art theories and aspirations of Wagner, we learn through the writings of Villiers, who from the day when he first met the great musician at the house of that sinister friend Baudelaire, was bound to him in the strongest ties of tenderness and admiration. While in Germany to attend the first presenta-

tion of the opera Parsifal, Villiers was called upon at the court of the fanatical Louis of Bavaria to read his much-discussed sketch of Triboulat Bonhommet. The prolonged screams of laughter that convulsed the august assembly caused him to look up, when to his horror he discovered that Liszt, who was sitting directly before him, was identical with the description of his hero.

Another encounter with royalty was that of the banquet given to the Naundorff, who was pretending to the throne of France through the Dauphin of the Temple, and in whose claims Villiers, together with many well-informed people, believed most firmly. During the evening in question an old count, who had spent his life and fortune in the service of the pretender, happened to give the latter some cause of offence, whereupon he was so overwhelmed with abuse before all those present that he burst into tears. During the silence that followed, Villiers arose with his glass in his hand, and, turning toward the Naundorff, said: "Sire, I drink your majesty's health. Your claims are certainly beyond dispute. You have all the ingratitude of a king!"

The end was approaching for Villiers, worn out by deprivations and neglect; but before it came there was a period, though brief indeed, in which he had a taste of the sweets of success and comparative prosperity. The journals were beginning to call for his copy, and the publishers to hazard the production of his works.

It was the collection of his sketches, entitled Contes Cruels, that inaugurated this change, and it was rapidly followed by that mysterious novel, L' Eve Future, inscribed "To dreamers and to scoffers," and which Nordau has stupidly taken in earnest. L'Amour Supreme and Nouveaux Contes Cruels appeared in 1888, the most productive year of Villiers' life, together with Axel, the great philosophical drama in which Jules Bois finds evidence of Villiers' participation in cabalistic beliefs, unaware, perhaps, that the Vicomte du Pontavice de Heussy, a close friend and relative of the poet, has expressly stated that it would be wrong to make such an inference from any expression in Axel. J. K. Huysmans, in a letter describing the last hours of Villiers, relates that the latter had plans of remodelling the drama and suppressing some theories which he thought were unorthodox. Notwithstanding this, Bois in his Satanisme et la Magie quotes Huysmans to the effect that Villiers' last hours were comforted by the ministrations of an old man whom Bois calls a sorcerer, and from whom Villiers received something like the beaten yolk of an egg. When we consider the intensity and tenderness of the poet's devotion to the faith of his people and the sincerity and fervor of his last hours, as Huysmans himself described them elsewhere, these anecdotes of Jules Bois seem puerile indeed.

Axel and Isis and Le Noveau Monde are works more magnificent, perhaps, in their breadth and outline, but it is upon such short pieces from his Contes Cruels as Vera, Vox Populi, and L'Intersign that the poet's real fame is likely to be founded. Worked out with inexpressible care, amid the most dire surroundings, these are works of an art appealing only to the highest literary appreciations; they are cut jewels rather than flowers —if such a comparison be allowed— and in this cold intensity of theirs suggest continually the best tales in the

repertory of Poe. The American master can offer nothing finer than Villiers' conception of the old-time Queen Isabeau, in which she condemns her lover to death; and while Ligeia is a beautiful personification, such as can never lose its hold upon lovers of the ideal, the author of Contes Cruels presents us in the exquisite person of his Vera a creation that must be equally immortal.

It was in the midsummer of 1889, when Paris was half deserted, that the Comte de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam passed away. There were few friends left at his bedside during those last hours of bitter agony; his wife, an humble woman who had cared for him for years, and the priest of his faith, to which, amid all the irregularities and sceptical surroundings of his life, he had ever been firmly attached.

His was a life to inspire the thought of our generation: absolute devotion to his art and his beliefs, fearless in defence of the wronged and oppressed, noble and chivalrous as the purest knighthood of the days of which it was his consolation to dream.

IN THE MONASTERY GARDEN.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

The sleepy little town of Santa Barbara lies drowsing in the golden noontide, at its back the purple mountains, against which the walls of the monastery gleam whitely; at its feet the shimmering sea. The mountains, seen in the varying light and shadow, change from day to day, from hour to hour, as does also the restless, inconstant sea; but in the monastery itself there is no change. In the Spanish-American pueblo, down there, generations have come and gone since the mission bells first summoned the faithful to prayer; and the hands that, a century ago

> **"Reared the massive walls,**
> **And formed the turrets, stone on stone,**
> **Lie mouldering where the shadow falls."**

But candles burn upon the altars as of

yore, and in the quaint, old confessional the plea of the penitent is still heard.

It might be a corner of Old Spain, so warm is the sunlight on the tiled roof, so balmy the breeze that sets the gray-green leaves of the olive trees all a-quiver, so blue the overarching sky.

In the corridor that opens upon the walled garden, a dark-robed figure paces meditatively. The garden is aglow with color; geraniums blaze in the shrubberies, snowy lilies swing their censers beside winding paths, and an oleander drops the pink petals of its abundant bloom in the mossy basin of the fountain. Everywhere there are roses, roses, roses! They wreathe the pillars of the portals, creep to the top of the wall, and tumble—a cascade of bloom—into the dusty street, and spread a mantle of beauty over decay. There are great clusters of velvety blossoms with hearts of gold, growing side by side with roses as pure as the cheek of a nun; blush roses, creamy roses, and the wonderful Gold of Ophir rose, that seems to gather and hold the very essence of the California sunshine. Also, there is a crimson rose, like to that which the maids of Castile wear in their blue-black braids. Does a thought of his youth in that far-off land of his birth come to Father Antonio, as he crosses the uneven flagging and severs a half-blown rose from the parent stem?

A group of school children lingers at the iron-barred gate, their wistful eyes fixed upon the ripening apricots. They smile joyously when they see Father Antonio, for does he not belong to them, and they to him? When they have departed with their treasure-trove of fruit, Father Antonio sits him down on a bench by the garden gate.

The trill of a mocking-bird in a near-by thicket of palms, and the plash of the water in the fountain alone break the silence. The drowsy god touches the heavy eyelids of Father Antonio, and he slumbers; but not for long. Voices, and a burst of gay laughter on the other side of the gate rouse him from dreams of fair Castile. It is only a pair of foolish young lovers; but for them, as for all, Father Antonio has a smile and a word of welcome. They are to be married this evening, and afterward they will dance in the moonlight under the big grapevine that the mission fathers planted, long years ago. Will the father give of his white roses for the adorning of the bride? The roses are passed through the grating, and radiant with joy the lovers take their departure.

Then comes old Ramon, the sheep-herder, bowed with the weight of eighty years, his trembling hands resting on his stout, oaken staff, his white hair falling over his brown, withered face. He, too, would taste of the fruit of the garden of Hesperides; and though it were the last upon the bough, he would not have been sent empty-handed away.

Thus the procession of life—childhood, youth and old age—passes daily outside the walls of the monastery garden. Within, the spirit of peace seems ever to abide, "brooding like a white-winged dove." In Campo Santo (God's Acre), just beyond the garden, leaning headstones mark the graves of Father Antonio's brethren; and there he will lie when his busy, useful life comes to a close, and he receives the summons to put off the robe of Order Gray for the white robe of immortality.

"There he, too, will lie."

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.*

With the familiar words "Look here upon this picture and on this," Mr. Clement Scott, introduces his audience to the "Drama of Yesterday and Today," the yesterday reaching back to October 6, 1841, when the future dramatic critic was born. This date, as is natural, has a "personal and peculiar interest" for the writer, and no one will deny him the right "to tell

*Published in two volumes by The Macmillan Company, New York.

my story my own way, and with the light of my own experience,—as I desire to give a general survey of the dramatic scene as it has passed before my eyes as a stage-struck lad, an enthusiastic pittite, a very serious amateur, and a possibly too earnest critic,—I naturally begin with my own beginning."

Then follows a pen picture of London at that early date, its playhouses and its players, the fields, market gardens, the hedges of may and hawthorn surroundings Christchurch parsonage, Hoxton, and the suburban retreats where the old gathered to talk over the glorious past, and the young made merry and planned their future,—a bright one of course.

The sketch of the quiet little boy, outlined with unconscious skill by the man of nearly sixty years, is very interesting. "I have often wondered," he says, "how it was that from my earliest childhood I was, so to speak, inoculated with a love for the drama. I was not exactly stage-struck, for I never had any desire whatever to be an actor, or even to go behind the curtain. Still I had my imagination fevered with the fancy, the terror, the humor, and the romance that passed before one on the stage.

"I must have been a strange rather silent, introspective, and thoughtful boy. Very early in life I was sent to a day school in Theberton street, Islington, close by Cloudesley Square. It was kept by a celebrated character, one George Darnell, a hopelessly lame pedagogue, called 'Humpy' by the boys. Darnell had, with the aid of his writing-master, William Smith, whose little daughter was my first love, invented a series of copy and ex-

JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE.

Irving's life-long friend.

ercise books, which I believe exist to this day.

"I hated my life at this terrible Islington school. The head master frightened me to death, and I regarded him, rightly or wrongly, as some awful ogre. The boys were as a rule uncongenial; they were rank Puritans, and chaffed me for being a 'Puseyite' because my father, a moderate High Churchman, was opposed to the pronounced Calvinism of Daniel Wilson, the Vicar of Islington; and, to add injury to insult, these young Islington Evangelicals stole my favorite marbles. My only happy moments were with the kind-hearted French master, M. Voquelin, who seemed to lead a lonely life, and naturally with sweet little Annie Smith, who comforted, caressed, and prepared warm tea in the school-room, on cold mornings for the sad-faced, quiet, little lad.

"In order to get rid of the paralyzing horror of that school, to which I trudged day after day, past Dodd's Dust Heap,' which terrified me to distraction with its army of hideous women dressed in hats and coats like men, sifting the rags and bones, I must have used every mental artifice. This same Henry Dodd was immortalised by Charles Dickens in 'The Golden Dustman.' * * * *

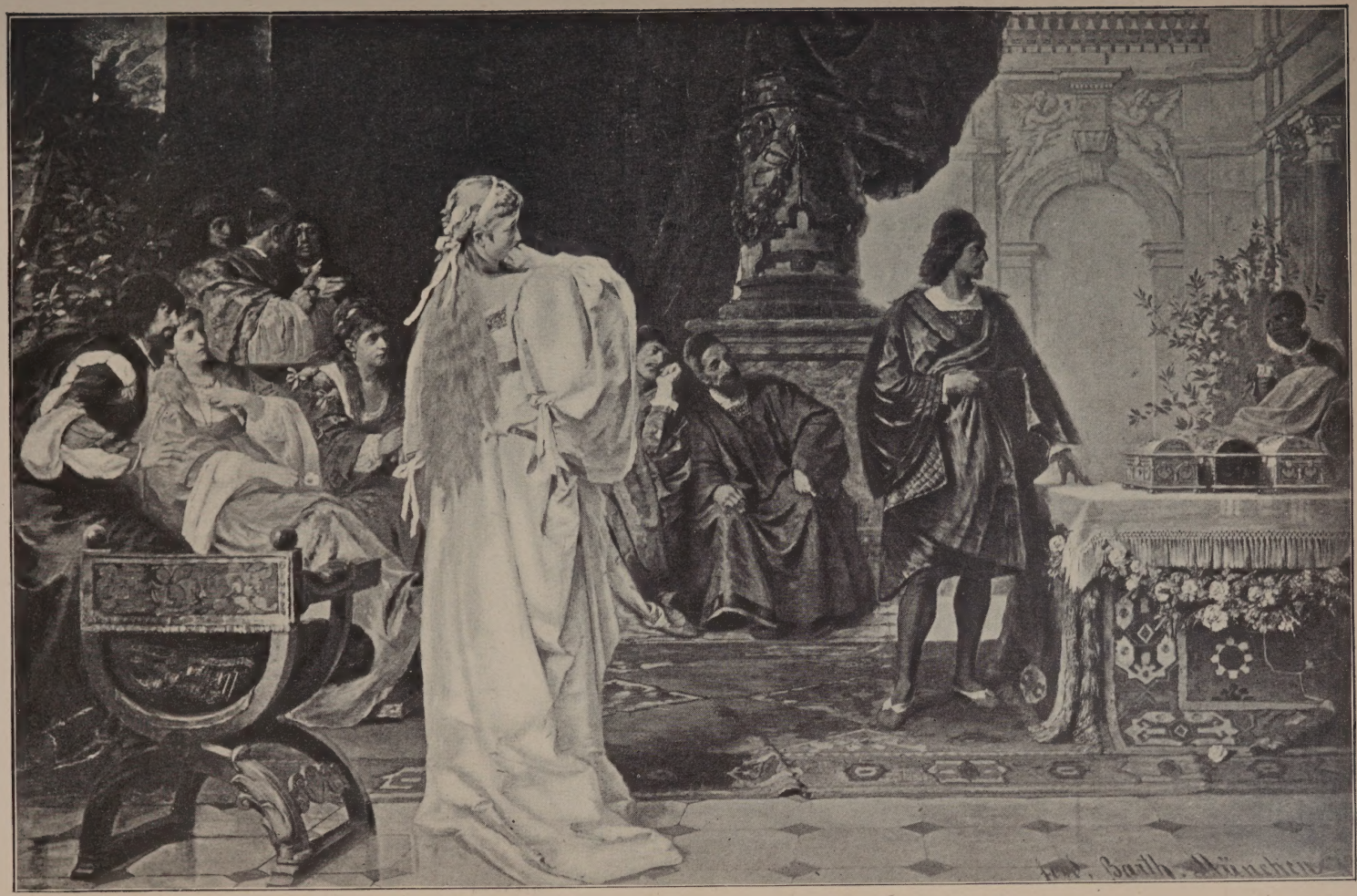
"So away I went to school every morning, along Eagle Wharf road, over the Britannia Bridge, across the Shepherdess Fields, that had long ago lost their Arcadian simplicity, and were being built over by Mr. Rydon, a great speculator. In order to counteract the distastefulness of the dustmen and dustwomen, and the grimy artisans at the engineering works, who swarmed round my favorite apple and gingerbread stall, and the city clerks who rushed past me helter skelter to their banks and offices, I turned my attention to the gaily colored posters on the wall, and tried to imagine what the plays could be about, at the Grecian and Britannia saloons, and as far away as Nelson Lee's City of London theatre.

"These theatrical pictures, so gaudily displayed in all their glory, were my joy and delight, and I longed for the time when some one would give me a tip so that I could steal away and see for the first time a real play on a real stage."

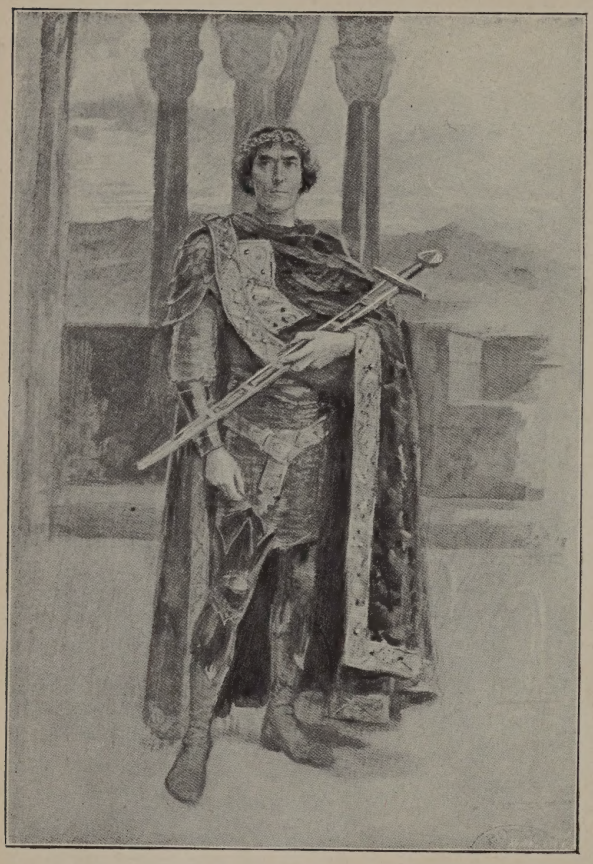
This wish was presently gratified, the little dreamer becoming a playgoer in a very small way before the forties had expired. The children of Christ Church parsonage were seldom taken to a pantomime, but at theEaster and Christmas seasons were always treated to seats in the front row of the Lyceum dress circle.

"I had not aspired to the dignity of an Eton-jacket, pepper-and-salt trouers, and a turn-over collar when I saw Charles Mathews in "Used Up," and as "Affable Hawk" in "A Game of Speculation," and Madame Vestris in those beautiful fairy extravaganzas by Planche—with whose friendship I was also honored as a youth—"The King of the Peacocks," "The Island of Jewels," and "King Charming." But the special occasion that seems to have graven itself on the boy's memory is one not shared with the family circle, the joyous evening when as a special treat all to himself he was taken to see "The Lady of Lyons."

My guardians and mentors were a member of the Stock Exchange, who



THE CASKET SCENE IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."
"A Play that has been modernized for the Japanese Stage."



HENRY IRVING AS KING ARTHUR.

sang bass in my father's choir—'Tom Jackson'—and one of my father's curates—George Rose—whose writings and entertainments long after were popular under the name of 'Arthur Sketchley'; so you will see that the church and the stage were not so very widely separated even fifty years ago. The theatrical treat had been planned out and most elaborately arranged by my kindly mentors, who loved to delight a little lad. Think what we might do all of us today if we did the same in a generous and unselfish spirit! My memory of this delightful evening has lasted for over fifty years!"

Mr. Scott improves several opportunities in the course of his reminiscences to dwell on deeds of kindness to children, asserting "these things children never forget. Kindness is to them an eternal memory." One early friend is gratefully recalled in this amusing account of a child's confused ideas of the nature of the treat in store for him:

"When I was being prepared for this delightful and festive evening's entertainment by the nursery governess, to whom I was deeply attached because she apparently understood my peculiar sensitive nature, and soothed the susceptibilities of a dreamy, sentimental child, I must have astonished her by a very strange question. I was thinking and pondering over the words I had heard, "The Lady of Lyons," lost "in the seventh heaven of delight and anticipation," as this kindly and generous woman would have described me, as I stood a victim prepared to be curled and combed, when I suddenly interrupted her in the process of hair-brushing, standing as I was on a chair, with this remark:

"I wonder if I shall be very frightened when she gets into the cage?"

"The cage, my dear? What cage? I know nothing about a cage! You are going to the play!"

To which I replied, looking up at her with an astonished expression,

somewhat vexed, no doubt, at my interrupted thoughts:

"What cage? Why, the Lady of Lions!"

AN EARLY PICTURE OF ELLEN TERRY.

I imagined Pauline was a female Van Amburgh!"

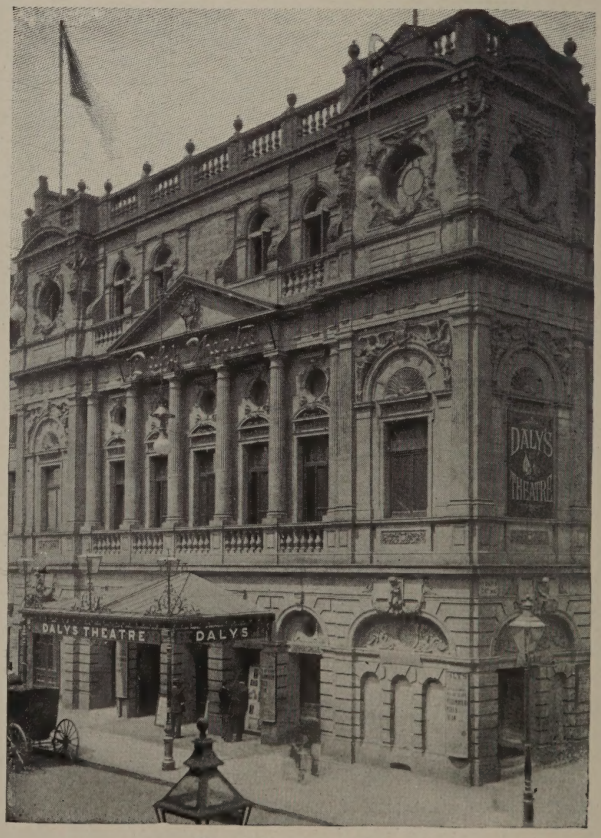
A side treat that added not a little to the joy of this memorable occasion was the visit to the city chop house, one of the oldest in London. "I remember it was up a court and just inside the door of the chop house was a huge cupboard such as you see even now in the court-yard of an old-fashioned English inn.

This glass cupboard was stocked with the most presentable raw chops and steaks that the eye ever rested

on, all neatly trimmed, pared, and ready for cooking. The customer or guest arriving at Dolly's was greeted by a cook in a snow-white cap and apron, holding a fork, with which the visitor promptly speared the chop or steak that took his fancy, and then and there he transferred his prize to another cook stationed at the "grid," who, according to instruction, grilled the delicate morsels under your nose. So you see that the open Spiers and Pond grill was only a revival of old chop-house customs of the late forties.

The repast was enjoyed in cosy boxes, with oyster sauce of the very best; and the gold brown stout or London porter in polished pewters were draughts to be remembered. Sometimes the city men sat late in chop houses over a bottle of port wine or old Madeira, such as the London clubs had stored and binned in their cellars before "strangers' rooms" drank up what was laid down for the community; but, as a rule, a chop or steak and a tankard of ale, stout, or half and half, was quite good enough for the playgoers of moderate days."

The description of the Theatre Royal is equally graphic. The writer makes us see the lounging stalls, the pit right up to the orchestra, the hard benches with their alert, intelligent occupants, and the women with the clumsy baskets of theatre dainties clambering over them and offering their wares in shrill, discordant voices. We can see the "bills" vilely printed, and almost catch the smell of the bad ink that never seemed to dry. There are warm words of praise for the pit and ready recognition of its influence in promoting or ruining the interests of a play. There is also a loving estimate of the friend to whom he owed so much, Arthur Sketchley, "the most fascinating companion for child, boy, or man, full of anecdote and the soul of fun, a classical scholar and a rare conversationlist." From the dramatic critic there could be no higher praise even after the lapse of fifty years than



DALY'S LONDON THEATRE.

to say that George Rose "was just the right sort of man to take a boy to the play for the first time and introduce him to an old world city chop house." As a member of the home circle he seems to have given equal satisfaction by means of the variety of his accomplishments, and was possessed of a lightness of heart not too severely repressed by his superior. "When he was caught dancing or pirouetting around our dining room by his vicar—my father—the only greeting he got was "don't be such a fool, Rose."

The friendship so happily begun in the parsonage at Hoxton continued through later life. George Rose, after ceasing his duties as private tutor to the present Duke of Norfolk, and Clement Scott met again in Bohemia Land, an eminently fitting place as both were Bohemians at heart. "We contributed together to Fun, when under the editorship of Tom Hood," says Mr. Scott, "we dined together at the tables of celebrated actors and literary men; we belonged to the same clubs, and never parted until a sudden death separated us, and I followed my beloved friend to his grave in the Catholic churchyard at Fulham, where he rests, please God, in peace."

The next important milestone in young Scott's career was reached on the 23rd of May, 1860, when, a happy lad of eighteen years, he walked down to the war office to take an appointment as a government clerk. "Was ever a lad happier than I on that bright and sunny day? I doubt it. I had passed my competitive examination; I was posted to one of the best offices in the Civil Service; I had not a care or trouble in the world; no debts, no worries, no enemies; a splendid constitution; a public school training; and a fixed determination not to shirk the responsibilities of life. The world went very well with me on that 23rd of May, 1860. Not of age yet, I was my own master, with a new suit of clothes on my back, a latchkey on my chain and a clean, crisp five-pound note in my pocket.

"It seemed to me 'the maddest, merriest day' I had ever experienced. It was Derby Day. The horns were blowing, and the coaches and carriages, with postilions in white beaver hats and blue jackets, were dashing past me. The girls were all smiling, the hampers, with the goodies and champagne packed up behind, were swinging behind the rumble. If ever I experienced the joy of living, I did so that glad May day."

It speaks well for the training of the boy, and his appreciation of it, that, having been given his freedom, he did not join the merry-makers instead of keeping a business appointment. He confesses that the delights of the Derby were a temptation, but his father's words decided him. "Take my advice, and don't go down to the Derby. The chief clerk at the War Office has written to ask you to report yourself in Pall Mall on the 23d. If he had meant the 24th he would have said so." In recording this advice the son pays grateful tribute to his father's wisdom. In this case virtue was certainly its own reward. By going down on the 23d young Scott was placed over the heads of six other competitors, who preferred the Derby to duty. "In after life that seniority of a few hours meant very much to me. It meant promotion in advance of six men, quite as good, and perhaps a good deal better than myself."

Through all the monotony of copying, indexing pay lists, and registering

dead soldiers' effects the boy retained his love of the drama, and his ambition to become a dramatic critic grew stronger as his greater liberty enabled him to see more of the stage. Though laughed at by Tom Hood, and discouraged by the gentle mother who feared the effect of ridicule and failure on the sensitive nature of her son, he lost no opportunity to realize his purpose. His encounter with Mr. Fergusson makes delightfully interesting reading. It was this gentleman, "all politeness and amiability," who gave him his first work as dramatic critic for the Victoria Press at a salary of five pounds a week. The lad's elation, his eager recital of the good news, his father's smile and gentle sarcasm, will recall to many similar occasions in their own youth when the door of chance seemingly offered ingress to the land of fortune. Young Scott paid all his own expenses and worked like a beaver to please his employers, and succeeded handsomely. "Both Fergusson and Spry professed themselves delighted with my work," he says. They spurred him on to nobler efforts but delicately refrained from any reference to salary forcing him after weeks had elapsed to suggest that a check would be very convenient. Then came disillusion.

"The Victoria Press was in difficulties; the printers were becoming clamorous, and this brilliant little journal would have to be stopped unless some philanthropic person would advance the paltry sum of twenty pounds. Unluckily for me I had just received my quarter's salary; and. persuaded by Fergusson, who flattered me on my success as a journalist, which would be certainly nipped in the bud if the Victoria Press died an untimely death, I lent the firm the sum of twenty pounds, leaving myself comparatively penniless for the next quarter. Alas, at the end of that fatal week I could not find the Victoria Press anywhere. I hurried off for explanations from my editor and proprietor. The iron gate of the dingy court was open, but the office door was closed. The birds of prey had flown. From that day to this I have seen nothing of the wily Fergusson, and in his I. O. U., which I still possess, there is but scant and sorry consolation."

However this was only a temporary disappointment, the real appointment came soon after, when he was engaged as dramatic critic of the Sunday Times at a salary of two pounds per week.

The chapter "Early Days as a Dramatic Critic" gives some vivid impressions of the conduct of the stage at that period, the methods of work followed by the actors, and their ways of spending their rare leisure hours. It also relates anecdotes of happenings, amusing and otherwise, in the career of various stars. Among such pleasurable memories Tom Hood's Friday Nights deservedly hold high place.

"Assisted by his good natured and enthusiastic wife, we were provided every Friday with a plain old-fashioned supper of cold roast beef, salad, bread and cheese, potatoes in their jackets, and whatever we wanted to drink or smoke in reason.

This was something like a sacrifice to the pocket of a hard-working, struggling, literary man. But he did it, proud and glad to be of service to all who intended to make their mark in life if they could.

It was a kind of very humble literary salon; but how much better here, with this band of brothers, these staunch, determined "pals," who

"rolled logs" for one another, and helped each other in need, than wasting our time and substance in the alluring cafes of the Haymarket, at the casinos and dancing rooms, or at the card table. Poker and nap and solo whist and "bridge" were unknown. They would not, under any circumstances, have been permitted or even suggested at Tom Hood's Friday Nights.

We came to talk literature, to discuss the books we had read, or the plays we had seen, to hear good music, to crack jokes, to tell good stories and to plan our papers and periodicals, destined, of course, to make the fortunes of all of us, which doubtless would have been the case had any of us possessed one farthing of capital."

That Mr. Scott has given many of these stories permanent form by quoting them in his book is a good fortune for all whose privilege it is to possess a copy. The vicissitudes of actors and actresses seeking to eke out their slender salaries by all kinds of clever devices and the consequent mishaps, may be laughed at now when the names of these men and women have for years stood for the highest dramatic achievement. As an instance in point may be quoted Charles Warner's own description of one dire calamity which not even a sister's love could avert.

"A funny thing occurred during the performance of "The Castle Spectre." As the slave, Sahib, I had to wear long brown stockings to represent the naked flesh. My legs were like two broomsticks, and my body about as fat as a match. My poor sister, to improve my legs, cut up a garment of flannel and made me pads, which, placed down the stockings, made my legs look abnormally large in comparison to other portions of my body. Robert Pateman was playing Earl Percy, and in a struggle which occurs in the piece he seized me, and being a remarkably agile and powerful young man, he twisted both my splendid flannel calves into the front of my shins. I became cruelly deformed, and the roar of laughter which ensued ended the scene. Every time I came on after that I was received with shouts of applause and derision. However I pulled through it all, and on Monday I appeared as the Duke of Burgundy in 'King Lear,' and was pronounced exceedingly good."

Even Ellen Terry, to whom the critic awards the palm as standing absolutely alone as the possessor of that undefinable quality, "charm," was not exempt from early trials and moments of bitter mortification,—witness the swift downfall of pride that marked her first appearance in the character of Mamillius.

"How my young heart," she writes, "swelled with pride—I can recall the sensation now—when I was told what I had to do! There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her recollect how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life; and I can see myself, as though it was yesterday, in my little red and white coat—very short—very pink silk stockings, and a row of tight sausage curls—my mother was always very careful that they should be in perfect order and regularity—clustered round my head. A small go-cart, which it was my duty to drag about the stage, was also a keen source of pride, and a great trouble to me.

"My first dramatic failure dates from that go-cart. I was told to run about with it on the stage, and while carry-

ing out my instructions with more vigor than discretion, tripped over the handle, and down I came on my back. A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined forever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed—but I am not sure that the incident has materially altered the course of my life."

Mr. Scott is modestly reticent about his own stage performances, but that he was ambitious to shine, and not lacking in courage may be gleaned from this admission.

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I have acted and in public. At the old Bijou Theatre, next door to, or rather part of, the same building as Her Majesty's I have played Fleance very badly to the Macbeth of Palgrave Simpson (in a kilt), and the Lady Macbeth of Miss Aylmer Blake, now Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, both loved and respected by us all. At the same theatre I have acted in a farce,—yes, a roaring, rattling farce, written by Cardinal Wiseman, and I appeared in the episcopal presence, before the Cardinal in his rose pink, surrounded by priests and secretaries. The scene was in the consulting room of a fashionable dentist's establishment, and all I remember is that I was in the dread operating chair, and Jemmy Molloy, the barrister and popular song writer, was pretending to pull out my teeth.

"Cardinal Wiseman roared with laughter over his own farce, as all authors are apt to do. It was originally written, I believe, to amuse the students at the English College, in Rome."

Delicately as the writer treats the split in the famous Savage Club and the cause leading thereto, he makes manifest that even the liberal Savages "containing members of every creed under Heaven," had among them a considerable number not too friendly to the Catholic Church. Oddly enough it was Artemus Ward, the genial American humorist, who unwittingly caused this feeling to show on the surface.

"Artemus Ward (Charles Ward), a delightful American humorist and lecturer and most charming companion, arrived in Bohemia land with the fatal word consumption written on his face. . . . .

"It was the death of poor Artemus, the dear friend of all of us, that raised the theological ire of the Savages. When death was almost staring him in the face, he had asked Arthur Sketchley, to whom he was deeply attached, if he could send him a priest. It was natural that he should do so, as his mother was a Catholic, and as we all understood, he had been baptized in this faith. So Sketchley took steps to carry out his friend's instructions. But other Savage club friends of Artemus maintained that he was not a Catholic, and never had been one, and accused some of us of an unfair method of proselytizing, which was certainly not the case. Anyhow, we were severely reprimanded, and, unwilling to accept the snub, politely took our departure, with, at least on my part, considerable regret."

The conversion of Bellew is another point of interest to Catholics. The critic's portrait of him at the watch-night service is aglow with color.

"He delivered a sort of dramatic lecture, rather than a sermon, warning the congregation that they were getting nearer and nearer to twelve o'clock, another old year fading away, and so on. There he stood in the pulpit, watch in hand, with his head

of flowing silver hair, surmounting a snowy white surplice, brightened up with a pale blue stole, and a crimson Oxford hood.

"The women used to come out of the chapel sobbing, and the popular preacher would then go off to spend the early hours of the New Year with his friends, Edmund Yates, George Augustus Sala, or Edward Stillwell, who was, with his charming family, devotedly attached to him. Soon after this, Bellew became a Catholic, and died, as he ever was, a good man and a true friend."

With the exception of the polite but penniless Fergusson, Mr. Scott seems to have been fortunate in his editors. He repeatedly gives warm praise to the sturdy independence of James Mortimer, editor of London Figaro, who persistently refused to allow him to bear the burden of public displeasure for the expression of opinions contrary to established ideas of what a dramatic critic should write.

"In vain I appealed to him to allow me to take the quarrel on my own shoulders. He sternly refused. "No," he said, "you are my critic. I pass your work; and when I have passed it, I am responsible for it. When I have done that, it is my work, not yours; it has received my 'imprimatur,' and I intend to take the consequences. If it is libellous in law, commercially, I shall pay the damages; if it is criminally libel, I shall go to prison for it," as he did in after years for words he never wrote or approved. "If the words in my paper are to be punished by cat-calls I will be hissed." I do not believe there have ever been two more loyal and honorable editors than James Mortimer and Edmund Yates. They both went to Holloway sooner than give up the name of a contributor."

When the last page of the first volume is reached there is an even greater treat in store in the contents of Vol. II. Henry Irving enters on the scene in the first chapter, and there is generous mention of a noble array of player folks—the Mathews, Joseph Jefferson, John Sleeper Clark, Harry Montague, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, the Bancrofts, Macready, Adelaide Neilson, Ada Rehan, Sarah Bernhardt, and a host of others. And then the memories of the lighter stage! There is Joey Grimaldi, the favorite clown, whose good-bye is an exquisite touch of pathos; and poor little Johnny Clarke, the dancer, lamed for life through the boast of an idle moment; and dear old Billy Wrighton, who wrote "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," and sang it with a heart throb in every note; and the "White Daisy," Paul Gray, the devout little Catholic artist who was laid to rest in Kensal Green; and John Lawrence Toole, Irving's life-long friend. But why try to name them? They are not people to be indexed. They are to be met and known as the author makes us know them.

Those who have met Henry Irving only as a star will share the pleasure of the dramatic critic whose good fortune it was to receive him in his office in Pall Mall in the early days of his career.

"How well I can recall it all! It was evening; it was late autumn; it was in the year 1866. Yes; there I was, sitting, all alone, in one of the prettiest rooms contained in the long rambling rabbit warren known as the War Office, Pall Mall, scribbling away at my desk.

I did not care now to be sent out on any missions, for the hard work of life had begun in earnest for me, and every spare minute was devoted to surreptitious "copy" for the various newspapers that I served. On such an evening as this, when I was absolutely at peace, and working away in comfort and silence, I heard a soft knocking at my door.

"Come in!"

In response to my invitation there entered a good-looking, well-preserved man, whom I immediately recognized as Fred Charles, the actor.

Behind him followed a tall, pale-faced, young man, with a very interesting, earnest face, and a shy, nervous manner.

Said Charles to me, "I have come to introduce you to a comrade of mine, Henry Irving, about whom you have already written some very kind things; he is anxious to make your acquaintance."

I told Fred Charles, who had acted with Fechter in the "Duke's Motto," and was now at the St. James theatre with Irving, that there were few young actors I was more desirous of meeting.

. . . . . .

He lived in humble lodgings in Quebec street, Portman square, just opposite the chapel; and we all knew in our hearts that he was destined to make a mark some day or other."

With the entertainment such recollections furnish there is conveyed, without intent, the lesson that determination and hard work are essential to success. Another instance of this is the position attained by another distinguished actor of our day, Wilson Barrett.

"Twenty-five years ago," said he, once on a time, on the stage of his own Princess's Theatre, "a poor and almost friendless lad stood outside the walls of the theatre that once stood here, and determined to devote his last sixpence to the enjoyment in the gallery of one of the celebrated revivals of Charles Kean. Coming out of the theatre he swore to himself, that not only would he become manager of that theatre, but that in the distant future he would play Hamlet on that very spot."

The managers and their systems receive due attention from the critic, who devotes two chapters to a consideration of the men and their methods. His estimate of Augustin Daly will be read with deep interest, supplemented as it is by the impressions of his son, Mr. Eric Scott, who was for some years connected with Daly's theatre. Judging from what came under the young man's daily observation, Manager Daly had no respect for shirkers, and was himself an indefatigable worker. Mr. Eric Scott says:

"Work was his pastime. First in the theatre, and last out; slaving from eight until two o'clock the next morning he could never realize that others were more human or more provident of their energy. A lazy man he detested, and was rather inclined to withhold admiration from any one who could not do the work of three. At all-day rehearsals adjournment for lunch was a ceremony that was frequently side-tracked in favor of a repetition of an act. It is on record that one well-known actor with strong notions on the subject of hygiene, appeared one morning carrying a workman's dinner pail! Tableau!"

Hidden away in the miscellany of matter treated in this book are many bits of information such as that John Douglass Cook, editor of the Saturday

Review, was the very first to encourage and bring to the front the woman journalist; and that E. T. Smith founded the matinee in 1852.

Words of general application, advocating as they do the doctrine of encouragement, are those acknowledging the kindness of Mr. Searle, editor of the Sunday Times.

"It cheered my heart to get a letter from him, saying he was delighted with my work, and hoped I would 'go on and prosper.' He could not have given me a greater gift than that, it is one that editors and proprietors often neglect—the great gift of encouragement. They are more inclined to pooh-pooh your work, in order to keep down your salary and check your influence.

The dramatist gets warm praise more often than blame; for many actors and actresses it is, as Mr. Pinero desires, "praise, praise, praise"; but the anonymous dramatic journalist works, comparatively speaking, in the dark. If his work is appreciated he never hears of the congratulations muttered over the newspaper, at the breakfast table, or after-dinner cigar. That is all done in silence. For a journalist there is no applause. But if, on the other hand, his work is disliked, he hears of it with a vengeance; his letter-box is filled with insulting letters, and his editor is pestered with applications for the critic's "head in a charger." How many thousands of times have they clamored for my dismissal!—and at last, after forty years' service in the cause of the drama and the actor I dismissed myself, in order to avoid any unnecessary complication."

The strong, human interest characteristic of books of reminiscences is present in those two volumes in marked degree. The necessarily sketchy character of a limited review can give no adequate idea of the pleasure and profit to be gained from the perusal of Mr. Scott's "Drama of Yesterday and Today." It is a delightful work, brimming over with fond memories, sometimes sad, often touching the serious things of life. and yet more frequently recalling the hours and the people that gave to daily living the zest of fun and good fellowship.

JOEY GRIMALDI.

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER XII (continued).

"Yes, Bridget, I am coming," she cried, as she hastily thrust her letter into its envelope and addressed it.

"Deed then. 'Tisn't so often you've people to see you that you need keep them stannin' when they do come," replied Bridget acidly.

"Don't mind her, dear," called up Miss Hevey's voice from the foot of the stairs. "You're worth waiting for, Meg. Or shall I come up to you?"

She was at the door by the time Meg could utter her assent, and was looking round the room in the roof, with admiration.

"I don't know what there is about a girl's room," she said, half to herself. "The room of an older woman somehow never looks the same, though it may be twice as fine, and twice as comfortable. 'Tis like girlhood itself, I suppose—our rooms change with us."

She sat down on Meg's little white bed, and stared at the walls, papered with roses almost hidden with photographs and tiny bits of pictures, at the old writing-table, from which Meg had stood up, the shelf of china, the case of books, the small-paned window, framed in roses and honeysuckle.

"So this is where you dream your dreams, my dear," she said.

"I have not much time for dreaming," laughed Meg, "and I find the sleep of the laboring man sweet, too sweet not to be dreamless."

Miss Hevey looked at her sharply.

"You'll dream all the same," she said. "Every girl that is worth her salt does. It needn't always be of lovers, you know, but it usually is. You have to pay for the dream sometimes, but you wouldn't be without it for all that."

"I've no time for dreaming," said Meg, again, and there was a suggestion of doggedness in her voice.

Miss Hevey heard it and passed it by.

"I'll trust you never to make a fool of yourself, anyhow," she said, "and long may you have the dreamless sleep, child. But now listen to me. I've come to tell you of the queerest marriage you'll hear of for many a day. I thought I'd like to tell you myself. 'Tis somebody that had to wake out of her dreams when she was a girl and had a right to them. Perhaps she'd better have let them lie now."

She looked at Meg half shyly, half comically, and a very becoming color rose up in her brown cheeks.

"No," cried Meg, "not you, not yourself! Don't tell me it is you, Miss Hevey."

"It's me, sure enough," said the spinster. "I said no often enough to Tom McGrath, but he wouldn't take no for an answer. You know there was an old kindness between us long ago when I was a girl, and had just such a room as this. 'The people will say we are mad, Tom McGrath,' said I. 'I was mad,' said he, 'when I let you slip through my fingers long ago, and 'tis mad I'd be,' said he, 'to take no for an answer, after all those years.' 'Ah, go away, Tom McGrath,' said I, 'and marry a woman that has something of youth left to her.' 'Does a husband know, Maria' said he, 'when

the wife of his heart grows old? And you've been the wife of my heart all those years, and you're handsomer to-day,' he said, 'than you were when we said good-bye at the orchard gate thirty years ago. But indeed, if you were ugly instead of handsome,' said he, ' 'twould be all the same. You'd be the one woman in the world for me, Maria. There has never been any other woman.' "

Miss Hevey broke off, and Meg saw the sparkle of tears in her eyes.

"Oh, how glad I am," she said, "that you are going to be happy after all."

Miss Hevey laughed.

"But think what Judy Ryan will say, my dear."

"As if it could matter," said Meg scornfully.

"As if it could matter," said the bride-elect.

Then she went on in another tone:

"You're the only one I'll tell about it, Meg, except the Counsellor. Tom told him, and he came yesterday. with his present—the prettiest little whip brooch, made of pearls and diamonds. But, upon my word, I cared more for what he said than for the gift even. 'Tis surprising how he's everybody's friend."

"He's a dear old man," said Meg.

"He loves a love affair, my dear. You know he lost his sweetheart, himself. So I suppose he thinks even an old maid's marriage better than none."

"You mustn't say such things. Dr. McGrath was right. You couldn't have been sweeter as a girl than you are today."

"Hush, now, Meg, or I'll be sorry for having told you his folly. There, he was the faithfullest——"

She broke off suddenly.

"But, all the same, I wish I was a young girl, dreaming dreams, for Tom's sake, and the dreams to come true. Not but what it is good to have the end of our days together, and the man—God bless him!—satisfied."

She kissed Meg, who was standing holding her hands, and was silent for a minute. Then she looked around the little white room.

"I'm stealing away to Dublin to be married," she said, "to escape all the chatter. They'll talk about us, but, sure, we don't mind; he doesn't, God bless him! And now, my dear, may every sweet dream dreamt in this room come true, while yet you are young enough to enjoy them. Only don't dream of the wrong man, Meg Mavourneen—don't dream of the wrong man!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ADIEU, LOVE.

It was a rainy autumn, and even among her fields Meg felt the loneliness and sadness of the rain, mists, hiding the hills and blown like smoke about the low-lying pastures, a perpetual line of mist marking the course of the river; wet hedges and wet roads to mirror the magnificent skies in the stormy evenings. All creatures of the open air found this uncomfortable weather, and Meg, often sodden, not least among them.

Her friends, too, were nearly all absent or estranged. Mrs. McGrath was yet on her honeymoon, and in Paris, whence, she assured Meg, she was going to return a young woman.

"Tom has persuaded me," she wrote, with tender mockery of herself, "that I am a girl again, and, faith, my dear, I'm going to break every look-

ing-glass in the Red House as soon as I get back. Sure it's the crackedness, and the crookedness, and the dimness of them have been telling me lies about myself all these years. To be sure, in this city of looking-glasses, I often meet an old woman walking along beside Tom, but I just drop her a curtsey, and I say to her, 'Ah, where have you been hiding yourself these last couple of months, ma'am? for sure I used to know you quite well, or you remind me of someone I used to know.' And, though she curtseys back to me, never a word she says in reply."

Germaine was silent, in a rapture of silence Meg could well imagine, lying through those September days with her young son on her arm.

The Counsellor yet paid his little cheerful visits to Killisky, dropping in in Meg's absence for a chat with her mother, and coming, when the girl was to be found, with his constant little gifts for her—a new book, or a basket of apricots or peaches, or a bunch of late golden roses. But then the Counsellor was everybody's friend.

But Captain Fitzmaurice came seldom. Little by little the intimacy that had existed between him and Killisky had seemed to cease. Meg, meeting him now in fair or market, and sore at heart because the protection and the companionship of old were withdrawn, could not conceal the hurt coldness of her manner whenever they happened to meet face to face. It was not very often, for the Captain made no opportunities to talk with her as of old. Full of vague pain, Meg would acknowledge his lifted hat from a distance; but even so, she could see that he looked sterner, and that the dust of gray seemed to gather more thickly on his closely-cropped dark head.

She nerved herself to speak of his estrangement to her mother, disliking the subject, yet fearing to have her mother approach it first.

"I met Captain Fitzmaurice in the fair this morning," she said.

"'Twould be good for sore eyes to see him," replied the mother. "He doesn't drop in now as he used."

"He doesn't look well. He has a tired way with him, and he's growing gray fast."

"Mercy on us, what's making him gray? I'm twenty years older than him, and I haven't a gray hair in my head," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, smoothing her black tresses with pardonable pride.

"Ah, but you've had such an easy life, little mother," said Meg, with wistful gaiety.

"Maybe his marriage is off," Mrs. O'Donoghue suggested.

"Surely not. The engagement was to be announced as soon as Miss Egerton came back from Scotland. I think they're expecting her this week."

"He'll be missing her, maybe."

"She's often away, mother."

"So she is. 'Twill be a deal off his mind when the pretty little lady's money comes into Killylea."

"I suppose they are poor?"

"They've been poor this many a day, and he's dropped a deal of money in the place. Maybe 'twill come back to him, maybe not. The Counsellor was telling me that he'd get a power of money if he'd let the place, but he's too proud."

"Ah, well, if he's going to marry an heiress, he needn't sacrifice his prejudices. And for the rest, little mother, let him go or stay as he will. What can it matter to us? He is not of our world, nor we of his."

At the moment this conversation was taking place over the breakfast table at Killisky, spread late to satisfy the healthy appetite of the young mistress, who had been out since early morning, Mabel Egerton was tapping at the door of her cousin's study.

"May I come in, Gervase?" she asked timidly; "or are you too busy to have a talk with me?"

"Am I ever too busy for you, Mabel?"

"Ah, but I want a good long talk, and you mustn't let your eyes wander to the hands of the clock."

"Do I ever do that, Mabel? I must be a very rude and dull fellow if I do."

The girl brushed his speech aside, as if she wished to get on to other topics. Indeed, as she sat in the chair he had pushed for her, and watched him making a quill pen while he waited for her to speak, the beating of her heart, she thought, must be as audible as the ticking of the very business-like clock on the mantelshelf, among the fishing flies, and tobacco boxes, and untidy belongings of a man's den.

"I wonder if you are very fond of me, Gervase," she said.

"Why, sweetheart, have I ever given you cause to doubt it?" he answered; and, leaning over, he kissed a tendril of her hair.

She shrank from the caress swiftly.

"I know you are fond of me," she said. "I am always little Mabel to you, as much as I was when you were a big boy of sixteen and I a tiny girl of six, and you let me follow you in your expeditions, tiresome little bother that I must have been, and carried me when I fell asleep or got tired, and comforted me when I got cross, and fed me when I was hungry."

"Yes, you are always my little Mabel," said Fitzmaurice, with a tender look, as though the memory had touched him.

"I know; but I don't know, Gervase, that you have ever said that you loved me."

A sudden flush came into the man's dark cheek.

"I asked you to marry me, Mabel," he said.

"Ah, I know. You felt you loved me enough for that. But I was really the only girl. Despite your soldiering, and your more than thirty years, Gervase, you are a very unsophisticated person. You have known very few women, Gervase."

"I thought I had found all the beauties and perfections in one."

"Ah, don't laugh, Gervase. I want to talk seriously. Gervase—Gervase—I should be almost glad to hear you say you did not love me."

She had stood up from her chair in agitation, and he, turning to look at her, a little pale and stern, stood up too.

"Now you are angry with me," she said; "and I am afraid of you."

Her distress was evident in her eyes; and his whole expression softened at the sight of it.

"Don"t be afraid of me, Mabel," he kindly said. "I have never given you cause yet."

"Ah, but I am afraid now. I have something to tell you, Gervase."

He took her hands and held them. They were cold.

"Now, tell me," he said "and do not tremble so. See, I shall be kind, whatever it is. I could not bear a woman to be frightened of me, and you least of all. What is it, little girl?"

"It is——"

"Go on, Mabel. Have you been spending too much money?"

"I should not be afraid to tell you that, though you are my guardian."

"What then, dear child?"

"Ah, Gervase, I want you to give me up, to release me from our engagement."

"Why, Mabel?"

The firm clasp of his hand never wavered, and under its reassurance she grew brave.

"I don't think you love me, Gervase, with the one special love, though I know that if we had married you would never have let me miss it. But I won't put it on that. Perhaps, if I had—felt sure of myself, I should have been glad to have married you, even on those terms."

She hurried out her words breathlessly, yet with agitated pauses between.

"How long," he asked quietly, "is it since you became dissatisfied with my feelings for you?"

"I don't know. Laura suggested it to me in her clever, secret way; but I should not have heeded Laura—I trusted you so much, Gervase—only that later I—I—found out the difference myself. Perhaps I knew it even then."

"I don't think, Mabel, that Mdlle. Laura could have discovered any lack in me. Let us leave her out of the question. I disliked and distrusted her."

"Yes; I am sure you were right," broke in the girl hastily. "She was not what I thought her. She was not trustworthy. She said one day, Gervase, you remember, that Meg O'Donoghue was engaged to marry that young Frenchman, Paul de Neuville. It was not true, Gervase: indeed it was not. She has told me so since."

"It is not our affair," said the Captain stiffly; "and you have not finished your story to me, Mabel."

"Only this, Gervase—there is—there is someone else."

"Since when, Mabel?"

"Don't look at me like that, Gervase. You don't think I, an engaged girl, played fast and loose with my word? He did not know I was engaged, and since he has known he has let me be. He is the soul of honor."

"Who is he?"

"Roger Fry, the son of the people I have been staying with."

"Are you sure this time, Mabel? Don't make a mistake a second time."

"Ah! Gervase, I am sure. There will never be anything else for me. I am so fond of you, Gervase, and I was so young, it was easy for me to make a mistake. I mistook my love for you and Clare, and this old house, and my pride in the family, and my faith in and honor for you for a feeling I had had no experience of. There is no man like you, Gervase."

She was charming in her eagerness and her impetuous pleading; and something like a spasm of pain crossed Fitzmaurice's face. He might not have the one love for her, but it was hard to yield her to another man all the same.

"Hush," he said, touching her cheek with his finger. "What would he say?"

"He'd never think himself a patch upon you. He is just a shy, honest, stupid, young soldier, but I love him, Gervase, I love him."

"As you have never loved me, Mabel."

Again his face changed.

"Your wife is waiting for you, Gervase—waiting to be won," she whispered, hurriedly. And then, "Ah! if I could give you my money to spend! We shall not want it. I used to love to think it would build up—help to build up Killylea."

"Hush, Mabel," he said again. "What has money to do with you or me?"

"And you forgive me, Gervase?"

"I forgive you, Mabel. I do not suppose you could help it. I am glad it makes it easier for you that we had not announced our engagement."

"And for you."

"It does not matter. I live in a little world, and its gossip would never reach me. I should not mind if it did. You are sure he—your lover—is worthy."

"You will know him for yourself, Gervase. He is brave and true and honorable. His father is a self-made man, but we shall have no cause to be ashamed of him. And his mother is a lady. She was only a poor governess when his father married her, and lifted her out of white slavery to be the mistress of a palace. He has no glorious traditions like you, Gervase; but he is a gentleman."

"One cannot be more than that, Mabel."

"But you—what will you do? You will be hampered because my wretched money will not, after all, come to you. I wish you would have some of it, Gervase. I shall be my own mistress in a few days, and we shall not need it."

"It is out of the question."

"It is useless to talk when you look at me like that. But—borrow some, Gervase."

"I could not repay it, Mabel."

The girl wrung her hands.

"Is all the love and care and hospitality of this roof to give me no claim to do anything?"

"You have done much. How lonely it would have been all these years without you—lonely for me and Clare."

"You will have to drop your work presently for want of funds. You see, I am a business woman, and know so much. You would not let Killylea?"

"I said 'no' before, Mabel."

"But this makes a difference. Mr. Fry would take it for a long period of years. It will be a great, lonely place for you and Clare."

"I prefer not to let, Mabel."

"Ah, but you are obstinate! It is a bitter drop in my cup of happiness that you should need the money."

"And nothing at all that I should want for you."

"If you had loved me, Gervase, I could hardly have given you up, even for Roger."

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

The nine-days' wonder of Miss Egerton's sudden engagement and marriage were long over in Kilcolman, where, indeed, the gossips had made up their minds that in scenting a love-affair between Captain Fitzmaurice and his ward, they had been utterly mistaken. Captain Fitzmaurice looked no jilted man in the glimpses they caught of him in public places; and at the Castle things went on much as usual, the master being much abroad about his business, and Clare left to her work among the poor, and to her delicate feminine tasks and relaxations.

To one pair of eyes that watched him from a distance unobserved, he

had looked a little more harassed and careworn during the weeks that elapsed between the announcement of his ward's engagement and her marriage. But perhaps the eyes were over-anxious; for afterwards the Captain certainly seemed to have gained in springiness of step and buoyancy of air, so that it was whispered about that some secret piece of good luck must have befallen him.

This view received confirmation in the fact that whereas he had spoken defiantly to Larey Doolan, his steward, of giving up the reclamation works, he had afterwards decided that they were to go on. For this relief he was indebted to his uncle Theobald, the Counsellor, who had come to him one day with his usual beaming benevolence of aspect.

"What's this about giving up the bog, my boy?" he asked.

"I fear I shall have to do something of the kind," said the Captain gloomily. "I have no more money to put into it."

"But I have."

"You, Uncle Toby?"

"Yes, I. Are you inclined to take me for a partner?"

"It is a losing game. I have found it so myself, and I have no right to take your money on a chance of its coming back again."

"Nonsense, boy. It will be yours in a few years at most. Yours and Clare's. I have tied up her part of it, but your own part you are welcome to. I have faith in your ultimate success, Gervase."

"I am glad of it, Uncle Toby. You are among the very few."

"My friend Mrs. O'Donoghue is another."

"She wishes me well, I know, and she is a clever, practical woman."

"And that fine girl of hers. She puts all the ordinary pretty women out of court. She is the daughter of light and air. And you will take the money, Gervase?"

"Thank you, Uncle Toby. I will let you sink a certain amount of capital, no more. After that, if I don't begin to see daylight through the scheme, I shall have to give it up."

"No fear of that, my boy," the old fellow said cheerfully, departing immediately to pay over to his nephew's account in the Kilcolman Bank, a sum which would certainly give the reclamation its chance.

After that the Captain came again to Killisky, taking up the old intimacy as if it had never dropped. He came in and out as of old, without apparently any design of finding Meg at home, for his visits as often as not were paid during her absence.

His unconsciousness made it easy for the girl to take up the intimacy at the point of severance. He was a very welcome visitor to her mother, who was not a little proud of being so well able to entertain the landlord that he could sit an hour by her chair in the chimney-corner without seeming to notice the passage of time.

"The dear knows," she said to Meg, "if it wasn't for him, I'd hear nothing of how things were going. 'Tis as good almost as being there myself to hear him tell what way this one or that one's cattle sold in the fair, and the prospects for potatoes, and what sort of a year is promised for the hay. Bits out o' the papers he does be reading me, when you're not thinking you've got a mother at all. Och, indeed, he's real kind and pleasant, that's what he is entirely."

"He gets before me with the news, that's what he does, mother dear,"

Meg would say. "And when I come home to you, all I could tell you is stale."

"Well, never mind; with the blessing of God I'll be getting about a bit myself the coming spring. Dr. Cody thinks me wonderful improved, and says that once the weather's dry I may be taking a little ride about the place if my old joints will stand it."

"I'll tell you what, little mother," said the girl cheerfully. "As soon as ever we get a dry spell I'll take you out myself, with plenty of blankets about you and well propped up with pillows, and I leading Orson, afraid he'd be too frisky at the sight of you. We'll go as far over the land as you feel able for. And later on I'm going to get you a little bath-chair of your own, and you can drive yourself about with little Chloe harnessed to it."

"It would be real nice," said Mrs. O'Donoghue smiling. "But wouldn't it be expensive, Meg?"

"The cost of the chair, that's all. We have the little beast, and 'twill be a charity to give her just so much to do as will keep her hoofs from growing."

"Aye, so it will; and then I can keep my eye on you, Meg."

"See that I'm not making ducks and drakes of everything."

"Indeed, I'm often anxious," said the mother simply. "You're young, and young people go too fast. The Captain thinks well of your farming. That's a comfort to me."

"He leads you by the nose," said Meg, laughing.

"I've a deal of confidence in him, and he in me. I'm sometimes glad he didn't marry Miss Mabel. He couldn't have been the same with a fashionable wife, and the fine company she'd bring about him."

"I thought her very sweet and simple."

"She was that. She wanted to be friends with you, but you gave her no encouragement. Empty pride I call it, Meg, for you're as good as she is, though the O'Donoghues haven't their rights."

"I hadn't time," said the girl, a little wearily.

The mother looked at her, and then changed the subject.

"All the same you couldn't expect her to be satisfied with the life the Captain likes. Sure there's not a bit o' stir nor life in the old house. He's as simple as a boy, or he wouldn't be satisfied with it. 'Tis too lonely-like, with the nearest gentleman like himself half-a-dozen miles away."

"He thinks nothing of the distance, riding; Mr. Bruce, Mr. Esmonde, and the officers at Cahirmere make society for him, and I don't think he cares for balls or parties."

"He'll have to go to them, then," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, "or how is he ever to find the lady with the fortune to build up Killylea?"

It was a February afternoon, clear and sweet. The snowdrops were out in the garden, and the ditches were full of celandines. There was a robin singing as Meg walked home under leafless boughs, behind which there was a cold, brilliant sunset; but that day the blackbird had sung his first song, and soon the robin's little wintry song would be drowned in the choir.

The air was full of the promise of spring, and Meg, walking along briskly, felt verse after verse of poetry rise to her lips. Suddenly, as she turned a corner she came upon Captain Fitzmaurice, smoking a cigar, and looking unusually at leisure.

"I waited for you, Miss Meg," he

said, "I should never have overtaken you. From what your mother said I guessed you would come this way."

"I did not know you were a gentleman at leisure," said Meg gaily, though her heart was beating fast.

"I am more than usually so at present," he answered seriously. "For Clare has gone to visit Mr. Fry, and has taken even Tou-tou with her. You would be sorry for me at my solitary meals, which Mrs. Delany insists on serving to me in state. I assure you I can eat nothing under such conditions. I wish you'd let me have Snap to make me company."

"I'm sure if my mother knew she would offer you a slice of our chicken."

"I should eat it all, Miss Meg."

"I wouldn't allow you, Captain Fitzmaurice. I have a robust appetite. Besides, we have two chickens this evening. I know, for I overheard the preliminaries of the execution most unwillingly. 'Oh, dear, dear,' I heard Bridget say, in tones of self-pity, as she chased them here and there, 'any wan 'ud think a chicken never was ate before to hear all the talk yez have over it.'"

"Take me home, Miss Meg," said Fitzmaurice imploringly. "I promise only to ask for a leg if you will invite me to dinner. I am so hungry that I really can't walk to Killylea."

"Very well, then," said the girl, laughing, "since you invite yourself."

She looked radiant in this mood of high spirits, an uncommon one with her, and the man looked at her with admiration. The western sun was full upon her now, and the light had wrapped her head in an aureole, and set up soft, steadfast fires in the depths of her eyes.

"See, there is Killylea," she said; "how black the mass of it is against the light! All except the turret where the Hand is, and that the sun has flooded with gold."

"Would you let the place, Miss Meg, if it were yours?" asked the Captain.

"It would be hard, but then it would not pass away from you. The Hand would have to find another habitation."

"Yes, it would go with me wherever I went."

"You thought of letting?"

"Six months ago I would have thought it impossible. I am an unsteadfast fellow; but—lately—I have begun to contemplate the possibility. The strongest of all motives has impelled me."

The girl looked at him.

"Want of money?" she asked.

"More than that, Meg. Want of something far more precious. Shall I let it? It rests with you to say."

The sun had sunk behind Killylea, and the road was cold. He stopped and caught her hands in his.

"It rests with you, Meg. What is the place or any place to me compared with you? Do you love me, Meg? Do you love me?"

Her hands trembled in his like a frightened bird.

"I love you," she said very low—then she pushed him from her—"but I will not marry you."

(To be continued.)

THE TANDEM CLUB DRIVE.

MONTREAL: A CITY OF VARIED INTERESTS.

BY MARY F. NIXON ROULET.

There are few places upon our continent which so stir one's heart with interest in the days of yore as Montreal, for its very streets teem with thrilling memories of heroes like La Salle, Frobisher, Jacques Cartier, stern old Dulhut and glorious Dollard, "a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the new world."

"All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die," and these heroes for faith and loyalty have been enshrined not only in the hearts of their own people, but with all noble souls who love the "livers of pure lives and doers of great deeds."

Taken as a whole, Montreal is a very beautiful city. It has a charming air of gayety, a life, a stir which is by no means similar to American hurry, and its numerous parks and superb trees give it an aspect very restful to the eye. This is especially noticeable in the bird's-eye view obtained from Mount Royal, that emerald-gemmed crown for the city. From this high hill which Canadians dignify with the name "mountain," are seen the most magnificent views.

"Changing its hues with the changing skies,
The river flows in its beauty rare;
While across the plain, eternal, rise,
Boucherville, Rougement and St. Hilaire.
Far to the westward lies Lachine
Gate of the Orient long ago,
While the virgin forest swept between
The Royal Mount and the river below.'

The scene is so restful and calm that it seems impossible to realize that Mount Royal is one of a chain of vol-

canoes, and in former times poured forth streams of lava over the plains below. There is a prophecy that some day the volcano will take up its former occupation and engage in a little performance a la Vesuvius, but this prospect does not seem to affect the spirits of the Montrealer, unless it may account for his evident intention to enjoy life as much as possible.

The English portion of the city is noticeable for its home-likeness. The houses are spacious and roomy, surrounded with gardens and well back from the street in many cases.

On Dominion Square, an open place with turf and flower beds, are two Russian cannon taken in the Crimean War and around the square are grouped The Windsor Hotel, the finest in Canada; St. George Anglican church, a fine Gothic structure; the Young Men's Christian Association Building; the palace of His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal; and the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter. This is a copy of the great St. Peter's at Rome, although the one in Montreal is only one-half the dimensions, being 330 feet long and 222 feet wide. It is built in the form of a cross, with a fine dome, a copy of Brunelleschi's, and 250 feet in height, surmounted with a gold ball 18 feet high.

MOST REV. PAUL BRUCHESI,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THE CITY AND MOUNT ROYAL FROM NOTRE DAME.

Another difference between this and the Roman church is that in the Montreal cathedral the roof had to be made on the incline on account of the heavy snow falls.

The stone work of the facade is unusually fine and the carvings wonderfully well executed. The cathedral was begun in 1870, and the architect was M. Victor Bourgeau, who spent many months in Rome studying the original.

But it is not in this quarter of the city that the greatest interest lies. The sight-seer turns from these fine showplaces. He wants to leave Dorchester street and Wellington and Buckington avenues and jump into the cars with French labels, to leave all this prim respectability and get away, far down by the river, where "all sorts and conditions of men" chatter and laugh and bask in the sunshine, and one can see their gay clothes and gayer faces.

All this is found in the French quarter in which also lies the greater part of the historic interest. On the way thither and just at the outskirts of the busiest part is the Place d'Armes, in the centre of which is a magnificent statue of Maisonneuve, under which is inscribed,

"Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve, Fondateur de Montreal, 1643."

The Sieur de Maisonneuve was a gentleman of Champagne, a brave and noble knight with the spirit of a mediæval crusader within his breast. Entrusted with the command of the expedition to plant a colonial town in the island of Montreal, he landed with Pére Vimont, a Jesuit, and Mlle. Mauce, a nun to whom a vision had shown the exact situation of the future town, as the old chronicle says, "God, lifting for her the veils of space, showed to her, while yet in France, in a divine vision, the shores of our isle,

BIENVILLE.

LA SALLE.

IBERVILLE.

and the site of Ville Marie at the foot of its mountain and on the shores of its great river."

Only fifty-five male colonists were with Maisonneuve, but they pitched their tents and lighted their campfires,—for hostile Indians were near. Their first ceremony was a religious one. In the darkness, for the early morning was dim and chill and, though the middle of May, snow lay upon the ground, with imprisoned fireflies for altar-lights, the Mass was said, and Pére Vimont addressed the sturdy band: "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land. They named the new settlement "Ville Marie" in honor of the Blessed Virgin to whom Maisonneuve had an especial devotion.

Facing the Place d'Armes is the parish church of the city, an impressive structure, composite Gothic in architecture. The interior is especially rich in tone, its two galleries and the altar beautifully decorated in soft-hued Mooresque designs. Behind the high altar is a chapel to the Sacred Heart, a perfect gem of beauty and very famous.

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

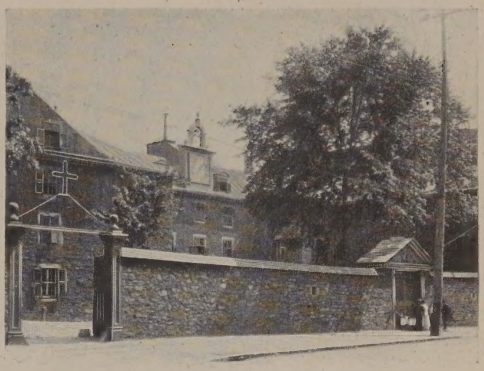
There is a deliciously whimsical legend told of this neighborhood, which will bear repeating. The Devil —it is said—

walked down St. Sulpice street one day, accompanied by the Wind.

"Hello!" said Monsieur le Diable. "What's this new building? I never saw that before."

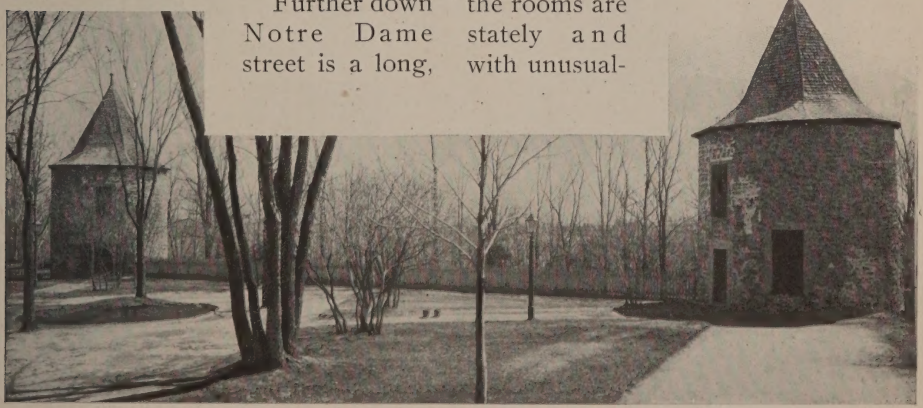
"You'd better be careful," said the Wind. "That's not your style. I dare you to go in."

"Dare me!" sneered Satan. "You wait here till I come out," and he skipped gaily into the church. He never came back and the patient wind is waiting there yet, although with howls of impatience at intervals. Nobody in Montreal owns to having seen the Devil since, but the story must be true, for there never was such a windy corner in all the world as that by the church steps where Notre Dame street bisects St. Sulpice. It fairly blows one off one's feet and up against the dark-browed Seminary of Saint Sulpice. This is a quaint old place with the fleur de lis crowning its pinnacles, its open belfry and French roof, and as Charlevoix said, "it is a stately and pleasant house built of free-stone after the model of St. Sulpice at Paris, and the altar stands by itself, just like that at Paris."



SEMINAIRE ST. SULPICE.

Further down Notre Dame street is a long, low-roofed building, once white, but now defaced and discolored, the old Chateau de Ramezay. Built in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, governor of Montreal, the house afterwards became the residence of the English governors. Two tall poplar trees keep guard over the exterior, and an extremely obliging Sacristan has the interior in charge. He tells one that the chateau was headquarters for the American General Wooster, and that Benedict Arnold, Franklin and Chase held council there in 1776. The panelled walls are dark with age, and the rooms are stately and with unusual-



OLD TOWERS, GRAND SEMINARY.

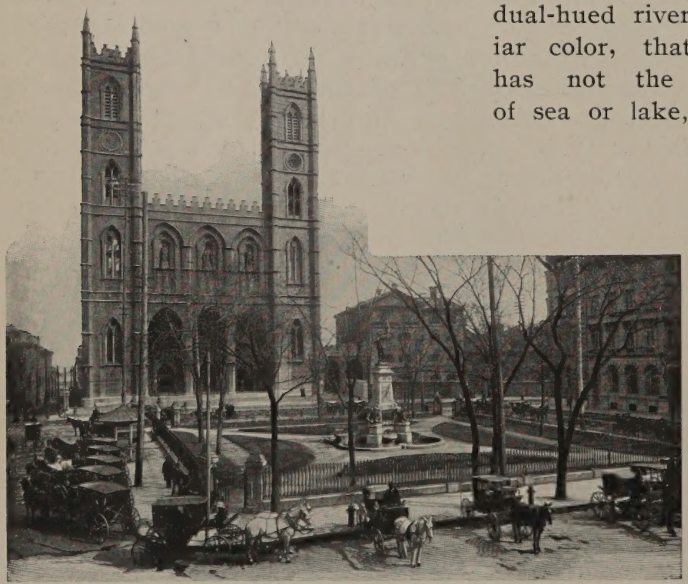
GRAY NUNNERY CHAPEL.

ly high ceilings for that day and generation. One fancies one can see the courtly French beauties in powder and patches dancing the minuet with gay de Vaudreuil and handsome de Lévis, or the Sieur de Tonti, hero and adventurer. Or, perhaps, in the Council Chamber, a horrified assembly heard the tale of the death of Pére Le Maistre, the holy priest, whom the Iroquois murdered, and whose head, carried in a handkerchief, left its features indelibly impressed upon the linen cloth.

The first thought of the stranger visiting Montreal is, "How good the people must be!" for the number of places of worship of all creeds is astonishing. There are Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches and five Jewish synagogues.

As one crosses the famous Victoria bridge and looks toward the city, the masts of the ships in the fine harbor, the tall trees in the gardens and the many spires pointing upward, make the city seem like a great forest reaching from Mount Royal to the dual-hued river. It is a peculiar color, that mighty river. It has not the multi-colored hues of sea or lake, but two shades, an Erin green and a deep, purplish brown, and the dividing line between the two is sharply made.

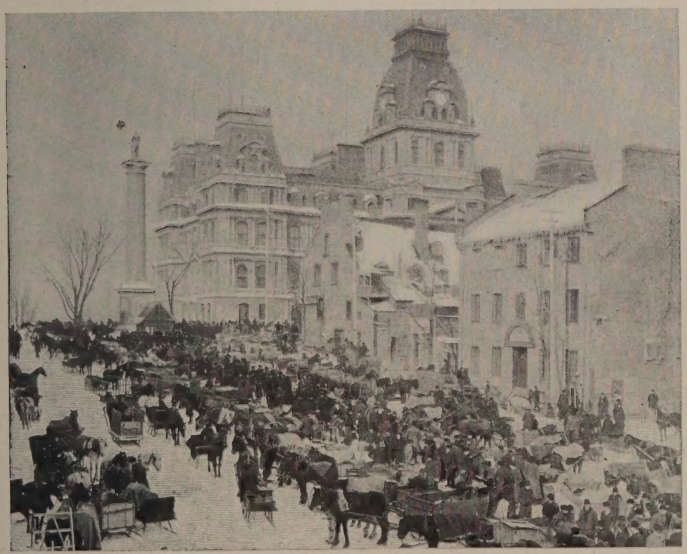
The eccentricity of the river is due to the fact that although the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence above Montreal, it does not amalgamate with it



NOTRE DAME AND THE PLACE D'ARMES.

until ninety miles beyond the city. Each stream preserves its individuality, and this symbolizes the city of Montreal, for as the two streams flow side by side and do not blend, so the races of English and French—so diametrically opposed—live side by side, together and yet apart. This is true also in regard to Catholics and Protestants. When Montreal was founded it was by Catholics, and the early inhabitants, the Ononchataronons, were converted by the Jesuits. Many Huguenots, however, settled in Ville Marie, and with the English came the various forms of Protestantism. The streets are largely named from saints and it is not uncommon to see upon one side of the street the French spelling of a name, upon the opposite the English version, while a second street with an undeniably British cognomen bisects the first one.

CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.



MARKET DAY, JAQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

The hospitals, orphan asylums and various charitable institutions are carried on by Catholics and Protestants in apparent harmony. Of these the best known is the Gray Nunnery, and a visit to it will well repay

MONTREAL HARBOR.

any tourist. It is an enormous building on Guy street, and was founded in 1747 by Marie Marguerite du Frost de la Jemmerais, and is an asylum for sick, maimed, infirm, aged and for foundlings.

ST. JAMES STREET.

The inmates seem extremely cheerful, in spite of their many woes, and the atmosphere of the place is one of cheerful activity. Many industries are carried on within the walls. One of the most interesting things is to see the old men cultivating their tobacco. A fine field of the thrifty looking plants grows within the enclosure and a bright little lay Nun said, when asked about it: "Oh, yes. The old men do it all. They plant it, weed it, gather and dry it, and then they smoke it," with a droll little moué.

One of the most famous churches in Montreal is the Gésu on Bleury street, built in the Italian Renaissance style and containing most artistic frescoes. While it is far handsomer it is not so devotional as Notre Dame de Lourdes which contains a marvelous representation of the apparition at Lourdes.

Near by is the French Eglise de Saint Jacques, the interior of which is impressive.

On the sloping roof of the old church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours is a statue of the Blessed Virgin looking out toward the harbor to remind mariners to pray to the "Star of the Sea." This statue was brought from the manor of the Baron de Faucanep in Brittany and was placed here by Soeur Marie Bourgeoys, two centuries and a half ago. Within the church are crutches, canes, the model of a ship, all, as a pretty French girl in gay apron and head kerchief explains, votive offerings of those cured by Our Lady of Good Succor. The land upon which the church stands was given by Chomédy de Maisonneuve, founder of Ville Marie, and the name was chosen on account of the escape of the colony from the bloody Iroquois.

Directly opposite the market is a clean little spice shop upon the side of which a tablet reads, "Pierre du Calvet, 1775—1791, Gouvernement Représentatif." It is not an elegant residence with its story and a half of rough stone walls bound together with great iron bolts shaped like the letter S. It was good enough for the Swiss, du Calvet, for he was a traitor and an adventurer, false to both French and English, and escaping Scot free with both, on account of his extraordinary plausibility.

A very different character was Robert Cavelier, Sieur La Salle, whose residence is commemorated by a tablet at the corner of St. Peter and St. Paul streets. Educated in France by the Jesuits, La Salle came to Montreal in the early days of the colony and led a life of heroism and adventure until the year 1679, when he embarked upon the waters of Lake Erie to begin his splendid undertaking of sailing down the Mississippi to the Gulf and thence to France. This he accomplished in the midst of toil and danger and privation, only to lose his life afterwards by the mutiny of two of his own men, in the wilds of Louisiana.

Another of the heroes of Montreal is Dollard, in whose life is all of romance and glory and heroism.

The Iroquois, who "only breathed the air of war," led by a chief who was one of the fiercest of the savages, had been upon the warpath for months, endeavoring to exterminate the Hurons, their sworn enemies. They descended upon Montreal periodically like a whirlwind, bearing off their fearful trophies of scalps, and at last a band of seventeen Frenchmen determined to sacrifice themselves for the public weal and make a desperate attempt to drive back the Indians. Forty of the Hurons, all that was left of the tribe, under Anahatoha, and six Algonquins

under Mitigemeg joined the Montrealers, and Dollard was chosen leader. By day and night the sturdy band marched, dragging their canoes over icy waters and snow banks until they came to the foot of "the Long Leap" on the Ottawa, and there they awaited the Iroquois who were to pass in single file on their return from hunting. Unfortunately the French were discovered and compelled to rush for safety to a ruined fort near by, where they awaited the onslaught. The foe was reinforced by Mohawks and Onondagas, and the fight was fierce and long. Dollard, at the head of his men, seemed like one inspired. He performed feats of bravery almost superhuman, encouraging his soldiers by word and look and action, all to no avail. The Iroquois sprung over the palisades, tomahawks in hand, hacking and hewing at everybody, killing and scalping all but five French and four Hurons. Anahotaha was among the slain and he died commanding his warriors to thrust his head into the flames, "that no Iroquois dog may take Anahotaha's scalp!" A brave Frenchman, wounded unto death, seeing his companions mortally wounded, drew his sword and killed them lest the savages torture them still further. Dollard died covered with wounds, as heroically as he had lived.

One can imagine the fervor with which the faithful who come here to pray will respond to the request of His Grace, Archbishop Bourchesi, who has called upon his people in this war crisis to pray for peace.

Montreal has many spots full of a quiet charm, and one which is remarkable is the court of the church of Notre Dame de la Pitié. It has none of the splendor of the cathedral, but there is a restfulness about the little church unequalled by any of the others in the busy city.

On Notre Dame street, only a short distance from Jacques Cartier square (where Nelson's monument has for some unaccountable reason turned its back upon the sea) there is a dim archway leading into a square court, roughly flagged. On one side are some old buildings of dark limestone, and upon the facade of one a tablet, inscribed, "Notre Dame de Victoire; batie en memoire de la destruction de La Flotte sur Sir Hovenden Walker, sur l'Ile aux Oeufs, 1711."

This chapel, now used as an engine room, was built by the French in honor of the Blessed Virgin at the time the British fleet was destroyed. Some gaunt old willows bend and sway in the cool breeze and the soft whispers of their leaves chime with the mellow echoes of the old bell in the quaint belfry. Children's voices come gaily from the convent gardens of the Congregation Nuns near by, and the scent of incense floats out from the church of Our Lady of Pity, a tiny little building at the end of the square. One feels like saying,

"Ring out, quaint old bell in your steeple,
And send forth a call unto praise,
Thus rang you for all the good people
Who thronged here in earlier days.

Great Dollard and Champlain and Tonti,
Kneeling here, breathed a fervent prayer,
Unto you, Sweetest Lady of Pity,
Whose glance sends a blessing most rare.

Bend, willows, your heads high and haughty,
In worship, as erst ye have done,
To Her—Our Dear Lady of Pity,
Who smiles here in tempest or sun."

THE BREHON LAWS OF IRELAND.

BY REV. JAMES J. O'MAHONEY.

The ancient laws of Ireland are termed the Brehon laws. When these laws commenced to be the basis of civil rule in Ireland, no one knows with certainty. Their origin is shrouded in the mists of traditional antiquity. It is very likely that our Scythic ancestors brought them with them from their home in the Far East, for they differ completely from the laws which have existed among other European nations for the last 1600 years. The Salic and Riparian laws of the Franks, in many points, resemble the Brehon, but the principles of both are essentially different. The Brehon law was immutable. It was the same for every one—the monarch and the subject, the ecclesiastic and the layman. All classes and all ranks had to bow down and submit to its unalterable decisions. It was far different with regard to other nations of Europe. Their legal systems were more or less judicial. Their laws were not so pure in their origin as the Brehon laws, for they were composed after the conquest, when all European society had been modified by contact with Roman civilization, whereas the foreign element never entered into the old national tradition of Ireland. This is the grand feature in the Brehon law code, says M. de Lasteyrie, an able French writer, "that they enable the reader to appreciate the true nature of a nationality and the institutions of a society which resembled neither Germanic, Feudal, Roman nor modern society—a nationality and a society which are intrinsically and per sè Irish." Without a shadow of doubt those laws are to be reckoned among the oldest in the world and are not alone a splendid proof of the great antiquity of the Irish race and language, but also put to shame the libels of English historians, who from the days of Geraldus Cambrensis down to the present time, have constantly slandered the ancient institutions of a people to whose language they were entire strangers.

Ireland possessed civilization, laws, and a time-honored monarchy, when Imperial Rome was still in her infancy, and when Rome grew to be a great power in the West, when her victorious armies and generals subjugated the Franks, the Teutons and the Britons, when, in fact, all Europe had been grovelling at her feet, Ireland retained her independence, and kept scrupulously aloof from Pagan Rome. The victorious eagles of Rome were never permitted to invade the soil of Ireland, and her Brehons were legislating for her when the Romans were applying their own laws to the inhabitants of the sister isle of Britain.

The Pagan Irish were very much attached to their laws, because they were adapted to their needs and harmonized wonderfully with the conditions of their social state. The Irish were an insular people, living completely shut off I might say, from any intercourse with their neighbors on the continent of Europe. Their country was covered with immense forests, their wealth was cattle, their trade was barter, and their currency cows.

Now, the Brehon laws were formulated to meet the requirements of such a people, and we might add that it is

from a perusal of these laws that we derive accurate information respecting the social condition of the people in ancient Ireland.

Ancient classical authorities give practically no information respecting Ierne. It was a terra incognita to them. Nevertheless Carthagenian and Roman merchants held intercourse with Ireland, but they never penetrated beyond the ports, the immense forests, the impassable roads and the large tracts of bog and moor, rendering access almost impossible. This explains why the information in classical authorities is so scanty.

Accordingly, when we have no foreign authorities to consult, naturally we have to seek the history of the people in the documents they have handed down to us. And the documents that hold the first place are the laws of the people. In perusing the pages of the Brehon laws, which are now accessible to every student, we can picture for ourselves the games, the domestic duties, the various items of household expenditure which were in a family circle in Ireland nearly 2000 years ago. With these laws in our hands we can map out for ourselves the immense forests, the clearings where stood the chieftains' houses, the roads so neatly kept free from brambles and brushwood, the streams spanned by rustic bridges, the mill-wheels busily preparing the flour, the lands beautifully laid out in tillage, the grass lands irrigated. All these are represented to us in the pages of the Brehon law code, so that we can form as perfectly correct an estimate of the manner and customs of the people as if we lived among them.

These laws, as I have already said, were more or less Oriental in their origin. The lex talionis which the law prescribes reminds one forcibly of the ancient Jewish system. Then, too, there was the hereditary transmission in individual families of certain professions, which bears a strong resemblance to the caste system which exists in India, even down to the present day.

Again there was in the Brehon code, the custom of fasting upon a debtor. A creditor fasted at the door of his debtor until the debtor became afraid that he would die of hunger if he retained his money. This very custom prevails among the Hindoos at present, although the English government has done its best to abolish the system on account of the cruelties that are attendant upon it. All these facts go to prove the strong Oriental element in the Brehon law code and verify the statement of Aubrey De Vere who says: "Ireland was an Eastern nation in the West. Her civilization was patriarchal, not military, its type was the family not the army, and the intense theism which has belonged to the East survived in Ireland as an instinct no less than a faith."

Now as to the laws themselves which were embodied in the great Irish book of laws. They are all summed up in the preface to the book published by the Brehon commission in the year 1852, in Dublin, in the following words: "In the Leanehus Mor were promulgated four laws: The law of fosterage, the law relating to free tenants, the law relating to tax tenants and the law of social relationship; also the binding of all by verbal contract for the world would be in confusion if verbal contracts were not binding." These are the principal laws of the great civil code. To describe each of these laws minutely would take thousands of pages, for

although those laws were simple in principle they were complex in detail. They treated every possible transaction in ancient Irish life, passed over no person, for the law was enacted as well for king as vassal, for the queen as much as the subject, for the chief as well as for the dependent, and for the wealthy as well as for the poor.

In those laws everybody's interest was consulted. They were not constructed as aids for the mighty to crush the weak or for the wealthy to lord it over their poorer brethren. It is not surprising then that the Irish people clung with great tenacity to those laws.

Now a question may be asked, when did the Brehon laws assume their present shape? Do they come as they now exist from Pagan times or have they undergone changes in Christian times? As they exist at present, they come from Pagan times, but modified in Christian times to suit the altered condition of the people. In the reign of King Cormac, towards the middle of the third century, the Brehon laws first assumed a definite shape. Up to that time they had been more or less fragmentary. He established a college for their careful study. They remained without change until well nigh 200 years afterwards, namely up to the arrival of St. Patrick. When he had converted the whole island to Christianity, when the kings, the chieftains and the whole nation had become Christians, it is but natural that the laws should be purged of the unwholesome leaven of Pagan superstition. To effect this a great council was summoned to assemble at Tara in the year 438 A. D. This council consisted of three kings, three bishops and three Brehons. For nine years they worked unceasingly in expunging from the laws everything that savored of Pagan superstition. They wiped out anything that was opposed to Christianity and at length there issued forth as the result of their labors the famous Seanchus Mor, which has been annotated and published more than thirty years ago, the body of laws that served as the basis of civil rule in the country for 1300 years.

Never during the troubled times of the Danish invasion did the people desert those laws. Never were they disregarded by them in the lawless period that ensued on the Norman conquest. The Brehons were as implicitly obeyed in the twelfth as they were in the fifth century. Of course the English of the pale scrupulously adhered to the Norman, but outside their boundary the Brehon was still a power in the land. It may seem strange to us that the Irish should be allowed their own laws by the conqueror, but we must not forget that even in those times of outlawry that many a gay song was sung by the Irishman beneath the invaders' fortress, that in the midst of the Norman settlements the Irish clung to their chieftains, and the old life of the clans continued. After some time even the Normans became more Irish than the Irish themselves, through intermarriages with the natives, and finally adopted their laws.

Accordingly the old laws lived during those ages of wrong and rapine until Elizabeth ascended the throne, when the first attempt was made to completely cast aside the native laws of Ireland. In the year 1593, after the murder of Shane O'Neill by the Clannaboy Scots, an act was passed in the British parliament declaring that it was high treason to assume the title of O'Neill and abolishing the system of

chieftaincy among the Irish. But the Irish never took any notice of the enactment. They simply laughed it to scorn and continued to preserve old national customs. England failed to abolish the long established laws this time. It was reserved for the Stuarts to root up and destroy this great basis of national ethics.

In the year 1602, the year previous to the accession of James I., Kinsale had fallen into the hands of England, Dunboy, the fortress of the brave McGeoghegan, had been captured and destroyed, and, as a consequence the whole country lay at the mercy of the English invaders. The heart of Ireland was sore for she saw that the only mainstay, the chieftains of the land, were ruined, that their voices were hushed forever, and some years afterwards she saw that in its reality when the northern chieftains fled from the land in that exodus which is familiarly known as the flight of the earls. The parliament of James declared illegal the system of tanistry and gavel-kind. English judges sat in the chairs of the Brehons and administered to Irishmen the statute laws of England. Brehon code was obliterated. It fell into oblivion. It was heard no more in the land. An institution venerable for its antiquity and for the humanity of its laws is now only studied by the antiquary. The Brehon laws will remain forever as a memorial of ancient Irish civilization, a monument which Irishmen may look upon with pride, for they portray the social virtues, the genius and the culture of their ancestors when other nations, now grown into grandeur and opulence, sat in darkness and ignorance.

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY ARZA BEE.

"Forever and forever"
  That dear old pledge we swore.
"Forever and forever
  Till time shall be no more."
And one sleeps on a hillside,
  By willows overhung.
And one is weak and weary,
  The gold-crazed crowd among.

"Forever and forever"
  Perhaps it yet may be,
The love that may be deathless
  Through all eternity.
And then, perhaps its music
  Is but the first sweet strain
I hear from Heaven's choir
  Across life's dreary plain.

A WAIF OF THE SEA.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEIL.

Mingling with the thunder of the surf upon the rock-ribbed coast and the howling of the tempest, came the measured detonations of the minute gun. "God help those on board that ship this night," was the prayerful comment of the Newfoundland fisherman to whose ears these ominous heralds of an ocean tragedy were borne. He knew but too well what the booming of that gun portended. Others were drawn to the shore by the note of peril and vainly tried to pierce the curtain of gloom stretched by the storm between them and the tragedy being enacted seaward. Pitilessly, perhaps compassionately, they were denied the sad privilege. The gun boomed with pathetic regularity for a while, the gunner evidently determined to stick to his post to the last, and then the sound was heard no more. The tumult of the storm held complete sway without other intruding note, and the fisher-folk turned inland with a fervent "God rest them!"

In the grey of the morning there was found floating in the calm waters of a sheltered cove, lashed to a piece of wreckage a little girl of about two years, in whose frail, infantile body the spark of life remained which only needed the care that was promptly and tenderly given to be fanned to its wonted vitality. In vain the shore was searched for other survivors, or for any piece of wreckage that could furnish a clew to the identity of the ill-fated ship. All that the sea deigned to surrender was the little waif of humanity whose few words were foreign to the simple, hospitable fisherfolk to whose charity she had been so pathetically committed.

The little unknown found a good home in the family of one of the more well-to-do islanders, grew eventually to womanhood and married aman of prominence in the island colony. The few words she was able to lisp when recovered from the sea were later found to be German, and strange to say she always preserved an accent that savored of the country of her origin. As she grew in years there was the natural yearning for the knowledge of her antecedents that was withheld from her, accompanied by many a heartache at her strange isolation. Her parents she had every reason to believe perished in the ocean horror from which she had been delivered; but she felt that somewhere in the German fatherland there were relatives who could brighten the obscurity under which she labored. What would she not give for the knowledge such kindred could supply!

She lived and died in the island where as a waif cast up by the sea she had been received into warm and welcoming arms, and there after a life exceeding the span mentioned by the Psalmist she has found a grave. Death has no doubt revealed the secret that life refused to disclose.

MISS KELLOGG'S HIRED HELP.

BY HARRIET A. NASH.

"Victoria, this is really inexcusable."

Miss Kellogg looked severely from the wreck of china strewn about the painted brick floor, toward her stalwart maid of all work, whose ebony face at this moment was the picture of impersonal consternation.

Victoria smiled with cheerful acquiescence.

"It sut'n'ly do beat all how such things do happen, Miss; when that bust in the parlor up an broke while I was dustin' it, I knew for sure there'd got to be two more. They always goes in threes," she said, cheerfully unloading upon the law of accidents in which she was a firm believer all responsibility for the present catastrophe.

Miss Kellogg made no reply.

"There's got to be another one yet," continued Victoria, resignedly. "That don't make only two."

"Not in my house." Miss Kellogg's New England self-control, through which she had been enabled to survey with dignity the destruction of her household gods, was not proof against the mingled superstition and unconcern of the girl's tone. "You may pack your things, Victoria, while I write you a certificate of good character, and may I be forgiven for signing my father's honored name to such a fabrication. I have put up with a good deal out here: cooking bacon with my beans; silently forcing down maple syrup which any Maine sap grove would repudiate with scorn; buying every separate article of food from a different street pedler's cart, though it has been my life-long custom not to patronize peddlers; and cheerfully conversing with people whose manner of speech I only half understood. But the irresponsibility of the hired help outweighs all my Christian forbearance. I will pay you to the end of the month, Victoria, and I trust you will find someone more long-suffering than I am, who can endure your shiftless ways."

Miss Kellogg paused for breath.

"Yes, Miss," returned Victoria, pleasantly. "Shan't I heave away the pieces first?"

But Miss Kellogg, shortly declining all further services from Victoria's hands, was already on her knees, gathering the fragments into her apron with lingering touches.

"Anyone could see it was the finest china," she said, regretfully, holding a piece up to the light. "There was nobody in all Plainville had a set so handsome as this, and if I ever had gone back there with it 'twould been the talk of the town. To think I've only owned it four weeks and never used it once."

An hour later she stood on the front veranda and watched Victoria go down the gravelled walk. Miss Kellogg sighed as her glance wandered over the wide lawn and gardens. Then she stepped back to the hall, and, winding a shawl about her head, came slowly down the steps. Miss Kellogg was subject to neuralgia and the air

of this New Jersey coast had a strange chill to her Maine-bred frame. By the silent fountain she paused. "It would be some company to see it running," she said regretfully. "But it wouldn't seem real respectful to his memory just yet." She looked back at the comfortable stone mansion, whose wide casements seemed to speak in eloquent tones of other days. Miss Kellogg reflected a little dismally on the course of events, which had scattered all the cheerful life that once had filled these rooms, and brought her, an alien from a distant State, to hold solitary possession of this goodly estate. She had learned more of the New Jersey Kelloggs in the past month than in all her fifty years of life before. For the family's strongest quality was reserve, and the rare communications between Maine and New Jersey on occasions of death, though they became more and more frequent with the passing years, yet had been too brief to arouse great interest or affection. Even her cousin Robert's death, which in its far-reaching results had overturned her quiet, well-ordered life, had affected her chiefly through these results. She had long known that they two were the last survivors of their respective families; had been aware, without giving the matter much thought, that he had been twice married and twice bereaved, a dim knowledge which woke to living interest when she stood before the weeping willow memorial on the parlor wall. It was a family memorial, sacred to "Eliza" and to "Jane" and to "Robert, aged three months." Upon the opposite wall hung portraits of the two, with the infant Robert between them. Miss Kellogg readily identified Jane by a large "J" on the breastpin which she wore; also by the style of dress which was of a period earlier than that of her successor. But, puzzle as she would over the problem, she could not decide whether the child had been the offspring of Jane or of Eliza. This, and many other bits of knowledge, which were wanting to make her history of the family complete, she might have gained by questioning the neighbors, or by perusing the letters which crowded desk and bureau all over the house. But Miss Kellogg, though she perish with curiosity, would not stoop to gain information by such questionable methods. Notwithstanding all that was lacking, there was sufficient left to hold her attention with absorbing interest during this past month, when she had wandered half guiltily about the house, among possessions, whose owners were all unknown to her. But the one startling fact to which she came back again and again, with varying degrees of resignation, yet finding it ever unfamiliar, was her own presence here. Robert Kellogg's large property had fallen by inheritance to his Maine cousin.

Miss Kellogg was thoroughly conscientious. The inheritance aroused in her an appropriate sense of responsibility, which helped to support her in the trying days when it slowly dawned upon her that a change of residence was necessary for the proper supervision of her property. The little town of Plainville had been stirred to its depths, as she went quietly, yet not without any air of importance, about her arrangements for departure. Renting her little home to a careful family without children, selling her hens at a good bargain, giving up her Sunday school class, and resigning from the church sewing circle of which she was president. There was mourning

throughout the neighborhood. But the object of all this, upheld by the aforesaid sense of responsibility, was well settled in her new home, before she began to realize that it was one thing to uproot a solitary life of fifty years, and quite another to adapt it to a new and unknown soil. Tonight as she stood by the fountain she was conscious of a most disinterested regret for the early demise of her cousin's son and heir.

"It's a great pity he couldn't have been spared," she said. Her mind travelled slowly from the long dead "Robert, aged three months," back to the present and her departed "hired help."

"I suppose I shall have to get another girl," she said, as she went back to the silent rooms. "But if there's such a thing to be had, even by advertising, I mean to hire a white American."

She felt a little uneasy as she climbed the stairs of the newspaper office next morning, and the color mounted to her face when, a day later, in the seclusion of her own home, she read her modest request in black and white. Advertising seemed a bold sort of thing after all, and quite out of harmony with her previous existence. She seemed to have taken the first step upon an unknown road, which might lead her to almost any disastrous end.

. . . . . .

At the same hour, in a tiny back tenement of the great city, twenty miles from Miss Kellogg's home as the crow flies, and fifty as the local railroad pursued its deliberate way, two girls were sitting over a breakfast table, whose dainty neatness failed to atone for the lack of edibles. An odor of warmed-over coffee seemed the most substantial thing about the meal. The elder sister, whose face bore the stamp of nervous invalidism, drew a thin shawl about her shoulders, and leaned wearily back in her chair, surveying with some disapproval the brown head across the table, bent at this moment over a newspaper.

"You may say what you like, Alice," said the girl behind the paper, with some heat, "but I know dear Uncle Robert never intended to leave us without so much as a teaspoon to remember him by. Didn't he ask us to his house for weeks at a time, and didn't he take us both to Europe that beautiful summer only three years ago? You needn't argue with me. I know there's a will somewhere about that blessed old house, and your name and mine are both in it."

"Nonsense," returned her sister impatiently. "Those things don't happen outside of novels, Avis. I do believe that Uncle Robert meant to remember us, even though we were only nieces by marriage. He has almost told us so again and again. But he was always one of those easy-going, put-off-till-tomorrow kind of people—"

An exclamation from Avis interrupted.

"Of all things remarkable. Talk of coincidences, Alice. Listen to this. Uncle Robert's ancient heiress advertises for—what do you think? Not a servant or a maid, but hired help. This is the unmistakable fruit of a genteel New England boarding school, a generation past. "Desired"—she probably wouldn't do anything so ungenteel as to "want"—"A sensible young woman to assist as hired help, in a household of one. Isn't that delicious, Allie? My blues brought on by under-eating vanish before it. Beefsteak

and waffles wouldn't contain half the nutritive value of those few lines."

"What a child you are, Avis." The elder sister rose and made her way feebly to a worn couch by the window, looking back with a fond smile nevertheless.

"But can't you see her, Alice? A queer, prim, old lady with eye-glasses. Like those funny sisters we saw at Rome, who went about with the forefinger of one hand on the place in their guidebooks, while the same finger of the other hand was stiffly pointed in the direction most interesting for the moment. And don't you remember how the elder was continually changing from her "nearto" glasses which she read in, to her "faroffs," which were necessary for objects a yard from her nose, and tangling the two cords in hopeless confusion?"

The weary look was vanishing from the invalid's face, as the light of pleasing retrospection stole over it. Avis watched her closely, chattering on, recalling pictures and cathedrals, lakes and sunsets of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. By and by her merry tone changed to a most serious one, as she said: "And now, my dear, I have a delightful plan. And you are not to spoil it with any of your silly objections, for truly I don't know of any other way to continue our existence. You know how I have walked for weeks, offering my services to every kind of an establishment in every kind of a capacity, and coming down little by little from my aspirations to the head of a kindergarten, until yesterday I shed actual tears at being denied permission to wait on a lunch counter. One of those funny little places, Alice, where the customers go and pick up whatever suits their fancy or tempts their appetite, and the waiter only happens around incidentally to inquire if the flavor is just right. What are you groaning for? I wasn't so fortunate as to get the position. But my regrets for it are softening, for as I told you I have a much nicer plan." She paused. A hopeless "Well," half despairing, half interrogative, came from the couch.

"Nothing more or less, my dear, than to present myself as a candidate for the position Miss Kellogg so delicately offers to some deserving prodigy, and having secured the position to find Uncle Robert's will in some corner where the absent-minded old dear has tucked it."

"Avis!" The elder sister sat upright on the couch.

Avis answered with crimson cheeks.

"I know what you're going to say, Alice You think it's dishonorable, and so do I. But we can't starve. Everything has been against us, else your attack of nervous prostration, the bank failure, and Uncle Robert's shock, which was the beginning of his last illness, would never have come, all in a breath. I've tried everything else. 'Hired help' sounds like eating with the family and being introduced to callers. Which last privilege, by the way, I must forego, lest it prove my undoing. Do you suppose anyone will recognize me, Alice? I have changed so much in the last two years. Now talk sensibly, for I am determined to do it. And you shall go to board with those nice old people down the bay."

Expostulation was in vain. The elder sister, weakened by long illness, felt her objections wavering before the determined spirit of the younger, which carried everything before it. The next day Avis made a trip to Pine Glade, returning in triumph to announce her-

self engaged, and to spend the rest of the week in dismantling the little home, and arranging for Alice's reception at the roomy farmhouse, where in better days they had spent long vacations.

"She's about as I fancied," Avis assured her sister. "A little stiffer, perhaps, and not quite so fussy, though she seemed rather severe in manner. I think I won't tell her I'm a Quaker by birth, Alice. I fear she comes of the stock which once felt it a duty to burn Quakers."

"Thee needn't fear she'll suspect it," retorted Alice, who, with relief from actual need, felt her spirits lightened. "As Grandma Spencer used to say, 'Thy ways were ever the unregenerate ways of the world.'"

. . . . . .

Miss Kellogg arranged three chairs in a row against the parlor wall and stepped back to note the effect. "That looks a little neater," she said with decision, raising her eyes to the memorial, which together with the rest of the pictures she had carefully shrouded in pink mosquito netting. It was only March, but Miss Kellogg knew the flies were early in this latitude. She had spent a busy week in dusting, cleaning and scrubbing in preparation for her new "help," her housewifely instincts protesting against a stranger's admission to the disorder that lingered in the wake of the deposed Victoria. Now, having arranged the parlor to her satisfaction, she carefully closed the shutters and withdrew to look after her supper with all the anxiety of one who expects an honored guest.

"If it wasn't for appearing miserly and staying alone nights, I wouldn't have help," she assured herself, as she recalled with some misgiving the high-bred face and slender figure of her new household assistant, contrasting her with the rosy-cheeked girl who had once worked for her a week "down east." Miss Kellogg began to regret her rash advertisement which had brought her but this one applicant, and, when a ring at the side door announced the arrival, was in a flutter of embarrassment. Twice during the evening she found herself addressing the new-comer as "ma'am," and at bedtime conducted her, not to Victoria's little room over the kitchen as she had intended, but to a pretty chamber in the tower. Mary Martin —for notwithstanding Alice's entreaties and even tears, Avis had seen the necessity for an alias—opened her brown eyes in wonder at this last proceeding, wondering if her identity was suspected. Then, reflecting that it was most unlikely, she drew a breath of relief and looked around her curiously, remembering that this had been her Uncle Robert's own room. She turned swiftly away from the mirror, the color mounting to her face. "I can't do it," she said to herself. "I thought it would be easy, but now it seems a mean, mean thing to do." However, after a little reflection, she decided there could be no harm in examining the drawers and closets of this, her own room. And she went about it in a half-hearted manner, starting at every sound and alternately hoping and fearing to come across the object of her search. It was a late hour before she closed the last drawer with a sigh of relief. Not a scrap of paper had rewarded her search. "I won't hunt any more," she promised herself as she turned off the gas, "though of course if I happen to find it—"

Avis found her position in some re-

spects more trying than she had anticipated. The work to be sure was easy, her hours of leisure long, but there was constant fear of recognition from callers whom she had met in former years. For Pine Glade people, delighted with Miss Kellogg's New England speech and manner, and possessing, moreover, a deep spirit of hospitality, were not backward in their welcome to the new resident. "That's the fourth minister's wife within a week," said the mistress of the house suspiciously, as she hooked the parlor shutters after a caller had left. "And I hope they understand that since the blessing of an Orthodox church is unknown here, I shall take my own time in choosing a substitute."

Mary Martin smiled behind her handkerchief, wishing that circumstances did not compel her to regard Miss Kellogg as an interloper, while her own guilty conscience forbade her accepting that lady's overtures of friendship. For Miss Kellogg, whose manner toward Avis wavered between deprecation and patronage, would fain have made her help "one of the family," according to good old New England custom, and failed to understand Mary's unwillingness to go out with her, sit with her, or even talk with her save on household topics. Miss Kellogg could but ascribe it all to locality, and wished, since she had been tempted to the extremity of advertising, that she had advertised for a New England girl. "Though I don't suppose one ever gets so far from home," she said doubtfully. "But then, Mary's a reliable girl and I wouldn't change her in any way, without 'twas to make her a little more sociable."

Meanwhile Avis made little progress toward the discovery she had come to make. In the great house there were many possible hiding-places, and it was not until the sunny days of April inaugurated a violent siege of house-cleaning, that she found full opportunity for search. It was at this time, too, Miss Kellogg discovered what a treasure she had secured, and in her satisfaction forgot even Mary's deficiences as a companion. For the girl showed wondrous talents in the cleaning line, and seemed never so happy as when sorting over the contents of dark closets, or searching for moths in long unopened trunks.

"How terribly that poor man has been imposed upon," sighed his cousin, surveying the neglect of years. Mary Martin, recalling the long reign of housekeepers and Robert Kellogg's easy disposition, thought Miss Kellogg might easily be correct, and with fresh courage went on examining the pockets of moth-eaten coats.

But all in vain. The last closet was in spotless order, the last carpet down, the last tidy pinned stiffly in its place by Miss Kellogg's orderly fingers. The old clothes man, the ragman, the city dump, had all received their own. Still no sign of any will, and Avis remembering how thoroughly the house had been gone over began to lose courage. Yet she determined to stay, for times were dull and her present situation at least meant food and shelter for herself and Alice. And then there was always a possibility.

Summer came—a hot, moist summer. Mistress and maid contended valiantly against mould and decay, and Miss Kellogg instructed her lawyer to send substantial checks to the various fresh air funds of neighboring cities. "I'd like to put a little of poor Cousin Robert's treasure where neither moth nor rust can corrupt," she

said. "And I sometimes wish he had put it there himself." She sighed often in these days for familiar pine breezes, and commenced a crazy quilt to "take her mind off the mosquitoes." It was hardly an exhilarating occupation, for these scraps of silk, gleaned from trunks and closets all over the house, held no meaning for her, save as there hung about them an atmosphere of the mysterious past. When they had been bought, or where, or who had worn the garments of which they were but remnants, what scenes of gaiety those garments had adorned, there was no one to relate. Mary Martin, when appealed to for advice, in the weighty matter of combination, felt her eyes resting fondly upon one piece or another, as it recalled to her some tale, to which her childish ears had listened.

"I would put the green and white brocade next the green satin," she said with unusual cordiality. "They seem to belong together." For the brocade, she knew, was a piece of the vest which had been on duty at both Robert Kellogg's weddings, and her aunt, his second wife, had often told of her weary search through city stores to match the green sprig in satin for her wedding dress.

"Mary's beginning to feel more acquainted," Miss Kellogg reflected as the girl went out. "And I can't help feeling drawn to her some way, for I never saw a more responsible girl, in Maine or out of it."

It was this same crazy quilt which brought matters to a crisis at last. Miss Kellogg had succumbed to a long-expected attack of rheumatism, and sat, with bandaged knee and melancholy face, in the sunny window of her sitting room, industriously forming narrow strips into a "fan-square." "For I'm not one to give up work while I can hold my head erect," she said with dignity. Presently she dropped her work and looked doubtfully at Mary, who was dusting the room.

"Mary," she ventured in an apologetic tone, "could I trouble you to go upstairs for me? I'm sure I saw some purple brocade in the garret and I need it to complete this square. Be careful and put everything back in its place," she added, producing a huge bunch of keys, and sighed as the girl left the room. "It's for all the world like visiting in a house where the family are away," she said. "I can't feel free with things, look at it as I will."

Avis ran lightly up the stairs humming a tune and feeling unusually light of heart, for Alice had written of her improving health and cheerful plans for the future. So engaged in thought did she become before the attic was reached, that Miss Kellogg's minute directions had quite vanished from her mind, and she stood keys in hand gazing blankly at the long row of trunks.

"I don't remember any purple brocade," she mused, doubtfully. "Was it the third one from the window or the chimney that she said. Well, we'll try the window first." Repeated trials brought her to a key that fitted and she threw back the lid. No rolls of pieces met her eye, but only a linen sheet tucked carefully over a baby's wardrobe, tiny dresses yellow with age, socks of silk and wool, a quilted satin hood, the garments of the infant Robert who would have been her step-cousin. Avis slid her hand down the side of the trunk. "There's no brocade here, I know," she said. The next moment she brought up a package wrapped in silver paper, long un-

opened, for the pins which held it were rusted in their places. Avis started to lay it back in place. But the tender paper burst apart, and a baby's christening robe of finest lace fell upon her lap. As the dress unrolled there dropped from it a long document folded and sealed. Purple brocade and baby's wardrobe were alike forgotten, as Avis rose to her feet with the paper in her hand. Across it was written in her uncle's hand, "The last will and testament of Robert Emerson Kellogg."

Miss Kellogg took the document which Avis brought to her in lieu of the purple brocade, and held it off at arm's length. "I want to know," she said.

But Avis interrupted. "Wait," she said. "Before you ask any questions I must tell you who I am and why I came here. And oh, I wish I hadn't come."

Miss Kellogg listened in silence, going placidly on with her work, and setting each stitch with conscientious care. If the story of her maid's duplicity gave any shock to her straightforward nature, her calm face made no sign. Perhaps her sense of justice recalled the girl's misfortune in lacking a New England "bringing up." At the close she said reprovingly:

"I'm afraid you read novels, Mary. Else common-sense would have shown you that the proper course was to come to me in the first place. I should readily have seen that the responsibility left to me included you and your sister, and would gladly have helped to search for this will, which lifts a heavy load from my mind. And there! since you're a family connection there can't be any harm in asking you about them. I should like to know whether the infant who died was the son of Jane or Eliza. Jane, was it? Well now I always thought he favored Eliza."

Early that afternoon Avis ushered Miss Kellogg's lawyer into the parlor where the will lay in state upon the centre table. Miss Kellogg in her best black silk sat upon the sofa, with folded arms, and nodded Avis to a seat beside her.

"This is my cousin by marriage, Miss Mary Martin," she explained to the lawyer, "and we have reason to believe she's one of the heirs."

"Spencer," suggested Avis faintly, doubtful lest her change of name might lead to difficulty in establishing her identity when the will was read.

"Never mind reading the will to us, Mr. Holland," Miss Kellogg said after the preliminary explanations. "Just give us the sense of it without any lawyer's language to confuse us."

The legal gentleman broke the seals deliberately.

"My late father must have drawn this will," he said. "Though I never found any memorandum of it among his papers." There was a long silence. Then Mr. Holland laid down the paper and removing his eyeglasses looked from one to the other of his audience.

"This document," he said impressively, "gives all of Robert Kellogg's property, real and personal, and its income forever, to found and maintain a home for orphan children of tender years. And this he does in memory of his deceased son, Robert Franklin Kellogg. This house it appears is to be the location of the home. The property now passes into the hands of a board of trustees, of whom—"consulting the will,—"I think but one is living."

Miss Kellogg drew a long breath.

"He couldn't have done better," she said. "It always seemed terrible to me to think of a man living and dying without interest enough in his fellowmen to dispose of his property. To think of him remembering that baby all these years. But he ought to have remembered Mary and her sister."

The lawyer smiled.

"This will," he exclaimed, "was made shortly after the child's death, its mother, I believe, having died at its birth, years before this young lady was in existence. From my own knowledge I am sure that my late client had forgotten or believed it destroyed. If you should wish to have it set aside—"

A vision of a white cottage among the Maine hills rose before Miss Kellogg's eyes.

"Never," she said.

Miss Kellogg and her hired help sat alone after Mr. Holland had gone.

"I feel real disappointed for you, Mary," Miss Kellogg said kindly. "I believe as you do that Cousin Robert meant to provide for you, and I'm sure you'd have made good use of it. But it's the nature of his sex to put off till tomorrow whatever hasn't got to be done today. I have an idea—"

"It serves me right and I don't deserve the help of anybody's ideas," Avis said in a tone worthy of her Quaker birth.

Miss Kellogg continued. "You and your sister are just going home with me for a long visit. A Maine fall will set her up best of anything in the world. And if you like there, my cousin, Jared Pitts, is school trustee, and he'll see you get a school if you're qualified, which I don't doubt. Don't thank me child. I'm scant of relations especially on the Kellogg side, and connections by marriage count all the same." There was a pause before Miss Kellogg added thoughtfully.

"Talk about the burden of riches. I've heard of it but I never sensed it till I come out here."

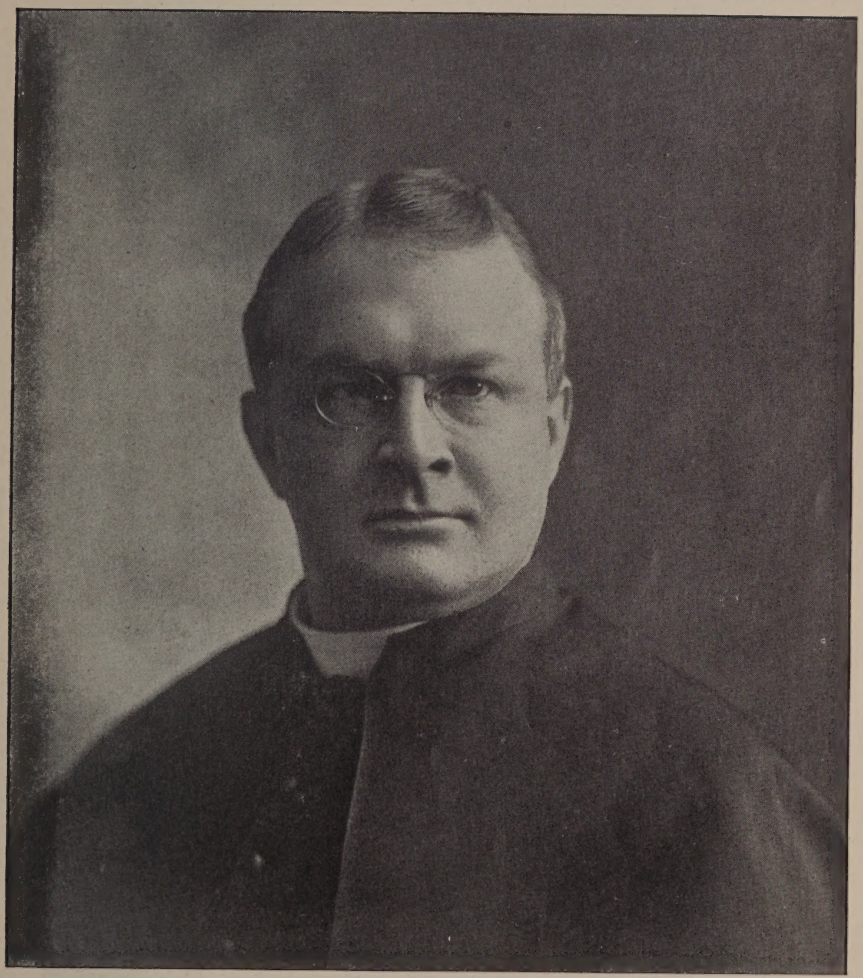
O WEARY NIGHT!

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

O weary night! The wind and rain
Are beating on my window-pane;
  Against the gloom I set my face
  And try amid the murk to trace
Some ray of love,—alas, in vain!
Sweet dreams, by strife and sorrow slain,
And banished youth!—How little gain
  Comes with the years that fleet apace,
    O weary night.
The hours move slow, bnt clouds remain;
Ah me! my aching heart would fain
  Take with the dead her silent place;—
  But hope bends down with tender grace,
And lo! sweet morning breaks amain,
    O weary night.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.



REV. T. P. McLOUGHLIN.
Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration.

Those whose privilege it was to hear the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin lecture on "Ireland's Songs and Melodies," will be even more interested in his work as the energetic, successful rector of the most cosmopolitan parish in the Archdiocese of New York, the parish of the Transfiguration, Mott street, founded more than seventy years ago by the saintly Father Varela. Here among Italians, Jews and Chinese, Father McLoughlin is making noble efforts for the elevation of all who come within reach of his priestly influence.

Writing of these neighbors in an article published in Donahoe's, Father McLoughlin said: "I must say in regard to the children of the Jews and the Chinese, that the priests of this church are as well known to them

as their own fathers and mothers, and many of them salute us just like the Christian children. We have in our school several little half-breed Chinese who are very bright and who will make good Catholics some day."

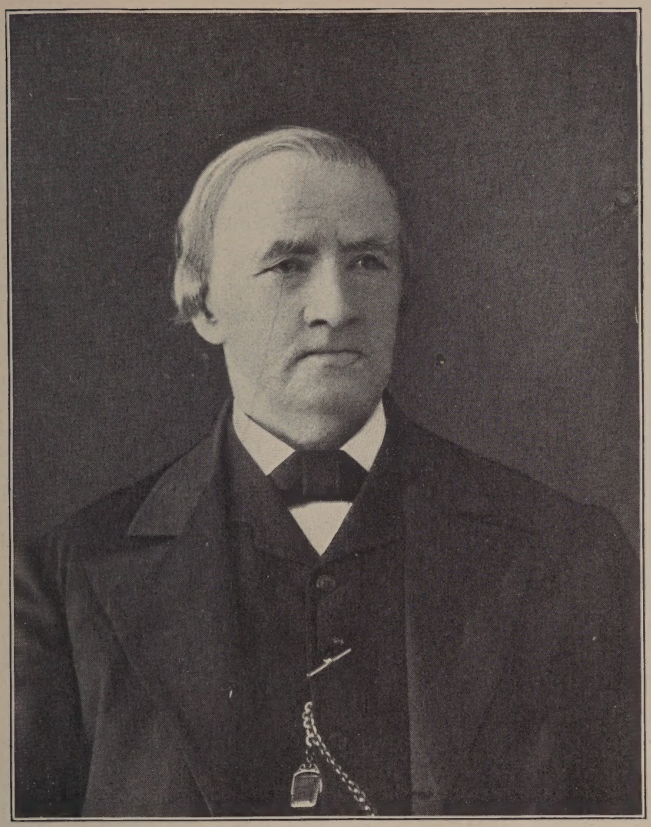
with the 32nd Michigan Infantry as Chaplain, which brought him successively into the Army corps of Major Generals Lee, Shafter and Coppinger. He was one of the most devoted of the Chaplains during the outbreak of army

REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLY.
Chaplain U. S. Volunteer Army. With Thirty-Second Michigan Infantry.

Rev. Francis Clement Kelley's connection with the Volunteer Army of the United States has attracted the favorable and grateful attention of government and people. Father Kelley was

fever in the camps at Tampa and Fernandina.

Father Kelley received his classical education in St. Dunstan's college, Prince Edward Island, leaving the in-



PATRICK SHARKEY.

stitution a Gold Medallist and Valedictorian. He studied philosophy and theology in affiliated colleges of Laval University, holding at the same time a tutor's chair in the College of Nicolet.

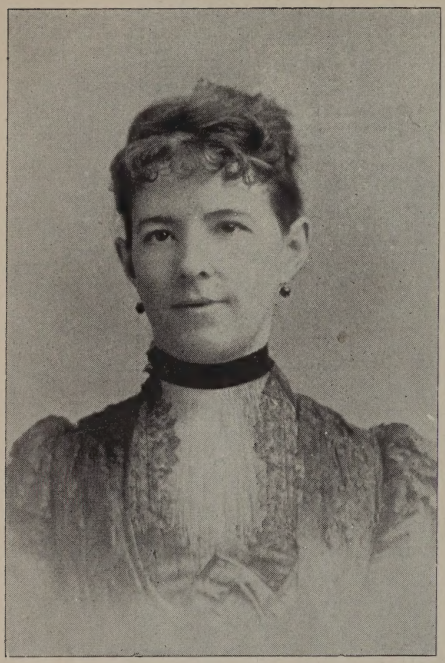
Besides the work of his present charge, Lapeer, Michigan, whose three magnificent new church edifices testify to its being well done, Father Kelley gives time to literary work. He has published some very clever short stories and dramas. The press has been lavish in its praises of him as a speaker. Indeed it is as an orator of ability and force that the young priest is best known.

Patrick Sharkey, the venerable apostle of temperance, is the only surviving member of the Father Mathew society of East Cambridge, Mass., and he was, because of this, a prominent figure at the semi-centennial exercises held recently in that city. Dr. Conaty, after an oration on temperance, before a vast audience, pinned a gold badge upon the coat of Mr. Sharkey, as a token of his unflinching adherence to the principles so eloquently expounded.

Mr. Sharkey had the honor of taking the pledge from Father Mathew himself when the distinguished advocate visited this country fifty years ago.

Ella Loraine Dorsey is the daughter of Anna Hanson Dorsey, the pioneer of Catholic light literature in America, one of the most remarkable women of her generation, and a Lætare Medalist.

Miss Dorsey began to write when very young, and had the happiest and kindest training in journalism. In 1886, by the advice of John Boyle O'Reilly, she wrote her first real story—"The Tsar's Horses." This was followed by "Back From the Frozen Pole." Then receiving further encouragement, she began what she had hoped to make her life work—helping to inaugurate a wholesome,



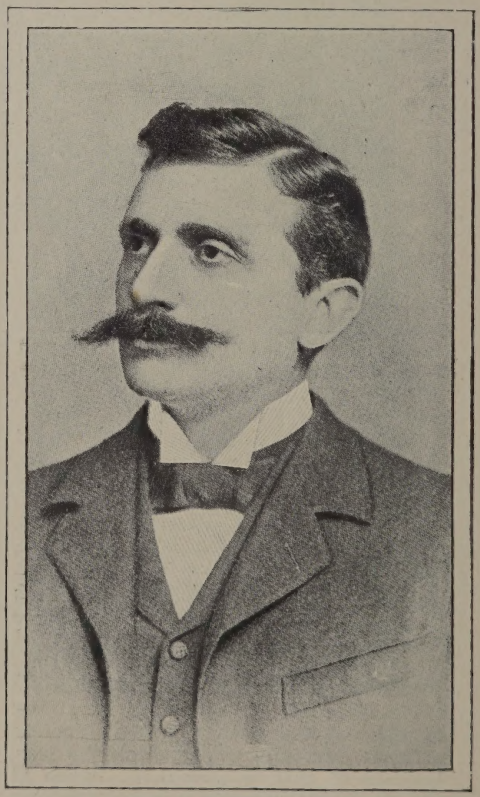
ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.

hearty school of stories addressed especially to Catholic boys, from Catholic standpoints, and Catholic requirements; with enough adventure to make it attractive and stimulating; with enough working out of character and circumstances to prove that from even a logical standpoint good must triumph in the long run, and evil be punished here as well as afterwards—that nothing can replace integrity, honor, and fidelity; that personal responsibilities to God cannot be shifted to other people or responsibility to our neighbor be shirked; and that no boy is too small, too weak in body, or too unknown, to set a good example to somebody, somewhere, sometime.

"Midshipman Bob" was the first book; "Jet, The War Mule," the next. Then "Jose Maria," "The Two Tramps" and "Desmond Coppinger's Inheritance." (This was for grown up young people) and there were many short stories sprinkled in between. "The Son of the Widow of Nain"; "The Grotto of the Milk;" "Tiny Tim;" "The Wharf Rats 'Xmas"; "Her First 'Xmas"; "Saxty's Angel"; " Taming of Polly"; "Pickle and Pepper," etc.

Miss Dorsey belongs to the following associations: A member of the Georgetown Alumnæ Association, one of the Executive Committee; Historian of the Georgetown Visitation Centenary Celebration; a Colonial Dame of Maryland; an ex-Vice-President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; a member of the Literary Society of Washington, and of the Auxiliary Board of Trinity College.

The British government has been industriously circulating many malicious falsehoods about the Boer republic. Chief among these is the story that the Transvaal constitution forbids any Catholic from holding office under President Kruger. Such a statement is far from the truth. And, as if in refutation of this unjust accusation, Dr. Leyds stands forth in eloquent prominence. He is the Transvaal's chief representative in Europe, and the accredited envoy to foreign courts.



DR. WILLIAM J. LEYDS.
European Agent of the Boer Republic.

Dr. Leyds is a loyal Catholic, and a diplomatist of acknowledged ability. He is at present carrying on negotiations with Germany, France and Russia.

cated to Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, D.D., a graceful tribute to one who has done so much to promote intellectual advancement.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

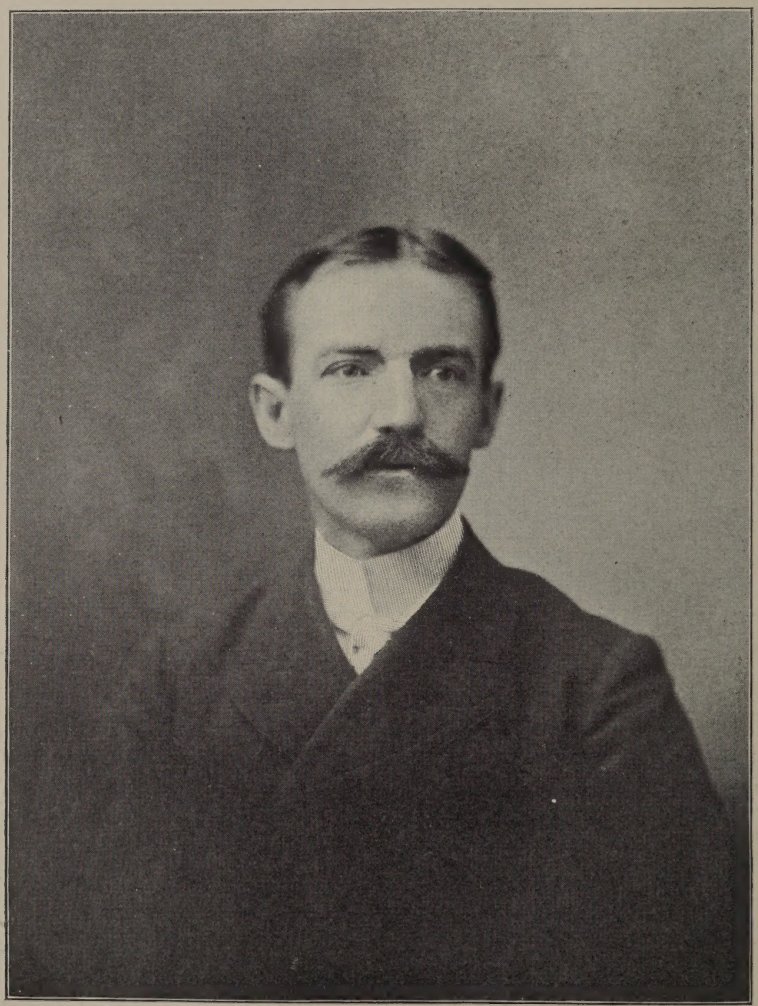
A young author who combines ripe judgment with poetic thought is Miss Julia Teresa Butler of Boston. Hers is one of the sweetest voices in Catholic literature. And her prose sings as happily as her verse. Miss Butler was born and educated in Boston, attended the public schools and the Notre Dame Academy, and also the Berlitz School of Languages. She developed literary ambitions when quite a child and wrote some very creditable lines even before she was sixteen. Though yet young in years her name already has become a familiar one in many leading publications. Many of her excellent efforts have appeared in Donahoe's, and she has written extensively for the Weekly Bouquet, Boston; Midland Review,Louisville, Ky.; Catholic Friend, Richmond, Va., and several other publications. Her latest and perhaps one of her most notable triumphs is a charming little volume, "Thoughts That Found Expression." It is from the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, and is affectionately dedi-

The success of his new play, "The Parish Priest," brings to the front a new Catholic American author, Mr. Daniel L. Hart of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who is doing noble service in the interests of public morality by creating a play, American in theme and American in heart, a play that in its purity of tone, loftiness of sentiment, and clean, wholesome lessons of daily living must counteract the evil influence of the average society drama.

Mr. Hart is in his thirty-first year. He is of Irish parentage, being the son of Mr. John Hart of Sligo, Ireland. The author received his early education in the Catholic parochial school of Wilkes Barre, and later graduated from Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa. Soon after his graduation he entered upon a journalistic career, and was at one time editor of the Diocesan Record, the representative Catholic paper of Northeastern Pennsylvania. On resigning his position there he joined the editorial staff of the Wilkesbarre Leader, a position which he still holds.

Five years ago Mr. Hart made his first

serious effort at playwriting, although previous to that time he had written several playlets chiefly for local production, which were accounted very successful. In the spring of 1895 he made a dramatization of "The Jucklins" for Mr. Stuart Robson, who not only accepted it but declared it to be a most perfect piece of dramatic writing. "Government Acceptance" was the next production from the pen of Mr. Hart, and it, too, was written for Stuart Robson, the critics throughout the country pronouncing it a marvel of dramatic unity, strength and heart interest. Mr. Hart's most successful work is his latest production, "The Parish Priest," which has deservedly won the commendations of clergy and laity alike, as being one of the most wholesome and most enjoyable dramatic productions ever put on the American stage.



DANIEL L. HART.
Author of the "The Parish Priest."

DUFFY'S CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY L. F. FOGG.

Duffy—Alexander Darius or A. D. Duff — or In - the - Year - of - Our - Lord Duffy, as the boys called him—was a cabman by the force of circumstances; a rusty old cab that he could not sell and a philosophical, deliberative horse that no one else could be persuaded to acquire, the only assets on a loan to a friend now dead and gone these sixteen years, being the circumstances.

Force of circumstances, Duffy reflected speaking to himself in his husky, confidential, whisper-like voice —brought about by the raw night air and the awesome silence of the wee small hours in which he worked, and which unacquainted drug clerks were constantly imagining asked for brandy and soda instead of liniment for rheumatism—force of circumstances, Duffy reflected, seemed to have considerable to do with his affairs. Not that others about him were at all untroubled by that power, but with them it was evident only in what they did not have, while with Duffy it extended its influence even to the things he had.

There was the cab, for instance; still as serviceable an old trap as when he had mounted it sixteen years before. To what other cause could that be attributed, unless, indeed, it was a companion piece to the famous One Horse Chaise of history—a supposition neither credible nor reassuring. Then Nicodemus—Old Nick, the horse—was just as fiery an untamed steed on crowded thoroughfares and no sleepier on unfrequented by-ways than he was when Duffy first got him. How was that to be accounted for? It had not been force of character, that was certain; so it must have been force of circumstances.

And then Sweet William—though that was not her name, of course, Duffy calling her that only because sweet william was the sweetest plant he knew—Sibyl being her real name—but even she was the result of circumstances. Certainly Duffy was not complaining of those circumstances which, shortly after his entrance into the business, had forced her upon him.

She was only two years old then (judging by her teeth on comparing them with those of other children about him), when on climbing down from the box and opening the door of the cab to enable a lady to alight, he had discovered the lady gone by some amazing means and Sweet William alone, asleep on the seat. But when, as he had stood there under the sputtering light of the electric lamp overhead, trying to bring his jolted faculties to an intelligent realization of what had happened, she awoke and saw him and stretched out her baby arms to him at sight of his broad, mild face, all had been settled between them in an instant; and pulling the cushions off the seats and piling them on the floor and the baby on them, where she would ride safely, he had turned and trotted home.

Home—up two flights of stairs in a block near the stable where Duffy kept his horse—living room, bedroom and a small room for storing odds and ends, which was Duffy's own bedroom

now. Rather bare and cold in those days before Sweet William came, for little had Duffy himself required, and needing considerable fixing up when she did come. Bright red paper for the walls, with a brilliant gold figure, some rare and choice exotic, no doubt —if it had not looked like a tobacco plant—but gorgeous as money could buy. To be sure not as pretty as the dainty tints with which Sweet William had afterwards replaced it, but that of course was to have been expected, as also that the fine furniture Duffy bought then, should not have been as comfortable as what they had. True, that had been more imposing and showy, but then Duffy never cared much for show, anyway, except as an inevitable consequence to having fine things, and much preferred chairs one could sit back in, and carpets one was not afraid to walk upon, provided Sweet William was satisfied. Then too, fine things wore out so fast, Duffy noticed.

But those had been exciting times, those days when Sweet William first came to her home. At first it was Old Mother Hefler, who helped him in his difficulty and took charge of Sweet William in the afternoons, when Duffy left for his stand, gave her supper to her, and tucked her safe in bed. But it was Duffy who had tended her in the mornings, got her breakfast for her, and amused her, playing with her and for her, until it was time to leave for work again; bought playthings over which the force of circumstances had strangely lacked its usual control; and brilliant, bright dress-stuffs for frocks; and whenever he ran across anything especially fine, a quantity to be saved until she should grow up, a foresight, by the way, that Mother Hefler had been wont to sniff at and deride, and which, too, seemed to have been wasted after all. For Sweet William, now that she had grown up, would not wear them, but whenever it was mentioned, would only bury her little face in his huge fur collar, to hide her confusion that she should seem to slight his goodness, and only murmur, "Oh Duffy! Duffy!"—so that Mother Hefler's ridicule appeared to have the best of it after all.

That was not the only thing, though, that Mother Hefler had ridiculed. For she used to ridicule earnest Duffy reading the "Mother's Book" he had bought and, which was worse, had even ridiculed the "Mother's Book" itself, utterly disregarding any suggestion laboriously gleaned from its pages, that ran counter to her own ideas. She had also habitually hidden away the various children's foods that the advertisements would declare so necessary to growing children's health, and welfare and that Duffy would spend hours seeking all over town whenever he heard of a new one—on an average of one each week.

Really, considering Mother Hefler's ignorance, it was a wonder that Sweet William survived at all; but she had, and throve in spite of it, so that it seemed but a short time until she was going to school, and, on those blessed Sunday afternoons when Duffy "laid off," was reading thrilling stories of wonderful cats and rats and bats and puzzling out with his slow help, how much two and three amounted to.

And soon she had grown so old that he could tell Mother Hefler that he would not need her any more; and had told her, feeling like a brute for his selfishness in wanting Sweet William all to himself. Yet he need not have felt so about it—Mother Hefler had not been much disturbed—but simply

telling him to mind his own affairs, had continued to come and go and draw her weekly stipend just as she had always done; and call Sweet William "Zeeble" in harsh, aggressive contradiction to his own sentimental designation; and grumble and scold at his spoiling her—and doing all in her power to spoil her, herself. So that actually, in order to have Sweet William to himself at all, he had been simply forced to run away with her every Sunday that the weather was fine.

But what dreamy, happy times they had had on those stolen jaunts! Away on the train or boat to some nearby resort to listen to the music and watch the ever-moving crowds; ride the donkeys—Sweet William riding them, that is—or the merry-go-rounds, with Duffy standing near, fearful in his agony that she might become dizzy and fall off; coming home in the evening, Sweet William usually asleep on his shoulder, with strict injunctions left, though, to be wakened when they should come among the weird, skurrying lights of the town. Then they would sheepishly tiptoe up the creaking stairs at home, breathless, past Mother Hefler's door on the floor below their own, hoping that she might be sound asleep—which she would not be though, but wide awake and grumbling in their own rooms, with supper all set and waiting to be eaten.

Or packing a light lunch, they would simply take the street cars to the suburbs, and then just wander away and get lost, and need the careful directions of some farmer when they wished to get back to the cars again. Under some spreading tree, up on the sheer brow of the hills overlooking the winding, loitering river, where below the killdeer briskly hopped and fluttered, and above a wild hawk heavily flapped across the valley's gulf to the far away other hills, Sweet William would spread the cloth and lay out lunch, while Duffy would hunt for a clear spring and they would have lemonade. There still, after lunch was over, lulled almost asleep by the drowsy, mid-day drum of the napping, heavy-breathing woods, they would lie, looking up to the far, far sky, while Sweet William droned out fairy tales which she had read, and which Duffy's own parched and narrowed young life had never known; and he gazed, and wondered and loved the sweet young life opening beneath his care.

More fair and beautiful each day she grew, so fair and gentle beside himself and Mother Hefler's rough goodness that often he would wake with a start in the night and, with a horrid, inexplicable dread, tiptoe to the door of her room and there listen for her breathing. Pure and innocent, the hard and often wicked life around, from which they tried so hard to guard and ward her almost seemed contamination. In that, though, Sweet William had had ideas of her own, and she was barely twelve when, the feminine pity wakening to new duties the child-responsibility that Duffy's simple veneration had formed within her, she began to gather about her the wild, neglected urchins of the neighborhood and reveal to their blank and thirsty little minds the wonders of the story-land, to which her own better advantages and regular education gave her access; exchanging with some over-wearied little nurse, for the (to her) pleasant care of a real baby, the delightful nursing of the wonderful doll that Duffy's extravagant care

had provided; bathing, cooling and salving the fevered, blackened bruises made by the rough, hard stones of the street or the even harder hands at home; teaching those neglected, untidy, untrained little women of the streets the lessons that she herself was but beginning at the Friday afternoon sewing school, to mend and stitch and catch in time the rents and tears that mothers wearied over washtubs were too dull or too slatternly to notice. The suspicious reserve of the Arab candy seller's family living in the alley in the rear, stranded there from the great World Fair's receding tide, would admit her visit alone; her smile was the only American cheer they understood. She it was on that summer eve, when screaming, terrified children flew for her aid, who stayed the murder in the hand and eye of the widow's dissolute prodigal returned and refused a share in the spare living not sufficing for the needs of his younger brothers and sisters. She it was who offered comfort to shrinking, broken Martha, her senior, and yet her pupil in the days before poor Martha had become a waitress in the restaurant, and, tempted, had fallen a victim to the entertainments and diversions its frequenters had offered—whose dangers her starved sparse life had recklessly risked. Her encouragement alone helped that broken life to newer foundations. Working hard with needle and broom to make and keep Duffy's home a paradise, working hard at school to thereby still further show her gratitude for all that he had done for her, ever cheering, gentle and ready amid the misery and trouble she saw so close, Sweet William lived and labored.

And now she had become a young lady; had only that summer graduated from the city's High schools—graduated with honors, too, and Duffy had been the proudest man in town that night when, with Nicodemus rubbed until he shone, and the cab newly varnished, looking like new, he had driven her to the great hall where the graduation exercises had been held. Sweet William had begged and implored that he would not so serve her—had even wished, if he would not hire another carriage and ride with her, to accept some schoolmates' invitation and ride with them. But Duffy had solemnly sworn and declared that none but he should drive her, and no cab but her own should hold her, so that finally she had given in and Duffy had driven her to the hall, ceremoniously held the door open for her while she got out; and then, driving to a nearby stable, had exchanged his coat, given his hair another brush and his tie an extra twitch, and entered the hall, a spectator.

All of it he had not understood—he had not expected to—but he had enjoyed every bit of it. And when Sweet William stepped forward, looking so fair and so sweet, all the world had seemed to drop away from him, leaving him alone with only one fair, shining figure beside, and that so far, far away that its beloved voice but faintly, indistinctly, reached him, and, with a choke in his throat and a hum in his ears, he could but look and gaze. He almost forgot the roses he had brought for her—would have forgotten entirely, perhaps, if not reminded by another bunch being handed her—but thus recalled to himself he had given his somehow, and then, without anything in between that he could remember, awoke to find himself on the box and speeding

home, with Sweet William, tired and flushed, inside. Yet he was not entirely awake, either, it seemed; for before he could prevent, young Harry Marche, who sometimes rode around on the box with Duffy, listening to his quaint observations, had leaped to the step and up to the seat beside him, before Duffy could explain that that was not an occasion for their usual diversion. But when he had explained and proudly told Marche whom he had inside, and where they had been, and that he was then on his way home, not to come back to town again that night, young Marche, instead of getting down, had declared that nothing could possibly be better, and that, on the score of their fast friendship, Duffy ought to invite him to meet and rejoice with his little household on that momentous occasion. And because Duffy had a liking for young Marche —for careless and rather idle as he was, he seemed honest and sincere —and because Duffy was good-natured and did not like to say "No;" and, perhaps, because he felt so proud that night, and wished to exhibit his Sweet William a little, young Marche had been allowed to come and make one of their party at the delicious little supper Mother Hefler had awaiting them; and telling stories and cracking jokes, withal so very jolly, had added the very lightness which otherwise, perhaps, overcharged as they themselves had been, that little feast might have lacked.

And this was how young Harry Marche and Sweet William became acquainted.

Since then young Marche's rides with Duffy had become rather frequent, and it was quite common for Duffy to hear in the mornings that Marche had called the afternoon or evening before. Then he got to calling on Sunday afternoons, and twice, unexpectedly, had even appeared on the train they were taking for one of their old time outings, and once had almost succeeded in monopolizing Sweet William all to himself—would have, in fact, if Sweet William had not prevented him. And soon, almost imperceptibly, he had begun taking her to the theatre, now and then, and light little suppers afterwards, while Duffy looked on in agony. Not that Marche ever disregarded any respectful consideration possible to the circumstances, but his were not the advantages to expect that Sweet William would be looked upon as more than a passing diversion, and Duffy was afraid. Yet in his wish for Sweet William's happiness, stayed by the doubt that it was but his own hard selfishness that would immure her away from all but his own jealous companionship, he hesitated to spoil the only diversion that came to her as a relief from the hard, sombre life amid which she moved. Torn though, by the thought that by that life she might be judged—that Marche would not recognise how she moved there—he trembled lest the light amusement might bring to earnest, trustful Sweet William a broken heart—or even, perhaps, a broken life; for Duffy knew all too well the ways and life of young men about town. Yet still he watched and waited.

Then one terrible night it seemed to have come. Old Mother Hefler, who had not ventured into the crowded parts of the town for years, hurried to him, late at night, with the news that Sweet William had not been home since early afternoon. Dazed and stunned, yet jarred to an action that long ago seemed to have been

arranged and decided upon, he lashed Nicodemus to a gallop, forgetting and leaving Mother Hefler standing on the curb.

Home—already cheerless, changed—and empty! Then on the box again and furiously galloping to Marche's lodging, where like a blow, though it had been expected the information met him that he, too, was gone, none knew where. Frantic and beside himself, he next drove to the depots—here—there—Duffy knew not where—only that he drove and hurried, breathing curses with every lash. Out into the country where he was all alone with his pain—still on and on, until the cool, nipping autumn air brought him to himself and he turned back.

In the gray, cold dawn entering the town, and driving along the still deserted streets toward the stable—for Nicodemus, if not himself, must have rest and food—he was hailed by a man waving a satchel, a doctor well known to him by sight. Mechanically stopping and taking him on, he received his directions and started off. Down among the rougher, harder, criminal portions of the city—"Sweet William—Sweet William—Sweet William"—keeping time with Nicodemus' hoof-beats—an age-long remembrance now, it seemed—he mechanically drove towards a tumbling tenement—when suddenly he saw, looking from the very door they themselves were bound for, and peering anxiously up the street, the man he had hunted all night.

In a whirl of rage, tossing the reins aside, he leaped from the seat and gripped him.

"My little girl! What have you done with her?" he gasped in his whisper-like voice, horrible in its passion.

With surprised questioning in his eyes, Marche looked into the distorted face. Then "Duffy! Oh, Duffy, you don't think that of me—and with Sweet William? Come! I'll show you!" and pulling himself free he turned to ascend the stairs, the still suspicious Duffy following close.

Once he turned to ask Duffy if he had not received his message, but surlily Duffy told him he had not been home all night.

Patiently Marche turned again to the stairs, and led him and the doctor on up to a darkened room, bare of everything but a broken chair and a soiled, untidy bed. And there kneeling beside it, holding her withered, yellowed hand and bending with streaming eyes over the straightened form of a haggard woman with fixed, staring eyes, was Sweet William. The doctor, peering over their shoulders, hurriedly passed them, gently lowered the lids of those staring eyes, and then, more gently still, lifted Sweet William from the floor, placed her within the outstretched, ready arms of Duffy.

"She sent for me and said she was my mother, Duffy, and I could not leave her, Duffy—oh Duffy!"

Then as in a dream Duffy heard the doctor ask Marche, what interest the dead was to him.

"My father's adopted sister," he heard Marche say, "lost to sight after an unhappy marriage, years ago."

"And Sweet William?" Duffy hoarsely questioned. "You will claim her?"

"As my wife, Duffy, very soon, I hope. You will give her to me, dear old fellow?"

Slowly then, Duffy tried to loosen the clasp that held him and give her to him whose claim was greater. All the light of his life seemed fading away,

and all was lonely and dark, but true to the true heart that had sheltered and worked and loved and beat only for her, Sweet William but clung the closer.

That was some time ago, and force of circumstances, Duffy reflected—speaking to himself in his husky, confidential whisper-like voice, while he kept one eye on a young Marche rolling at his feet and the other on the uncertain, irresponsible bowl of a long church-warden pipe—force of circumstances, Duffy reflected, seemed to have considerable to do with most everyone's affairs.

MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

BY D. A. MCCARTHY.

I see in dreams a purple mountain rise
  Above a verdant vale,
Across the azure stretches of the skies
  I see the cloud-ships sail,

A river rippled by a wand'ring wind,
  Sighs mournfully along,
As if its waters grieved to leave behind
  The beauties there that throng.

And this is "home," thus pictured in my dreams—
  This hill is Sliav-na-mon!
And this the Suir! The Queen of all the streams
  The sunshine plays upon!

This is the sky, in bygone summer days
  That on my boyhood smiled,
And this the Golden Valley through whose ways
  I wandered when a child!

Ah, dear dream pictures of my Irish isle,
  Across the spreading seas,
You give me grief, you give me joy the while,
  You sad, sweet memories!

For as in Ireland through the blinding rain
  The sun's bright rays are cast,
So pleasure mingles in my heart with pain
  Remembering the past!

THE ADOPTON OF JOSEPHINE.

BY L. W. REILLY.

"I think I'll go to the asylum today, Nora, instead of tomorrow," said Mrs. Welsh to her daughter one morning, as she came down stairs dressed for the street.

"All right, mother," was the answer, as Nora stopped the whirr of the sewing machine at which she was working near the dining room window. "It's a nice day and the walk will do you good. But don't stay long."

"No, I'll just drop in, for somehow I feel drawn there this morning; but I've a thousand things to do and so must come back soon."

Mrs. Welsh, who was a widow, resided in Baltimore. She was in comfortable circumstances and was very charitable. She was especially liberal to the orphans. Every week she was wont to make a visit to St. Mary's Asylum—which was then on Franklin street near Cathedral—sometimes taking to the Sisters something for the children, sometimes bringing them only words of cheer, but always welcome, as much for the sunshine of her manners as for her generosity.

When she reached the institution, Mrs. Welsh was promptly admitted by the portress, and, with the assurance of a well-known benefactor and a frequent visitor, she passed on up the hall. She paid her respects to the Superioress and presented an offering of her own and some alms that she had collected. Then, passing by the rooms in which the bigger girls were at study or at work, she entered the large apartment where the smaller children were busily at play. They arose and stood until she came forward to the chair of the Sister in charge, who then made a signal for them to resume their games.

After chatting with the Sister a few minutes, Mrs. Welsh went among the playful tots, noticing this one, patting that one on the head, giving them all a smile that was reflected on their innocent countenances, and so making her way out. As she neared the door, one of the little orphans, forgetful of everything else, ran after her and, clinging to her skirts, said mournfully: "O mamma, mamma, don't go!"

As Mrs. Welsh had never noticed the child before or paid her any special attention now, she was surprised at this show of affection. Moreover, she felt strangely thrilled by the words—"O mamma, mamma," which went to her very heart. She stopped, turned back, said a few words to the little girl and sent her back to her playmates; then, nodding adieu again to the Sister at the other end of the room, she passed out.

Down the stairs and along the hall walked Mrs. Welsh, out the front door she hurried, and up Franklin street she bustled. But all the way she heard that plaintive voice: "O mamma, mamma, don't go!"

When she reached her home, Mrs. Welsh told Nora of her adventure at the asylum, and then she tried to get rid of the impression that it had made on her. In vain! The touching words rang in her ears: "O mamma, mamma, don't go!"

At noon, as Mrs. Welsh and Nora were at table together, the mother said: "Do you know, I can't get the words of that child out of my mind nor keep her face from coming before me. Why should she call me her mamma? Why should she beg me not to leave her? I feel discontented that she should be there away from me. I'm going right straight back there after luncheon and if the Superioress will give her to me,

I'll adopt her."

"Why, mother—the idea!" exclaimed Nora.

"Yes, the idea! It does seem Quixotic, I admit, but the inclination to carry it out is too strong for me to resist. That cry 'O mamma, mamma,' moves me more than I can say. It appeals to me irresistibly like a call from Providence."

"Ain't you acting hastily? You don't know the little girl's antecedents, nor anything about herself, not even her name. She may have a hateful disposition or even an inherited tendency to some bad trait."

"Well, Nora, she's one of God's creatures, and His graee can make her sweet and good, no matter who or what her folks were."

"But think of all the trouble of rearing a child; of the responsibility; of the care for her future; of the long anxiety about how she will turn out."

"Yes, yes, I know, I know; but if you love me, Nora, please don't cross me in this. I just can't help it. Something tells me to take that child, that the words 'O mamma, mamma,' were given to her to utter, and that I must be a mother to her. I'm getting to believe that these whispers to the heart, when they are good and lead only to good, are the voice of the Holy Ghost."

"Why, mother!"

"I'm pretty sure of it somehow in this case, and I'd feel as though I were flying in the face of the Divine Will if I did not heed that suggestion. So if the Rev. Mother will give her to me, I'll take that child."

"But what will Ed. say?"

Edward was Mrs. Welsh's only son, as Nora was her only daughter.

"What can he say? He's not selfish nor does he dislike children. Anyway, I must do as I'm bid. To rear the child will be a trouble to us all, but if God wills it—and we'll know that by the decision of the Superioress—will Ed. object?"

* * * * * * * * *

Back Mrs. Welsh went to the orphanage; and so eager was the look on her face that the Mother Superior noticed it and said as soon as she saw her:

"What in the world is the matter, Mrs. Welsh—is any one sick?"

"No, thanks be to God," was the reply; "but I'm all upset over the words of one of the little ones up stairs. When I was leaving this morning she ran after me crying out: 'O mamma, mamma, don't go!' And ever since that cry keeps ringing in my ears and troubling my peace of mind. My heart seems to respond to that call to adoption—that as she took me for her mother I must take her for my child. So, Sister, if you'll let me have her, I'll make her mine."

"Well, the idea!"

"That's just what Nora said. But, strange or absurd as it may seem, I am sure here"—and she placed her hand on her heart—"that it is God's will that I should adopt that child and that it is His voice that keeps prompting me to respond to that pitiful call—'o mamma, mamma!' "

"Perhaps it is," said the Sister reverently. "Come up stairs and let us see who the child is."

Accordingly they proceeded to the apartment of the little girls. As soon as they entered the door, even as the inmates were instinctively arising before looking up, the child in question impulsively said to her nearest companions:

"O there she is, there she is—I'm so glad she's come back!"

It was no difficulty for Mrs. Welsh to pick out her intended protegee—she would have recognized her among ten thousand. When she directed the attention of the Superioress to her, of course by words and not by any sign, the latter said:

"That's Josie Joyce."

Then the Sister in charge of the room was consulted.

"She's a good enough child," said the Sister, "just like the most of them.

She's bright, too, and affectionate, but a bit quick tempered and just a little wilful. She's only fairly truthful and she shows in some other ways a defective home-training. But she has goodwill and a tender conscience, and she's eager to improve and prompt to respond to care. Physically she's far from robust, although not sickly, and she'll likely get stronger as she grows up, if she has nourishing food."

Thanking the Sister for this information, the Superioress drew Mrs. Welsh towards the door and there said to her in a very low tone:

"That little girl is a half orphan. Her mother is dead. Her father is an unfortunate given up to drink. He earns little or nothing and where he boards I don't know. He has practically abandoned his daughter—never comes to see her, never makes inquiry about her. She was rescued from neglect by the St. Vincent de Paul Society and taken here at the request of the pastor of the parish in which she was found. Needless to say, these details are confidential. No one in the house knows them but me and I may not disclose them to any one without sufficient reason. Now that you know them, if you still desire to take the child, you may have her, for with you she will have a comfortable home, and a Christian training, and a better start in life than she could probably obtain here."

"Thank you, Sister, thank you," answered Mrs. Welsh, "both for your good opinion and for letting me have the child. I wonder will she go with me?"

"Try her."

So the little girl was summoned. She came over willingly, but shyly, being half in awe of the Mother Superior, with whom she was as yet but imperfectly acquainted. Mrs. Welsh bent down to caress her and taking her hand in her own, she asked:

"Josie, will you go home with me?"

"Yes,, ma'am," she answered instantly, "if Sister'll let me."

"To stay?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then, in the name of God, I'll take you."

Turning to the Mother, Mrs. Welsh asked:

"May I take her now?"

The mother laughed quietly but kindly at her friend's impulsiveness, herself, taught by many cares, being rather slow to assume lasting responsibilities. Then she remarked:

"It is not customary with the asylum to be so precipitate, but it is the exception that proves the existence of the rule; as you are an exceptionally devoted friend of ours, you shall have your own way about it. Take Josie for a week or two; then if you get along together and want to keep her, you can sign the papers of adoption."

"I'll sign them now, if you wish."

"O no, don't do that; better see first how you like your new charge and how she behaves in her new home."

"All right, mother, just as you say."

Then giving up Josie's hand, Mrs. Welsh said:

"Bid good-by to Sister and your companions and we'll go."

So the little one went and said farewell with radiant cheerfulness and, returning, placed her hand again confidingly in Mrs. Welsh's and passed out with her contentedly, asking no questions where she was to be taken nor what her lot was to be, but trusting herself with unclouded confidence to this stranger, heart speaking to heart, sure of kind treatment and a mother's love.

At the front door, the Mother Superior, after bidding them adieu, said:

"I'll have a bundle made of Josie's things and send it around before dark. May she prove to be a blessing to you and be a reward for all your charity!"

* * * * * * * * *

When Edward came home that evening from his employment as assistant chemist in a sugar refinery that was then in operation in Baltimore, Nora

met him at the door and told him of his sister-by-adoption. He did not take the news disagreeably, as she had expected, but, throwing his hat up to the ceiling, he caught it again, exclaiming briskly:

"Hurra for mother! That caps the climax of her charities. It's a good thing she didn't adopt the whole asylum. She's been trying to do that for some time, giving them nearly all her income; but now perhaps she'll concentrate her benefactions on Josie. Perhaps she may add you and me to her collection and then we'll keep an orphanage of our own. And won't we have a jolly time! Where is she? I must congratulate her and make the acquaintance of Miss Josephine."

Words are the matter of speech, but tone is its spirit and expresses its real meaning. Edward's laughing eyes and affectionate manner neutralized the levity of his reply and convinced Nora there and then that she would not have an ally in any opposition to her mother's action. So she abandoned her half-resolution to be ugly in the matter. Her face, too, cleared in response to his light-heartedness as she answered:

"She's up stairs brushing Josie's hair for her first meeting with you, because she wants the child to make a nice impression on you. There, her door is opening now—she must be coming down."

Sure enough, down the mother and the child were coming, the latter leading the way. As they reached the floor, Edward advanced towards them from the parlor and putting out his hand to the little girl, said:

"How are you, Josie? I'm glad to see you."

Then he held out his hand to his mother, gave hers a cordial clasp, but uttered not a word. She understood. She took that silent greeting for her son's consent to her action. She pressed his hand in both of hers in grateful acknowledgment of the comfort that his acquiescence gave her, which was in line with his filial course ever since his father's death six years before.

That night, when Josie, who had spent the evening delightfully, enjoying Nora's piano-playing and listening to Edward improvising fairy stories, had been put to bed in the alcove in Mrs. Welsh's own room, mother, son and daughter sat together in the parlor discussing the chief event of the day to them. Edward was disposed to poke fun at his mother for, as he expressed it, "being carried off her feet by a little lamb's bleat." When, however, she would not even smile at his whimsical views of her action, but gravely iterate the expression of her conviction that the child was prompted by Providence to call her "Mamma, mamma," and that her own heart had at that instant conceived a mother's love for her, he quieted down. When she added that she had left to the Superioress' decision the question whether or not she herself had been moved by a good inspiration when she formed the resolution to adopt the orphan, he broke out:

"Say no more, mother—it's all right. If God wills it, that settles it. I'm satisfied and I dare say so's Nora. We'll make a story out of it. Listen: here's the outline: Little orphan girl strangely adopted—made a member of the family—brought up to be a nice young lady—well educated—great comfort to her adopted mother—son and daughter get married and settle at a distance from home—adopted daughter more of a comfort than ever in the lonesome house—mother fifteen years from now entering her sixtieth year—her health begins to decline—other troubles come—fortune melts away—poverty comes in at the door—son and daughter, well, I haven't decided whether to marry them off to hateful spouses or to make them disappear in some terrible accident, earthquake, cyclone, or shipwreck, but anyway they don't help—adopted daughter to the rescue—the accomplishments that she

had been taught as graces becomes useful as bread-winners—let me see, she, yes, she takes pupils on the piano and harp and after a while it is discovered that her voice, which has been little trained, is of phenomenal timbre, range, flexibility and all that—she has it cultivated—sings in concerts—makes a hit—becomes a prima donna—earns bushels of money—puts her adopted mother in a glass case and feeds her on angel cake all the rest of her days—and the words of the Mother Superior all come true: 'May she prove a blessing to you and be a reward for all your charity!' How's that for fiction founded on fact, mother?"

"It's amusing enough for nonsense, Ed., but as we have to face realities let's consider sensibly what's best to be done for Josie—whether to send her to day school here in town or to put her into some academy in the country."

* * * * * * * *

Time passed on. With the days grouped into months it made up its rosary of years. Before its second decade was ended, many of the predictions that had been rattled off jocosely by Edward came exactly to pass, verifying the old saying: "Many a true word is spoken in jest!"

The little orphan took to the gentle life that had been opened to her as if she had been to the manor born; and developed into a charming young girl; she was graduated at one of the convent schools in the city; she then spent two years in the Normal School to fit her to be a teacher and spent another year learning the art of dress-making, for Mrs. Walsh desired that she should be able to earn her own living, even though there was apparently no need of it.

About eight years after the adoption of Josephine, Edward, who had been advanced to a position of responsibility in the management of the refinery, was sent to Cuba to examine a large sugar plantation that his employers thought of purchasing and to make business connections with other cane-growers. He remained nearly five months on the island, and just as he was about to return home after completing his mission satisfactorily, he was stricken with yellow fever and carried off in the course of a few days. He was engaged to be married to a young lady who resided in New Orleans and to her was given by his nuncupative will—for she was in reduced circumstances—pretty much all that had belonged to him.

Nora joined the Sisterhood which her mother had so much befriended and became an expert nurse. She died of consumption in St. Louis three years after her brother's demise.

Mrs. Welsh began at last to feel the weight of her sorrows and of her three score years. She found herself the victim of increasing infirmities. Then, when she was less able than formerly to attend to her affairs, her property commenced to slip away from her through investments that turned out badly, through dishonest tenants and agents, and through other ways that riches have of taking wings to themselves. Finally, when she had little more than three houses that had been built on leased ground and in one of which she lived, these burned to the ground one day, together with many other edifices in a memorable conflagration that desolated a part of the city near the cathedral. To add to her misfortune, the insurance had been allowed to lapse only a fortnight before. Then, in her old age, bereft of her son and daughter and stripped of her possessions, she was left desolate and destitute.

In that time of trial Josephine proved herself an angel. She did not win her way to fortune in the brilliant fashion foretold by Edward, but by prosaic methods such as are within the reach of all she trod the hard road to the stars. She found lodgings for Mrs. Welsh and herself, forced herself to be cheerful in order to keep up her mother's courage, induced the asylum's law-

yer to disentangle their pecuniary affairs, and when notified that there was not enough left for one, much less for two, she went out to seek employment. A position as teacher was not to be had at that time of year, especially by one without political influence. At dressmaking, to which she resorted, she, being out of practice except for the designing of some of her own gowns, could earn only three or four dollars a week. But this she took, rather than be idle. After some weary months of struggle, she got a position as cashier in a large dry goods store and joyfully brought home the nine dollars that it procured for her every Saturday night. She was beginning to plan a campaign for a teachership when she received an offer of marriage from a gentleman who had been attentive to her in better days. She refused him. When he pressed her for her reason for rejecting him, she stated that she was bound by duty and love to support her mother to the end. When the lover declared that that reason need not prevent their marriage as he would be pleased to give to so good a mother the place of honor in his home, Josephine sent him to Mrs. Welsh to be told the story of her own parentage. When he had heard all of of it, including the fact that her father had been dead for years, he renewed his offer and was accepted.

From the day of the wedding until the day of her death, Mrs. Welsh had in Joseph and Josephine a son and a daughter as dutiful to her as her own could have been to her. They cherished her as if she were theirs by blood as well as affection; they found in her gentle wisdom—for she had acquired the rare art of growing old beautifully—a solace amid their household cares; they never gave her the shadow of a pretext for sensitiveness to fancy that she was regarded by them as an alien or a burden; and they trained their children to similar devotedness. Then, indeed, in those halcyon years, did the words of the Mother Superior come true. Many and many a time the dear gray-haired and lace-capped "grandma" of the home thought of them as she called down blessings on it and its other members, and, adoring the merciful even if mysterious ways of Divine Providence, with tears in her faded eyes and gratitude in her loving heart, thanked God over and over again that she had hearkened to His whisper to become a mother to the motherless orphan who had cried out to her:

"O mamma, mamma, don't go!"

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONG.

BY BERTHA GERNEAUX WOODS.

Though a host of budding trees and bushes
Down to me their sweetest odors fling,
And all nature laugh aloud for gladness
I am never merry in the spring.

When the restless birds come flying homeward
From the south—when plumy grasses start,
Suddenly some thornless flower pricks me,
Or the fragrance of a jonquil wrings my heart.

Ere the world had seen so many Aprils,
Did this life of mine, I wonder, press
In the veins of some young growing thing
Aching with the season's loveliness?

ONE OF THE HUSHERY DUSHERY STORIES.

BY GILGOWAN.

Our thanks are due to the subscriber who kindly wrote out for our young people the following version of a much appreciated nursery tale. She says:

I was amused with Fr. O'Growney's "House that Jack built" in September Donahoe's. We talked over our old version of the story and I have written it as my grandmother told it to me and she assured *her* grandmother had told it to her. I send it to you thinking you might like it for your young readers. I have never seen it in print.

And according to the children of the north of Ireland his name wasn't Jack and he did not build a house. Neither was it Mourragha beg and Mourragha More and strawberries.

It was an old woman and a kid and blackberries.

For one morning as the sun was peeping over Slieve Donard, the old woman was sweeping the floor and she found a sixpence. So she said "I'll go to the fair and buy a kid." Away she went to the fair in a little town at the back of the Mourne mountains and bought a kid.

As she was on her way home driving the kid before her she came to a bridge which she (bye the bye) called a *brig,* and growing beside the brig was a bonnie bush o' blackberries.

Oh a bonnie bush indeed and the blackberries so big and ripe and sweet. The old woman was tired and thirsty and hungry too; for not a bite had she tasted all the day, while she was buying the kid. So she said "kid, kid, run the brig 'till I eat this bonnie bush o' blackberries."

"Indeed I won't" says the kid "the brig never did me any harm and I won't do it any harm."

Then the old woman said "dog, dog, bite kid, kid won't run the brig 'til I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

But the dog said "No, the kid never did me any harm and I won't do it any harm."

On this the old woman called out "Stick, stick, beat the dog, dog won't bite the kid, kid won't run the brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

" 'Deed no," says the stick "the poor dog never harmed me and I won't harm him."

With that the old woman yelled out "Fire, fire, burn the stick, stick won't beat the dog, dog won't bite the kid, kid won't run the brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

"Oh no" says the fire "the stick never did me any harm and I won't burn him."

Then the old woman cries "Water, water slacken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run brig, 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

The water ran over some stones, looked back and said, "No, no, no, the fire never bothered me and I won't harm it."

The old woman was angry with the water and shouted, "Bull, bull, drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

"No indeed" roared the bull "the water never did me any harm and I won't do the water any harm."

Then says the old woman "Butcher, butcher kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run brig 'till

I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

"No indeed" says the butcher, "the bull never did me any harm so I won't kill him."

The old woman called out "Rope, rope, hang butcher, butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

The rope twisted itself round and said, "No I won't hang the butcher, he never did me any harm."

Then the old woman looked into a hole under the hedge and said, "Rat, rat, cut rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

The rat popped out his head and said, "No indeed, the rope never did me any harm and I won't do it any harm."

The old woman was now in a great rage and skirled out "Cat, cat, catch rat, rat won't cut rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig, till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

The cat came up mewing and purring and rubbed herself on the old woman's feet and said, "Yes, I'll catch the rat in a minute if you get me a saucerful of sweet milk for I'm hungry after the long sleep I took in the hole by the fire."

Away goes the old woman to the cow in the clover field, with the daisies and shamrocks under her feet and growing all about her and she said, "Tchery ladye, tchery ladye," (for that is the way to speak to a cow if you want her to be good and kind) so she said, "Tchery, tchery ladye, will you give me a saucerful of milk to give to the cat so she will catch the rat, for rat won't cut rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

"Well I will" says the cow, "if you will get me some hay to eat first."

The old woman next went to the hay makers, who were at work in the meadows, and begged them to give her a bundle of hay to give the cow.

"For," she said, "the cow will give me the milk to give to the cat so the cat will catch the rat, for rat won't cut rope, rope won't hang butcher butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig, 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

But the haymakers said they would not give her any hay 'till she would go and get them a barrel of bread from the woman who was making bread up at the house. So away ran the old woman to the house and said, "Baker woman, baker woman, give me a barrel of bread to give to the haymakers, so they will give me a bundle of hay to give to the cow so she will give me some milk to give to the cat, so the cat will catch the rat, for the rat won't cut rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill bull, bull won't drink water, water won't slaken fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite kid, kid won't run the brig, 'till I eat my bonnie bush o' blackberries." "Oh, yes, I'll give you a barrel and welcome," says the baker woman. "But you must go first and carry me the full of the riddle of water from the spring well."

Off went the old woman to the spring well and filled the riddle with

water, but it all ran out, and as fast as she could fill it still it ran out so she could not carry a drop to the house.

The old woman was so vexed she sat down and cried, and a magpie who was mixing mud near the spring well, to plaster his house with, said, "Stop it with fog, and daub it with clay. And then you can carry the water away."

So the old woman did stop the riddle with fog and daubed it with clay and found she could fill it with water. She took the riddle full of water to the woman, she gave her a barrel of bread, the old woman gave the bread to the hay makers, they gave her a bundle of hay, the old woman gave the hay to the cow, the cow gave her a saucerful of milk, the old woman gave the milk to the cat, the cat drank the milk and then—"The cat to the rat, and the rat to the rope, the rope to the butcher, and the butcher to the bull, the bull to the water, and the water to the fire, the fire to the stick, and the stick to the dog, the dog to the kid, and the kid to the brig, and I to my bonnie bush o' blackberries."

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE OTHER THAN THOU ART.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

I would not have thee other than thou art,
My choice of flowers, fair bloom from Love's rose-tree,
Nurtured in Love's rare soil, and reared for me
In Love's own garden. Evil hath no part
In the sweet odor of thy love, Sweet-heart;
In thy soul, blending, heaven and earth we see,
Sky-pure, as dew on verdant blade may be,—

I would not have thee other than thou art.
Too good for earth thou art not; but can'st feel
The weakness of the flesh and all the pain
That God's fixed rule of justice hath decreed
To human error; and with sweet appeal
To mercy for thy lover, thou can'st gain
Thy lover's changeless love, thy pure heart's meed.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

The resourceful man primed with suggestions had just gone out, and the editor jotted down on a scrap of paper the ideas he had left behind. Then drawing from a drawer a bundle of similar scraps he arranged them in order on the blotter. "There you are," he said with gentle sarcasm. "Nothing to do but carry you out, and Lo!—the Popular Catholic Publication."

"What did he suggest?" asked an exchange on the table at the editor's elbow, (in his correspondence he always mentoned this table as 'The Exchange Department."

"That I start a department devoted to whist and forty fives, points on minstrel shows, some pages of jokes, and a funny paper on the Dooley plan. 'Gad,' he said, 'if you want to make people read you must make them laugh.' He said that the Catholic press must take its cue from the class of entertainments most patronized by Catholics."

"Did he say anything about cooking recipes, dress hints, complexion notes, etc?"

"No," said the editor, "but some other fellow did. Here's the memo."

Just then a grimy youth popped in to announce that the press 'had bust sumthin,' and lingered to express the opinion "we ain't goin' to git out on time." Neither announcement seemed to worry the editor. He was absorbed in suggestions.

"Have you anything on the great things that appeared in the secular publications, and that prove your lack of editorial instinct in not securing them first?"

"All these scraps on the right answer that question," replied the editor. "See this? It's chock-full of praise of a letter on the Boer question, published by a leading daily. See this exclamation mark? That's what the critic said when I showed him that the body of the letter was a verbatim copy of part of an article we had specially prepared for last month's number. Then here's this poem in C—. 'A constant reader' thinks I should have had enterprise enough to get it. I happen to know that the writer received two hundred and fifty dollars for it, and that the illustrations cost twice as much. What Catholic editor can afford to pay that much for one feature?"

"Does anyone complain that you are not deep enough?"

The editor smiled sadly. "Oh, yes indeed. See these notes indexed 'Profundity?' There are some brain twisters in that lot I can tell you."

"What are those on the left?"

"Suggestions from 'well wishers' who complain that we are too deep," said the editor, who could be as patient as a woman.

"And that printed scrap?"

"That's a crushing condemnation of a typographical error. It's a mighty good thing that that other one didn't go through."

"Was it glaring?"

"Rather. The copy (bad copy by the way), read—respect for the manes of the heroes, and the compositor translated it—'respect for the manes of the horses.' The critic would have shed my life-blood had that appeared."

"He'll have it any way," said the exchange "with his everlasting carping and fault-finding—"

"Is any man likely to do his best work," interrupted an indignant Review, "beset by a horde of chronic fault-finders, who sniff and pick and snarl, and remain unknown alike to time present and time to come."

"Don't worry about them," counselled the editor, philosophically. "Here's something," he laid his hand on a private drawer, and his eyes brightened as its contents were revealed "that counteracts all the carping and impractical suggestions. Here's where I get inspiration. Here are letters from friends, critics too, some of them, but, God bless them, they have heart as well as brain. There's nothing small or cheap or mean about them. If they like your work they tell you so, point out your weakness with equal kindness, and are always worth listening to, for their ideas are practical, and are not offered merely for the sake of saying something. These friends know that we are doing our best with the resources at our control, very much more than vaunted secular publications with their unlimited means, splendid working equipment, and corps of editors, authors and artists. See here!" With a quick movement the editor sorted the exchanges.

"Here are Catholic weeklies, bright, newsy, entertaining, up-to-date in every particular, except in running certain departments devoted exclusively to the Devil's interests. How are they patronized by Catholic readers? Their yearly appeals will tell you, and the occasional giving up in despair of one of their number emphasizes the lesson. Here are magazines in every way as

good and in many ways better than the seculiar monthlies, yet how many Catholics know anything of their contents, and how many more contrast them unfavorably with the light, characterless publications that flood the news-stands. Another point! There seems to be a sort of prestige attached to anything Protestant or seculiar, and the ambition to appear in non-Catholic publications coupled with the fact that remuneration is much greater, draws Catholic talent from us."

"I have heard it said that Catholics do not read," commented an exchange. "They haven't time."

"That reminds me," remarked the editor, "some one advised having juvenile books judged by the young folks. I gave Jack Chumleigh to a bright-eyed, hustling, little chap, and four weeks later asked him how he liked it. 'It's great,' he said, with the whole-souled enthusiasm of the very young. 'Give me your views, my boy' I asked eagerly, bent on review. The bright face clouded over with perplexity. 'I haven't finished it yet,' he stammered, 'only got half through.' 'Well, tell me about the first half.' 'I've forgotten it,' he confessed, 'you see I've been so busy, foot-ball, lessons, and no end of things.' I gave another boy one of Father Finn's stirring stories and the next Sunday he sat on the piazza and read a chapter. Three months later on he came to me with the query, 'Did you give me that book or lend it to me?' 'Gave it to you, my boy,' I answered genially, prepared to take his youthful impressions. 'I just asked because Mamma said if it was borrowed I ought to return it—and I'm not half through. I haven't much time,' he added apologetically. "Now—"

"There's a plate smashed," said the foreman coming in with his usual cheery smile. The foreman is a rich young man in the fact that he is always cheerful, and takes it for granted that every one else finds the world an equally tranquil abiding place. "Don't you want to throw it out, and run something else?"

"It doesn't matter much what I want," said the editor as he gathered up his scraps, and returned them to the drawer. "If ever I get to the Legislature I'll discount Lincoln in my efforts to secure abolition of slavery—slavery among Catholic editors." And closing his desk he followed the foreman into the realm of chaos.

"I'm glad that plate smashed," commented one of the exchanges. "No editor has any right to such a smooth temper as that fellow possesses. Now here's my editor just fuming about funds—"

"We are all troubled on that score," commented a caustic exchange, and a little ripple of amusement disturbed the serious aspect of the meaning.

"And grown used to it," added another publication. "Who ever heard of a Catholic publication being burdened with riches? Oh, yes, we have grown used to it."

"You will never have a chance to get used to the kind of fund I'm thinking of", said the careful weekly. "People who are just plodding along, quietly trying to do their best, will never be troubled with public tributes of esteem. To win them you must do something glorious or notorious. The fund I mean is the public fund—benefit, subscription, appeal, call it what you will—the collection box passed promiscuously to raise money to buy people things they never had before, never would miss if they never got them, and ought to do without unless they can afford to buy them out of their own pockets.

"What has started you on this topic?" asked an out-spoken journal.

"This nonsense about a house for Admiral Schley" was the equally outspoken reply. Just listen to this New York despatch, clipped from a Boston daily:

The Schley memorial fund which was started last October by Miss Edna McClellan, has assumed such proportions that the young woman has been forced to call for assistance. She has appointed a committee of six women to assist her in taking care of the money.

Miss McClellan began raising funds by means of the endless chain letter system. It was her intention to purchase and present to Rear Admiral Schley a loving cup. Subscriptions became so numerous that she decided to change her original purpose, and if the contributions warranted it, to purchase a home for the rear admiral, either in this city or in Washington. Miss McClellan announces now that the total contributions to the fund have reached $5000, which is deposited to the credit of the Schley fund in the Corn Exchange Bank. She says that she has also received "contingent subscriptions," offered with the understanding that they are to be paid only if it is finally decided to purchase a house.

"Various gentlemen have offered to subscribe various sums to the fund, provided it is decided to purchase a home for Rear Admiral Schley," said Miss McClellan. "One gentleman told me the other day that if, by July 1, the fund amounted to $25,000, he would subscribe the balance necessary to purchase a suitable home. Two other gentlemen have offered $500 each, provided the fund amounts to $25,000 by July 1. The subscriptions are coming in very rapidly, and I have no doubt that by July 1 the money needed will have all been subscribed.

"Admiral Schley has served his country," commented a review.

"We are all serving our country I hope,"

said the Magazine, "and not one of us would deny Admiral Schley his full meed of praise, but there is such a thing as carrying this testimonial business too far. It doesn't do the individual any good, and it's a bad habit for the people to acquire. Admiral Dewey would have saved himself much annoyance if he had refused to have subscriptions taken for a house for him. There is not much comfort in occupying a mansion into the windows of which the American nation claims the right to look 'because we bought it, sir.' In our humble opinion we hold that a wigwam such as the first American families abode in would be a vastly more comfortable residence. If Admiral Schley is as wise as he is brave he will break this endless chain subscription."

"Then there's the Lawton Fund," suggested a Western paper. "While we all sympathize with the widow, we can't agree with the active element who, thinking money will assuage grief, are energetically pushing a canvass for a fund for the General's family. We have an uneasy conviction that the war has made widows and orphans who are receiving no attention, are if fact starving, while thousands of dollars are being rolled up to be put away for one man's family, already provided for by the United States government. Wrong! of course these things are wrong. And the unthinking who are contributing their dimes, quarters and dollars would be better employed in hunting out the needy in their own towns or cities and relieving their dire want. The same paper that told of Miss McClellan's misapplied energy printed another New York dispatch. Read it for yourselves:

Dr. Annie S. Miller, outdoor visiting physician of the New York infirmary for Women and Children, made the following statement at the annual meeting of the New York diet kitchen association:

"You might not believe it, but I recently ran across a case where a woman could not spare the labor of a child 3 years old. Some children at that age are actually useful in fixing trimmings on women's dresses."

Dr. Miller added that in her rounds through the sweat-shop district she had frequently found women who work 20 hours a day for three or four weeks, until nature asserts itself, and they fall in their hovels, probably never to rise again.

That would make a paper "Industrial Occupations of Babies" commented a sarcastic publication. "But here's still another New York dispatch!"

An unknown and starving man died today in a Park row restaurant while sitting before the first meal he had partaken of for many days. He was picking his way through the crowds along Park row, when he caught sight of a $2 bill. He dived for it, secured it and hurried to the nearest eating house. He ordered a large portion of roast, and went at it so ravenously that a chunk got caught in his throat. He tried to cough it up, but could not. A surgeon was called, but the man choked to death in a few minutes. He was dressed in 'longshoreman's clothing, but nothing by which to identify him was found.

"Why do you bring up such gruesome things?" objected an exchange under suspicion of ignoring the more sombre things of life.

"It isn't pleasant to call your attention to the picture of a man strangled to death in his mad haste to relieve the pangs of starvation," admitted the Western paper, "but it's an awful lesson on the need of greater charity, on a wiser use of the means, little or great, that the Maker gives us. Men and women and little children are starving in every city of the Union, and in every city of the Union this subscription work is going on for the enrichment of individuals already abundantly provided for. It is time some one called a halt."

"The evil is too well under way to stop it now," said a Journal, "unless those who are to be the recipients of such costly tributes will take the initiative and refuse to accept them, instructing those who would bestow them to use the money for fellow mortals in distress. That would be a handsome use to which to put a testimonial, and the first man to do it will win more glory than was ever gained on the field of battle."

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The edition de luxe of Francis Parkman's standard work, "Montcalm and Wolfe," in two volumes, will, no doubt, meet with a hearty welcome from the reading public. Dealing with a crucial period of American history and portraying with masterly skill the varying phases of a struggle, second only in importance to the American Revolution, this work is, perhaps, the most important and interesting of Dr. Parkman's histories, and displays in a greater degree than any of the others the author's versatility and power. The period covered is 1748 to 1765, during which time was waged the famous struggle which the school histories have denominated the French and Indian War, but to which Mr. Parkman has given the more forceful and suggestive title, "Montcalm and Wolfe." The whole future of this portion of the American continent was dependent upon the issue of this struggle between the two claimants of dominion over that vast region, which is now known as the Middle West. It was the struggle of two civilizations for control. Upon the issue of the contest depended the primacy of English or French ideals in this part of the American continent. The importance of such a work justifies the publishers in giving it the beautiful and artistic form which it has now received. No expense has been spared to give the work its proper setting, and the many costly and beautiful illustrations, secured with great labor and expense, enhance the value of this famous military history, which has long been a standard authority on the subject of which it treats. There are three classes of illustrations; there are historical portraits of many of the leaders on both sides which have been copied from original paintings. Such are the portraits of Marquis de Montcalm, Governor Dinwiddie, Governor James Hamilton, Major-General James Wolfe, Chevalier de Levis, Marquis de Beauharnois, William Penn and many others. Besides these political portraits, there is another class taken from rare mezzotints. Among the worthies who thus appear are Sir William Johnson, Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Comte de Galissomere, Colonel Robert Monckton, General Israel Putnam, Captain Jonathan Carver and others. A third class consists of pictures photogravured from rare contemporary prints in which are included General View of Quebec, Defeat of Braddock, The Death of Wolfe, The Fall of Montcalm, The Taking of Quebec, and others of like interest. The work of illustration has been beautifully done, and makes of these two volumes an exduring monument of the men who bore a prominent part in this mighty struggle for the possession of a continent. The reader's intelligence of the stirring scenes depicted in these two fascinating volumes is further helped by a series of military maps which place before him the very ground on which the principal battles of this seven years' contest were fought. These two volumes will make a splendid addition to any library.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Decorated Cloth, $6.00. Half-crushed Levant Morocco, $12.00.

The first volume of a new Polish historical novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz has just appeared. It is entitled "The Knights of the Cross," and the present translation by Jeremiah Curtin, who has won universal commendation for the faithfulness and purity of his work, is the only authorized American edition. The scenes of the story open in the turbulent times, when the Knights of the Cross, a military order founded during the Crusades, had reached that period of degeneracy which culminated shortly afterwards in their suppression by the Church. The hero, the young knight Zbyshko, enlists our entire sympathy, for his straightforward, manly character is in striking contrast to many around him who are knights in name only. We shall follow with interest his varying fortunes in the succeeding volume. As far as this latest story of Sienkiewicz has proceeded, he reveals his old power, now so well known, of setting forth before his reader a vivid picture of the time in which his characters live. He has succeeded, probably better than any other modern novelist, in getting what may be called the very atmosphere of the times of which he writes. His canvas is crowded with figures, but far from producing confusion, there is a distinctness and reality to the constantly shifting characters and scenes which impresses one with the author's grasp and power. This vivid power of presentation is noticeably present in this latest production from his pen. One drawback for the general reader, which, however, is rendered necessary by the very nature of the author's theme, is the number of unpronounceable Polish names which occur in almost every page of the story.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co., $1.00.

"A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelists" will

give the reader an idea of what French Catholic authors are doing in this department of literature. The French novel does not bear a very good reputation, thanks to the efforts of M. Zola and others of his ilk, but the present volume of stories will show that France has other representatives who are doing good work to elevate the taste of the French reading public. The authors represented in this volume are Pierre l'Ermite, Rene Bazin, Raoul de Navery, Charles le Goffie, Mme. Blanc, Viscomte de Poli A. de Zamothe, Mme. Caro, Leon de Tinseau, M. Maryon, Champol, and Comte de Villebois Mareuil. The stories vary in value; some are excellent, others are more adapted for a French-reading public. All are short stories and some of them are admirable in their simplicity, and appeal to the sympathy of the reader. The last one by Comte de Villebois Mareuil has a great present interest, as he is the chief of staff with General Joubert in the present war in South Africa. A fac-simile of the Count's handwriting adorns the frontispiece, together with fac-similes of the other authors represented in the volume.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., $1.25.

A charming story of love and devotion is "The True Story of Master Gerard," by Anna T. Sadlier. The colonial Jays of old Manhattan which followed the liberal rule of Governor Dougan form the groundwork of the stirring incidents related in this very pretty and touching story. A vivid and faithful picture of the times is emphasized by the fine drawing of characters representative of the cosmopolitan character of the population of New York during those early days. Master Gerard, who had been private secretary to Governor Dougan and a convert to Catholicity, is the hero of the story. He is a fine type of the Christian gentleman, the soul of honor, a man of courage and deep piety, who elicits from the first the reader's unbounded sympathy. Judick Van Gedder, the daughter of an old Dutch merchant, who has been brought up in the Catholic faith in deference to the wishes of her Irish mother, is a fine creation. Her maidenly reserve and strong, unflinching loyalty to principle make her a true heroine. She is a type which should be seen oftener in fiction. The narrative is enlivened by two characters, opposite the one to the other, the French matron Barbarie, jolly and good-natured, and Jan, the town-crier, a whimsical character who makes us laugh by his continual struggle to show his goodness of heart while remaining loyal to the Puritan powers that be. His novel is a splendid contribution to the Catholic literature of the present day. The design is faultless, the characters are boldly drawn, and the whole story sustains its interest to the very end. It holds up high ideals. Honesty, honor, courage, womanly bearing, devotion to principle—these are the lessons which it teaches. It should be warmly welcomed by all who wish to encourage the publication of healthful and entertaining stories.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., $1.25.

"The Story of the Divine Child," by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, is just the kind of book which has been needed. It tells in a very simple and touching way of the divine birth and infancy of our Lord and places before the mind the lessons to be drawn from the many mysteries of that life, which itself was a mystery. It should be read and studied by every Catholic child. The appearance of such a book in which the infancy and youth of our Lord are set forth in such a simple, appealing way, adapted for the minds of children, is a happy sign of awakening on the part of Catholics to the importance of furnishing the Catholic youth with a literature which will foster piety while giving pleasure to the mind. There are many beautiful illustrations.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., 75 cents.

"The Franciscans in Arizona" is a companion volume to "The Franciscans in California," by the same author, Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. It is as interesting as a novel. The story of the devoted efforts of the Franciscan missionaries to reclaim the Indians to the ways of faith and civilization is one of the most touching in American history. Father Engelhardt had the advantage of access to many documents preserved in the archives of the Order and is able to supplement other accounts of this very interesting movement of Christianizing the savage tribes of the Arizona desert. We venture to say that the portrayal of the devoted life of the heroes, who were the pioneers of faith and civilization in these untraversed regions, forms a picture which for power and simple pathos we shall scarcely find in the pages of a novel. The book is printed by the Indian boys of the Holy Childhood Indian School, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

"Episodes of Catholic History" is a most instructive and entertaining volume in which are set forth in a very interesting and readable way the principal

events of Catholic Church History. The author shows a good grasp of historical facts and has the faculty of putting them before the reader in a clear and pointed manner. His selection of the matter is judicious, and he has a charming, flowing style which engages at once the attention. We should like to put this book into the hands of every Catholic young man and woman. We are sure that it would promote the author's design in writing it; stimulate them to read more and create a taste for historical reading. Beautifully illustrated.

Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., $1.00.

"Brownson's Middle Life" by his son, Henry F. Brownson, is a second volume on this most interesting subject for Catholics. The period comprised in this volume is 1845-1855. The life of Brownson during this period, the first ten years of his Catholic life, is intimately bound up with the history of the Church in this country during those perilous times. His Quarterly Review, which he edited in defence of Catholic principles, was the most powerful voice in the Catholic literary world of America. He was in constant correspondence with the leaders of thought in this country and with many in England and France. A great mass of this correspondence sees the light for the first time in the pages of this volume, and a wonderful light is thrown upon the history of the Church during this period by these luminous documents. The book may be had from Henry F. Brownson, Detroit, Michigan. The price is $3.00.

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE.

Its Fine Showing of Strength—Marked Growth in recent years.

The forty-ninth annual statement of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city is published elsewhere this morning, and, like all the statements of the company for years past, is gratifying to the managers and the policy-holders. It shows assets, at conservative valuation, amounting to $12,259,291 and a surplus of $540,276, beside a special reserve fund of nearly $150,000, which is also practically surplus. The strength of the Phœnix Mutual is well established and universally recognized, and its investments are of the highest class. They have increased about $600,000 during the year, mostly in loans on first mortgages of real estate. The real estate owned by the company is somewhat less than a year ago, which means that it has sold more than it has taken in. The company's new building in Hartford is one of the features of the city. It was put up before the recent rise in building material but has all the latest inventions and improvements of modern construction and is a model of convenience and attractiveness.

A few suggestive figures of growth are given in the statement. In the past three years, the policies in force have increased from 28,269 to 35,512 and the insurance in force from $46,021,069 to $57,985,510. The new insurance last year was $15,547,421. Since its organization the company has paid its policyholders more than $50,000,000. In recent years it has come forward into a prominent position among the life companies of the country and is known for its financial strength and the energy and success of its wide-awake management.

A CITY WITHOUT SOAP.

Sixty Thousand Japanese Who Had Not Learned How to Bathe.

Miss Kate V. Johnson, of Madison, Ind., who has lived in Japan for thirteen years, talks in an interesting way of the little people of that country, who live without chairs, bedsteads, knives, forks, spoons or soap; of the women who paint their teeth black and shave their eyebrows to indicate loyalty to their husbands; of the carpenters who make long beautiful shavings by drawing their planes towards them and who place the back door at the front of the house; and of their books in which the preface is placed at the end of the book and foot notes at the head of the page.

Miss Johnson first went to Akita, a city of 60,000 persons, and found it a city without soap. Naoye Saito, a young Japanese girl who came to live in her house, had never had a soap bath in her life. She kicked and screamed when her first bath was given her and said they were trying to kill her. A cake of Ivory Soap was sent Naoye Saito's father with instructions to use it on his person. He came back the next day and asked for another cake, saying he had used it all up.

Before Miss Johnson left Japan last summer she took Naoye Saito, who had been with her for ten years, back to her native province and left her to earn her own living. While still in Tokio, a few days before sailing for America, Miss Johnson received a letter from Naoye in which she said: "I forgot one thing very necessary to our comfort in this place. Will you please go to the grocery store and buy me a dozen cakes of Ivory Soap and send them to me at once? She sent a money order to pay for it, and the soap was sent.

QUESTION BOX.

Schoolboy writes: I have been reading "Child's History of England," by Dickens. Is it important to Catholics? Did the Catholic clergy and the Popes do so many bad things? As it is in the public school library, what would be a good book to give the Catholic view?

Dickens is not fair or just to Catholics. His is a book that no one desirous of learning historical truth should be satisfied with. And he is not alone. Unfortunately, most works in the English language that deal in any way with Catholic affairs are not on the side of truth. When we come across a book of history that is even moderate in its statements against our Church and our holy religion, we are almost grateful that the author is no worse. It is a very bad showing for Protestantism that it has trained its writers and defenders to the vilest and bitterest of calumnies against the old religion. Judging it by this as one of its points, it deserves condemnation and reprobation. As to the conduct of the clergy and the popes: In some 260 popes from Peter to Leo XIII, there are only a very few against whom even the most unjust historians have ventured to say a word. For centuries to be a Pope was to find the road to martyrdom. For centuries the list of the Popes is a list of canonized saints. And all through the long line for 1900 years the Papacy has been honored with men distinguished for sanctity, learning, noble character and upright lives. Even the few who have been foully painted have not been proven to be such wicked men. One in particular is held up. Even so, Judas was one of the twelve apostles, and no one has ever ventured to point out one bad Pope in twelve or twice twelve. And this one who is so condemned by some historians is not entirely proven to have been bad after he became Pope, even if not entirely a good man before being made Pope. The Popes stand the test of sanctity better than any succession of men who ever stood prominent before the world, and such a remarkable testimony as is afforded by the uniform goodness of their lives is a strong proof of the government of the Holy Ghost over the Church. Look at the Popes of the present century, and see what manner of men the Church selects for her head. The clergy at some periods of history and in some countries have in certain measure fallen away from their high estate. But in no such degree as some historians point out. Today it is a favorite theme for travelers to tell of how bad are the Catholic priests in South America. But pressed for proof they have little more than that they heard so. Or, they know of some individual, and so all must be bad. The Church never countenanced the failings or the sins of those who did wrong. But in the middle ages wars were very frequent, the Popes themselves were living in the midst of turbulence and riot, and the Church had to contend against powerful kings and emperors, who sought to control or even overthrow her. In such times bad men more easily come into prominence in the Church, kings seek to put such men forward as likely to serve their interests, the spiritual welfare of the Church is not so faithfully considered, and scandal flourishes. But through it all, we must find out what the Church upholds as her standard of truth and morality, and what discipline she enforces, when she is free and able to exercise her power. Then, we never find the Church doing other than blaming and reprimanding and punishing her disobedient and wicked children. In the United States polygamy is against the law, and when a man from Utah seeks to enter Congress, and it is proven against him that he is faithless to the law, he is not allowed to even take a seat in Congress. Thus, the existence of bad men and law-breakers does not prove that the government is bad. Rather, the punishment of these men, when detected, shows the value and the force of the power of government. So, the Church is not to blame if bad men appear sometimes even in the ranks of the clergy. Again, remember Judas, and that he was of our Lord's own selection, was once good, then became bad.

A good history for you to read is Allies' History of the Church of England, from the Christian Era down to the death of Elizabeth. This is likely to cover the ground over which you have travelled in bad company with Dickens. Then Lingard's History of England is more profuse, and perhaps more than a school boy may wish to undertake. For a full and comprehensive knowledge of institutions themselves, you will do well to read Balmes' famous work, entitled "European Civilization, or Protestanism and Catholicism Compared." You can then read with much more profit and safety the history, not only of England, but of all countries, when the struggle has been made prominent between the old Church of Christ and the modern one of Luther.

Anglican writes: In what relation does the Greek Church stand to the Roman?

The Greek Church in the year 879, and under Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, separated from communion with the See of Rome. By rejecting the lawful authority of the Church of Christ, and refusing submission to Peter, whom Christ has established head of the Church, the Greek Church, though possessing rightful ordination, lost its lawful mission and continuity of the whole deposit of Catholic doctrine. Then, too, the Greeks have erred regarding the Holy Ghost. St. Cyril of Alexandria was obliged at a provincial synod held in that city to anathematize the heresy that proclaimed that the Holy Ghost does not proceed from the Son as well as from the Father. This condemnation was confirmed by the General Council of Ephesus in 431. But since she separated from Rome, in 879, the Greek Church clings to this heresy. In 1274, at the second General Council of Lyons, the Greek Bishops retracted their error, and with the Latin Bishops condemned it, and caused the words, "Who proceeds from the Father and the Son," to be inserted in the Nicene Creed. Then they went home, and soon took up their former error. Again, in 1439, at the General Council of Florence, the schismatical Greek Bishops condemned their heresy, again went home, and again resumed their error. And the Greek Church stands then in relation to Rome, as schismatical and heretical.

Reader inquires: On what points of Catholic doctrine has St. George Mivart gone astray? I learn from Catholic papers that he has written in such a way as to bring on himself condemnation, and so would like to know what are his errors.

A circular letter to his clergy, regarding this man and his errors, was sent out by Cardinal Vaughan, under whose jurisdiction Dr. Mivart was. The first portion of this letter we append, as it explicitly relates the chief points of Mivart's aberrations:

Archbishop's House, Westminster,
Feast of St. Peter's Chair, 1900.

Rev. Dear Father: Dr. St. George Mivart, in his articles entitled "The Continuity of Catholicism" and "Some Recent Apologists," in the Nineteenth Century and the Fortnightly Review for January, 1900, has declared, or at least seemed to declare, that it is permissable for Catholics to hold certain heresies—regarding the Virginal Birth of Our Lord and the Perpetual Virginity of the Blessed Virgin; the gospel account of the resurrection and the immunity of the sacred Body from corruption; the reality and transmission of original sin; the redemption as a real satisfaction for the sins of men; the everlasting punishment of the wicked; the inspiration and integrity of Holy Scripture; the right of the Catholic Church to interpret the sense of Scripture with authority; her perpetual retention of her doctrines in the same sense; not to speak of other false propositions.

Herbert Cardinal Vaughan.

Dr. Mivart is a scientist, and is not a theologian. He has himself taken pains to expressly state this fact. And yet so wantonly has he dealt with the grave questions of theology which can only be rightly treated by men of long and careful training in theological studies, and which in many ways require the authoritative decision of the infallible Church, that with all due respect for Dr. Mivart, in this case it appears not inappropriate to apply to him the words of the poet:

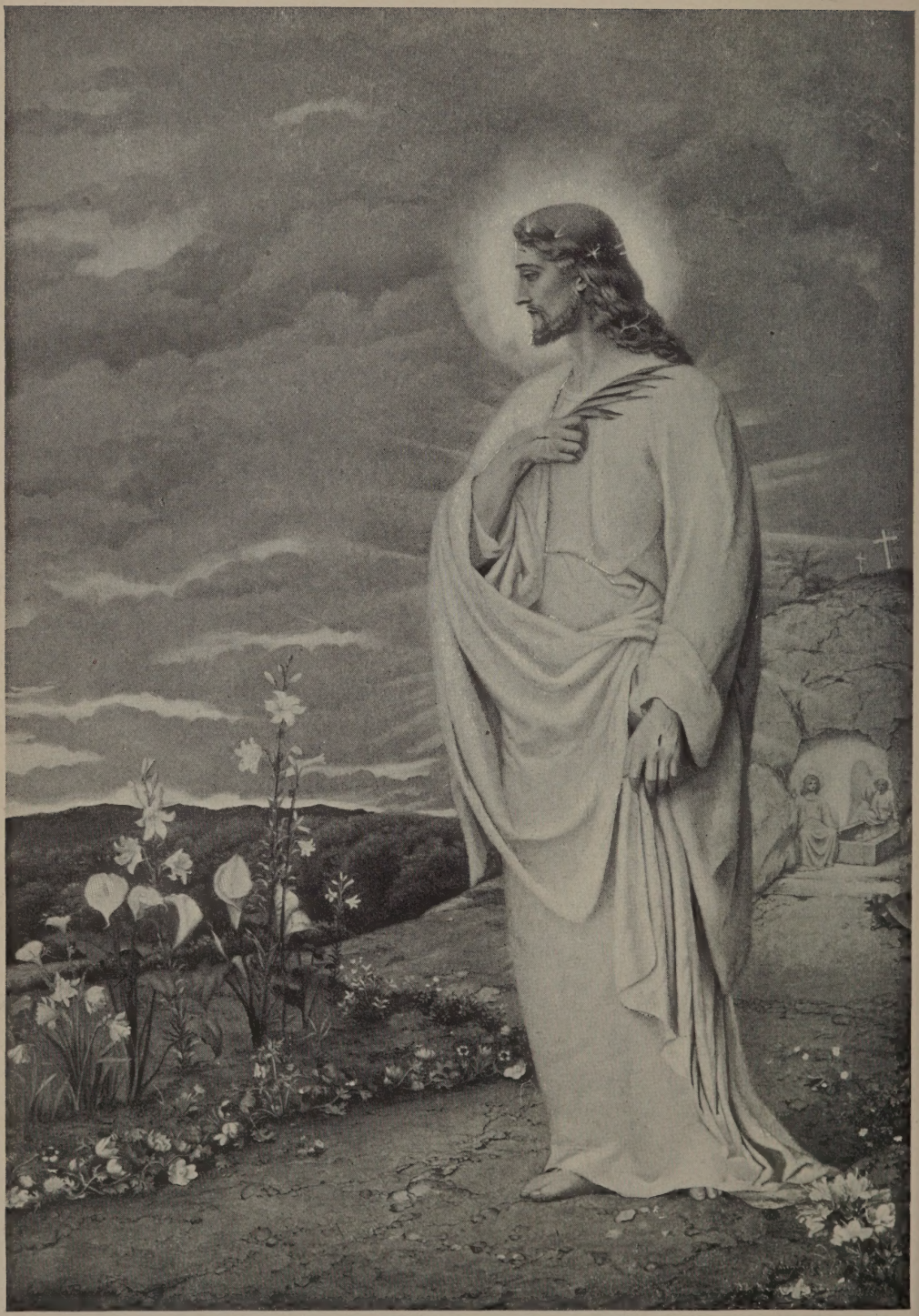
"Fools rush in, where wise men fear to tread."

Ruskin sounded a forcible warning to some people that whatever ventures they may make in other fields, there is one field, that of theology, into which good sense dictates they should not enter. And a French writer, ranked by some as a genius, asks: "Who ever denied himself the pleasure of giving advice to a priest?" In every age, there appear one or more men, who, like Dr. Mivart, feel the call strong within them to advise the Church of Christ, not only to advise her, but to point out to her in all sadness and pity, her errors even in doctrine. Instead of seeking to fit the Church to what they call the age and the spirit of the age, they would be better employed in fitting themselves to the spirit of the Church, which is that of truth, not in any one department of research, but in all, in science, indeed, (despite the charges of her enemies), but no less in theology than in science. No harm, too, will result to the age if it learn to fit itself to the teachings of the Spirit which guides and controls the Church in doctrine and action. The One who alone can save the world has established His Church in truth, and preserves her therein by the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. A plain inference from Dr. Mivart's essays is that he has never understood this Divine Character of the Church's doctrine and teaching.

Hofmann

"She brake the box and all the house was filled
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof,
While at His feet a costlier vase distilled
The bruised balm of penitential love.

And lo, as if in recompense of her,
Bewildered in the lingering shades of night,
He breaks anon the sealed sepulchre,
And fills the world with rapture and with light."



Parker

"Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away!"

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLIII. APRIL, 1900. No. 4.

La Farge

FEAST OF EASTER.

BY REV. GEORGE V. LEAHY.

The festival of Easter indicates to us in more than one way that Christian worship and practise have not disdained to borrow from Pagan sources. Not all that is in Paganism is false or evil. The natural goodness and truth found in Paganism have been approved and ratified by the Christian Church.

One of the divinities worshipped by the Pagan Teutons of Northern Europe before the introduction of Christianity was Eastra, the goddess of Spring. Her festival was kept at the beginning of the vernal season to celebrate the reawakening of nature. Does it seem strange to us that the greatest among Christian festivals

should in our tongue bear the name of a Pagan goddess? It was not merely because the two festivals occurred contemporaneously that the name of the Pagan feast was affixed to the Christian solemnity. May we not rather suppose the reason to have been because there was found in the Pagan festival an element of truth and beauty which the Christian Church was not willing to suppress. For the Christian as for the Pagan, it is meet and just to celebrate with festival the return of Spring. The glad reawakening of nature is an event worthy to find remembrance in the religious worship of all mankind. The softening of winter's rigors, the transforming of winter's ice and frost into streamlets, brooks and rivulets, the sprouting of the first blades of grass, the decking of the trees' bare branches with fresh foliage, the birth of countless millions of the season's first flowers, the violet, the tulip and the hyacinth, the return of the birds from their winter home,—all these are worthy of commemoration. All are reasons for rendering praise and gratitude to the. Being who maketh the Earth fruitful and filleth the woods with the birds' harmonious song.

There is a yet deeper reason why the Church should choose to perpetuate the name of the Norseman's Easter festival. The reawakening of Nature is analogous to the Resurrection of the Saviour. Each is a triumph over death. One is in the order of the natural, it is true, and the other in the order of the supernatural. But both the natural and the supernatural have a common Author. He who is powerful to reawake the benumbed forces of Nature, is able also to revivify the benumbed Body sleeping in the tomb. We speak of our Lord's Resurrection as a miracle and a mystery. So indeed it is, for it is an achievement not to be accounted for by the natural forces with which we are familiar; it is an achievement above and beyond the powers of Nature. But in another sense, is not every new springtide a miracle, and the regeneration of Nature an incomprehensible mystery? Did we not know it by experience, who could foretell that the deadening blasts of winter would be followed by the quickening zephyrs of spring? that the Earth's rigid, frost-laden crust would change into the moistened fruitful soil, teeming to rankness with vegetable life? By what stretch of the imagination could the most venturesome prophet have clothed the trees' naked boughs and branches with Vallombrosan foliage, fragrant blossoms and luscious fruit? Science studies minutely the processes of life; but the ultimate secret of life, viewed in the meanest blade of grass as in the gayest flower, remains sealed to physical science, and the vernal metamorphosis of Nature is a mystery.

But the Resurrection of the Saviour is an event greater than the reawakening of Nature, and the feast of the Resurrection is greater than the festival of Eastra, the goddess of Spring. It is as much greater as the moral order is above the physical. Man shares much with the vegetable and animal kingdoms below him. The cells, the tissues, the organs and the structure of the human body associate him with other terrestrial beings having life. But together with purely physical powers, he possesses powers of mind and will that separate him definitively from the entire brute creation. The Resurrection of our Lord was even in the physical order a marvellous happening; but it is infinitely more wonderful and more momentous viewed in its relation to purely human affairs. Consider the influence of the Resurrection in the moral order, and

"All praise and gratitude to the Being who maketh the Earth fruitful and filleth the woods with the birds' harmonious song."

its bearing on the beliefs and lives of humankind.

When we say that the Resurrection is the basis of our faith, we but reaffirm, indeed, a trite and hackneyed statement. But what a wealth of import the affirmation contains! Among all the events recorded in history, that should be accounted the greatest, which, taken fairly, must determine the religious faith of every reasonable man. The fact of the Resurrection, proved by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, dissolves our doubts and settles our convictions.

This is not the time or the place to discuss exhaustively the historical evidence for the Resurrection of the Saviour. It is not to be denied that some have impugned that evidence. Rationalists, like Renan, have proclaimed that our knowledge of the Resurrection rests on the diseased imaginings of a half-crazed woman. But opposed to such heresy we have the concordant testimony of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, two of them immediate disciples of the Saviour. A harmony of the gospels reveals to us that on the very day of the Resurrection, our Lord appeared on five separate occasions: first to Mary Magdalen, next to the holy women mentioned in St. Mark, later to Simon Peter the Prince of the Apostles, towards suppertime to the two disciples on their way from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and in the evening to all the Apostles (Thomas excepted) gathered in the Upper Chamber. The after appearances of the risen Saviour were many; they were more numerous than the five that have been distinctly recorded. On the octave of Easter, He appeared again to the Apostles in the Upper Chamber, the sceptical Thomas being now among them. After the Apostles had left Jerusalem and had returned to their own province of Galilee, Jesus appeared anew to seven of them on the shores of Lake Genesareth. Later, He addressed them on one of the hills of Galilee. Again He appeared and spoke to more than five hundred of the assembled disciples on a mount in Galilee. And finally He manifested Himself to them the day of His Ascension on the summit of Mt. Olivet near Jerusalem.

The Apostles were not men to accept without question the strange story that their dead Master had risen from the tomb. The entire narrative of the Resurrection proves that they were slow to credit the tale that had been told them and did not finally accept it save on the testimony of their own senses. When Mary Magdalen and the other holy women reported to them that they had beheld the Saviour, the Apostles were incredulous. Perhaps, like Renan, they attributed the vision to the irregular workings of a disordered imagination. When Simon Peter, their Chief, came later in the day and assured them that he had seen the Risen Master, their faith took on new life, only to be enfeebled, however, by the mysterious legend of the apparition of the Lord to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. It remained for the Lord to come in person into the midst of this incredulous doubting band, to convince them by the evidence of their own senses that He was truly risen from the dead. It was only when our Lord appeared among them, spoke to them, ate with them, and showed them His wounded hands, feet and sides, that the faith of the Apostles was made secure.

We need not pause to relate in detail the familiar story of the unbelief of the Apostle Thomas. To read but once that interesting narrative, as recounted in the twentieth chapter of

Hofmann

"And the son of the widow of Naim had been recalled by the voice of the Saviour from death to life."

St. John's Gospel, is to have it indelibly impressed on the mind. The scepticism of St. Thomas is but another link added to our chain of evidence. It is perhaps tedious to reiterate even thus meagrely the outline of the well-known argument in favor of the reality of the Resurrection. But it will serve to remind us that the testimony on the side of the Resurrection is complete to demonstration.

More pertinent are the consequences of the Resurrection. The bringing back from death to life is a rare miracle in the order of God's Providence. The bringing back of self to life is a miracle that has taken place but once; it is unique in the annals of mankind. Christ rose from the dead of His own power and by His own might. He rose to die no more. His glorified, transfigured Body was to know no more the humiliation of the grave. Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, and the son of the widow of Naim, had been recalled by the voice of the Saviour from death to life. But they must pass again through the portals of death and suffer again the corruption of the tomb. Christ rose transformed and incorruptible. He rose to die no more. When He would take His final departure from the earth, it would be in the glory of the Ascension.

The greatness of the miracle of the Resurrection is not to be accounted for on the supposition that Christ was "an extraordinary man, a wonderful teacher, a powerful thaumaturgus." The Resurrection was a miracle so exceptional, so wondrous, so truly divine, that if we accept it we are driven to the conclusion that Christ was the Messenger sent by God. In the presence of the Resurrection strange philosophies are silenced and strange religions confounded. Strange philosophies, as Materialism, Pantheism and Agnosticism, are stricken dumb when confronted with the prodigious miracle of the Resurrection. They cannot explain it, there is no room for it in their theories of life. They cannot answer it except by denying it, and gratuitous denial is impotent in the face of overwhelming historical evidence. Strange religions, as Buddhism, Parseeism and Judaism, may contain excellent features, but they have to acknowledge their imperfection and inferiority when brought face to face with the Teacher and Prophet, who in His Resurrection presented to the world the credentials of His divine mission. The doubts of philosophers are solved, the revelation of prophets is completed, and we repose in the satisfaction of a firm faith in the person and teachings of the Risen Saviour. His religion shall be our religion, His precepts and counsels our rule of life, His teaching our faith, His Church our Church.

The Resurrection is not only the basis of our faith, it is also the groundwork of our hope. The hope in a state of happiness to come, an Elysium, a Valhalla, or a Paradise, shared in by all peoples, Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, has done more than aught else to temper the sorrows and alleviate the hardships of the terrestrial life of man. The unbeliever in a future life casts away the anchor of hope and drifts aimlessly on the ocean of despair. Set him in the death chamber, let him look on the corpse of a human being; he sees in it nothing but lifeless clay. If the corpse be of one he has loved, his heart breaks with sorrow and there is no consideration that can assuage his grief. But when the believing follower of the Risen Saviour kneels beside the corpse of a human being, he feels that

Dietrich

"O, Martha! Make our hearts like thine,—
Always on fire, always in haste,
And yet like peaceful stars to shine
Untroubled o'er life's weary waste."

he is looking as it were on a state of sleep. If the body be that of one near and dear, his grief at the loss is great, but it is tempered with hope. Resting on Christ's promises, he believes that the soul which had formerly animated the body lives on in a way to us unknown, basking in the sunlight of God's presence. The infidel despairs; the believer expects, confides, anticipates, and the objects of his hope are boundless. He looks forward to a reward and a destiny which he is utterly powerless to describe. His expectation were perhaps unreasonable, did it not rest on the testimony of One Who has risen from the dead to die no more, Who has gone to prepare a place for us in the home of His Heavenly Father.

Finally, Christianity has been accused of other-worldliness. Objection has been made to the Christian religion that it fixes our thoughts and hopes on a future life and regards not the happiness of the present life. To this it may be answered that the Resurrection of the Saviour gives His followers confidence, not only in the happy crowning of existence in another world, but in the just ordering of the present life.

The boy growing to manhood is absolutely confident of the integrity of his fellowmen; as he matures, this trust is unhappily shaken. Unsuspicious of the darker sides of life, he believes that the whole world shares in his sentiments of justice, sympathy and charity. It comes to him as a rude awakening to learn that some men can be wantonly cruel and unjust. The inexperienced youth has put implicit faith in the truthfulness of his fellow beings. With what pain he learns that it is easy for some men deliberately to deceive! This noble-minded youth has grown up in a country dear to him as the apple of his eye, under a form of government of which hs is buoyantly proud. He believes firmly that whatever may be the case with other countries, his country can do no wrong. What a blush of shame it brings to the intelligent youth of any land, be it the United States, England or Russia,—we do not particularize,—to find his country embarked on a career which offends his innate sense of right and justice. The noble-hearted youth has had firmly implanted in his soul the conviction that a criminal course of conduct will surely be detected, thwarted, and avenged, and that righteous conduct, unrecognized perhaps for a time, will in the end be noted, vindicated, and rewarded. But as the months and the years roll by, with wickedness still triumphant and virtue still humiliated, he loses hope and lapses into despair; nay, perhaps he too will drift with the tide and, for the sake of success, adopt a false, dishonest and unrighteous course of conduct which is the direct antithesis of his original pure, innocent, untainted nature.

To the youth who has passed through such trials of mind, the Resurrection of the Saviour appeals as an event restoring hope. On Good Friday the conspirators against truth had triumphed and had secured the condemnation of an innocent man. Christ, the personification of goodness, had succumbed to His enemies. He was condemned to the death of a criminal, to the infamous death of the cross. Was there ever a like instance of the miscarriage of justice? To apply the vigorous words of Demosthenes, "This was the hyperbole of injustice." The hope of the human race in the ultimate triumph of virtue seemed buried with Christ in the tomb. What now the utility of leading a virtuous

Hofmann

"Jesus! in spices wrapped and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace and hide
Thy servant in Thy wounded side,
A heavenly sepulture!"

Hofmann

"His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star."

life when Christ, the incarnation of goodness, has fallen before the onslaught of His iniquitous adversaries! But stay! The sepulchre opens, the stone that sealed it is rolled back by superhuman power, the soldiers that guarded it are rendered helpless by the avenging might of an all-just God, and the Crucified One steps forth triumphant from the tomb! O gracious Lord, did we distrust Thee? Did we feel with the Apostles that all was over? Did we put off the glad countenance of hope and assume the dark visage of despair? Shame on us who failed to remember that there is an all-righteous God who guideth the destinies of peoples and individuals!

As was in the Resurrection, so will it be to the end of time. Iniquity enjoys a triumph that is brief; virtue wins a triumph that is lasting and final. Luxurious Rome, once mistress of the world, will live to see her empire dismembered and torn asunder, her legions scattered and slaughtered, her eagles lowered and trailed in the dust. The Revolutionists of France will hack one another until the city's streets flow with blood. Napoleon the conqueror, before whose march all Europe once trembled and quailed, will meet his Waterloo. As in great things, so in small. The man who is forgetful of duty may be victorious for a time. He may be successful to the end of his mortal career; but his memory shall be unhallowed and his labors unesteemed. The apostle of truth and virtue may make for himself an army of enemies; but he will attract also a host of followers. He may seem to fail in the accomplishment of his holy mission, and may lose his life in defense of his sacred cause; but his memory will be held in benediction, and invisible choirs of angels will join with the harmonious chorus of all good men in singing his eulogy.

All hail, then, glad Easter morn which tellest of the Resurrection of the Saviour! With happy hearts we go to meet thee. Thou lendest us new faith. Thou createst in us hope for an after and better life. Thou inspirest in us courage to take up manfully the struggle of the present life. The exultation of Eastertide is not exaggerated or misplaced. Whatever form it shall take, be it in the Church's festival music, or the decorating of our homes with the spotless, perfume-shedding Easter lily, the lighting of Easter fires, or the sending of Easter gifts, it all serves to express our sense of joy that the Just One Who had been crucified has risen from the grave. Let Alleluias resound! Let the welkin ring with glad Hosannahs! Let every temple and every household re-echo the joyful Easter canticle! For today sorrow-bringing Death is vanquished, the Prince of Darkness is cast out, and the reign of Christ, the Conqueror of Sin and Death, is ushered in.

"Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity:
Hearts of men upon earth,
Never once still from their birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of Heaven on their
breast.

"Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease.
'Peace on Earth and Good-will!'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite Bliss?"

YOUNG MEN AND PERSONAL SERVICE.

BY DR. BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA.

During the Diocletian persecution seven young Christians were shut up in a cave outside the city of Ephesus. When the reign of terror had passed they awoke from a long sleep, and unconscious of the passage of time, sent out one of their number to obtain food. Through their messenger, they learned, to their deep surprise, that Diocletian was dead, that a Christian emperor reigned, and that Christianity was the law of the land. All was changed. On every hand rose splendid temples tipped with crosses of gold. Divine worship was celebrated with pomp and magnificence. Priests were richly robed, clouds of incense floated in the air, and elaborate anthems swelled the service of sacrifice and song. But the former religious spirit was not found. Nothing was ever said of martyrs. Christians had become indifferent and even frivolous, walking in concord with pagans, reading their books, listening to their philosophy, and enjoying the charms of a world they had foresworn. How far is this tradition true in our day? What if the Sleepers had come out of their sleep here in America? Who denies that zeal is frigid, love too cold, or even that paganism is in the air?

This indifference is true, in a measure, of every class, but is often pronounced among men, and alas! also among young Catholics, whose co-operation in church work is so much needed in every parish in the land. Young men, it is complained, are apathetic, and the burden of work generally falls upon the few.

Not, indeed, that indifference is peculiar to Catholics. It is strikingly true of non-Catholics, who find conditions growing worse. They admit that a valuable type of workers has well nigh disappeared. The important post of Sunday School Superintendent, once held by the best men, is now neglected. Instead of being prized, it is well nigh despised. A distinguished Presbyterian declares, that parish offices are no longer valued, and that the time may come when it will be necessary to attach salaries to the post of "Elder" and "Deacon." Among Episcopalians, Sunday-School teachers are failing, and the work is going almost exclusively into the hands of inefficient women and young girls. With Catholics, however, there is a visible improvement in the country at large. Young Men's Societies, not ideal societies perhaps, yet active societies, exist where formerly there were none. There is nothing in the situation to cause a pessimistic spirit, yet there is everything to excite serious concern and stimulate vigorous thought. What is to be said applies, in a large measure, to young women, but this article is intended to deal with the case of men, and particularly the younger men.

Whatever may be said of a certain class, forming exceptions gladly and thankfully acknowledged, the attitude of the majority is unsatisfactory. It impresses a stranger painfully, as he goes up and down the land, viewing the condition of Catholic parishes. Where are the young men? What are they thinking about as we are approaching a new and marvelous century? In conversation, when the subject is broached, they often remain

silent, or move away. The subject presents phenomenal difficulties, and only its importance leads one to attempt its discussion. It involves much that is perplexing and contradictory. The young man, ordinarily regarded as accessible, is quite inaccessible when approached with regard to the needs of the parish and the Church. We think of him as vulnerable, yet find him invulnerable. He is supposed to be susceptible to passion, but, lo! when approached on behalf of a noble cause he is imperturably unimpassioned. Retreating within himself, he suddenly shrivles, dries up, becomes an anatomical specimen, or hortus siccus of humanity. The juice of youth seems to be gone. Yet, after all, with the psychologist, at least, he is no puzzle. It is easy to say what turns wax into marble, and makes manly strength join hands with sloth.

There is a doctrine of asymptote, which holds that two lines may ever approach one another without touching; but in the nature of the young man there is no tangent to a curve on an infinite distance. The lines eagerly rush to the meeting. To change the figure, poles, even, sympathetically join and die in the embrace. There is no positive or negative. It is the case of unresponsive dead wires. The young man of today is not of any apostolic type. His mind does not enthuse. The soul may not be fanned into martyr fire. The typical young man, I am told, is of little use to parish or priest, and inclines to stand in the rear of the Church, when he gets there, and defraud the Church of a dime. His self-devotion is heroic. A new and improved young Catholic, therefore, seems to be imperatively demanded; especially at the present time, when non-Catholic bodies are failing, and Protestantism is tumbling like the columns at Karnak.

It would be useless, however, to deplore Conditions, without inquiring into Causes and Cures. Where, therefore, do we find the cause of this Indifference exhibited by young men far and wide? What makes the young man the poor thing he is?

First glance at the influence of Secularism, the foe of all high thought, the bane of the young man's life. One might file a caveat against Secularism in general, since its tendency is to extinguish the Spiritual. With Milton, we may say at the present time:

"————new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with
secular chains."

The age is nothing unless secular. Things material find their way to the front. Secularism says: Seek last the Kingdom of God, if there be any God. For itself, Secularism worships Mammon, making the acquisition of wealth a sufficient aim for the soul. Commerce is set before mankind as the one great civilizer, and the supreme good is garish gold. Secularism veils the outlook towards the Eternal, and blurs the spiritual eye. It recognises only one state of existence. Practically its thought is agnostic; yet its ways are winning, and the young man unconsciously becomes wholly absorbed in things seen. Then, as the little child cries for the moon, the young man sighs for the world, the glamor of which obscures the loftier vision, rendering him of the earth earthy, a mere evolution of commerce; and, at last, simply so much slag exuding from its furnace. He thought to conquer the world, but there are few Alexanders, and thus

the world conquers him. He listened to its voice and did its bidding, and is a potsherd for his pay. Secularism is the modern Minotaur. It lives to devour. Its appetite is its raison d'étre. Secularism may vary its bait, now offering professional distinction, and now national reputation, but it is the same baneful thing passing in masquerade, and appealing to all minds. It was Secularism that, on the Mount of Temptation, offered the Son of God all the kingdoms of the world. Its spell is woven around souls everywhere. Under its influence the young Catholic is dazed, and fails in all duty personal and parochial. He makes his surrender, and the Church calls in vain.

Imperfect training stands connected with many failures, and parents, in their measure, are responsible; for if the child is trained up in the way he should go, he will not depart from it, any more than will the elephant or dog. The Wise King saw all this, and parents should recognize the truth, seeking, as they may, to make the child the father of the man. The full remedy for this evil therefore goes back to childhood. Yet it should not stop even there. It may antedate by long years the child's birth; for even in the simple matter of candles men consider the mold.

But our concern now regards the young men already out in the arena of life, and we must take him as we find him, and do for him what we can. We must present such considerations as may possibly serve to save him from Secularism, which is little better than Epicureanism, and easily wins the victory over souls unprepared for life's struggle.

In the next place, possibly, should come Overwork, which often proves a power in disinclining young Catholics for activity in the parish. With many overwork is voluntary, but with others inevitable, following from hard and unjust industrial conditions, calling for over days and hours, often condemning the laborer to make brick without straw. Sunday is invaded, and time denied for the worship of God. With some, parochial service is impossible. Staggering under herculean tasks, they hardly find time on Sunday for a low Mass. All persons of this class d serve our hearty sympathy, and our best efforts to free them from the hand of the task-master. Yet the plea of overwork is in many cases unreal. For years the writer has noticed that the most diligent, willing and reliable workers were those thoroughly active in their daily callings. There is, indeed, a leisure class devoted to church work, but its members are small. Like begets like, and leisure alone is not favorable to hard work. When we want things thoroughly done, we call upon busy men, who are the first to take up the toil. Some of the most devoted young Catholics in the land include the hard worked clerk and seamstress. The best promoter with whom the writer has the good fortune to be acquainted is a domestic servant, standing in the kitchen before the range.

Another cause of Indifference is to be found in the fact that so few are able to discover the most valuable and beautiful side of life. It is, perhaps, generally admitted that there is a certain life more beautiful than any other, and that it is the privilege of the professed Religious to find it. Yet since all cannot be Religious, no one should fancy that there is some restriction in respect to the Pearl of great price. Think of Catherine of Genoa and St.

Frances of Rome. Love is said to be the greatest thing in the world, and, if so, it may follow that the exhibition of love is the most beautiful thing. What can lend to life a greater sweetness, charm and glory? How can this most beautiful side of life be better shown than in the daily round and task in the average parish? Could the young man captivated by Secularism but know the beauty of the life of service hid with Christ in God, overtasked priests and failing parishes would not invoke the aid of so many in vain. Service is angelic.

Democritus, who was deeply concerned in bringing up his son to a pure and beautiful life, promised Euphemion, that if he would devote four years to abstinence, purity and piety, he would give him as his reward, the exquisite, the ideal pleasure he had seen depicted in a painting at one of the public galleries. Euphemion was charmed, and entered upon a course of temperance and self denial. At the end of four years he remembered his father's promise; but when Democritus himself referred to it, Euphemion regarded his father with a peculiar smile, which seemed to mean that he was grateful to him for the method he had employed. The ideal pleasure promised he did not desire. The thought, even, was repulsive, as the discipline had made his heart pure. The wise father thus schooled his son, and taught him the love of the good, the beautiful and the true. This took place in a pagan state of society, though certainly not without that grace which Aquinas nobly and fearlessly saith, God gives to every soul that comes into the world, and which, if unresisted, may lead to salvation. Thus, if with pagan counsel this young man cast away secularism and sense, thereby discovering the most beautiful side of life, the most beautiful thing in the world, what excuse can the young man plead in our day, who, under the guidance of the holy Catholic Church, fails to find the true ideal, the one thing beautiful above all things beautiful that the soul could desire?

A false Atmosphere is another hindrance with which we have to deal. This powerfully indisposes a young man for good works in connection with the parish. The botanist assures us that every plant grows in a solution of itself. This is wonderfully illustrated by the geologist, in connection with the coal-bearing or carboniferous period of the earth's history, when man could not possibly have lived in the air then largely charged with carbonic acid gas. Unfortunately the carboniferous period has not yet passed away. A malarious mental environment exists. It is generated, in part, by bad literature. The Holy Father has granted special favors to those who spend fifteen minutes a day in reading the Holy Scriptures, but, even on Sunday, the Word of God is neglected in favor of "yellow" newspapers which carpet and kaleidoscope the parlor floor in many nominally Catholic homes. The dime magazine, The Actress's Own,—gamboged and salacious,—serves as a dispossess on the healthy Catholic magazine, weekly paper and review. Yet a Catholic mind calls for a pure, Catholic literature. Catholic work requires an atmosphere of Catholic thought, which is not stimulated by the impure newspaper that protrudes from its patron's pocket, Sunday morning. In a saffron atmosphere religious Indifference is generated, and profanity soon follows, together

with all manner of disrespect for the Holy Name. Thus a young man easily learns to eschew the very thought of activity in the parish for the glory of God, and he often gravitates to a place with the sidewalk set, his indifference, like his scarf-pin, being effulgent afar. Bad reading makes a bad life and an atmosphere of spiritual death. If one would know a man, first know his environment, what kind of air he lives in, what he reads, what plays he sees, and when, where and with whom he takes his recreation.

There is space to mention only one thing more, the lack of the Spirit of Chivalry, chiefest of all the flowers of the Catholic faith. We speak not here of Chivalry as a profession. In the Middle Ages it stood connected with much that was false. True Chivalry is distinctly Christian, but its absence among young men to-day is most marked, and easily explained, since it involves plain living and high thinking. When an ancient orator began "The praise of Hercules," he was stopped by a person asking, "Who reviles Hercules?" But Chivalry is reviled. Mention it, and you are told that it does not "pay." Still it offers the same wage and prize as of yore. Burke lamented that the age of Chivalry was dead. That is no matter. The Round Table is gone, and we can afford to miss the baronial castle, the glittering pageant, and the gleam of golden armor. There is no call for tournament or joust, but the Spirit of Chivalry must remain. Knights in another armor are abroad in new fields. The fair one no longer smiles from the windows of a boudoir in some ivy-mantled medieval tower, flinging baubles to favored knights, with a jewelled hand. The age of Chivalry is gone, and the face itself is changed. To-day it is a fairer, a Divine Face, once suffering but now glorified, looking down it may be from the casement of some dingy tenement house in a narrow, suffocating street: appearing in the ward of a hospital; beaming out from the jungles of Africa and India, upon the toiling missionary, or tenderly regarding the nurse bending over the sick and wounded—Britons and Boers alike—among the Kopjes of the Transvaal. The old form of Chivalry has departed, but the spirit of a true Chivalry is offered for the acceptance of every young Catholic in America. There is, nevertheless, a lack of Chivalry. Society accepts low aims. Altruism is viewed with distrust. Commercial standards rule, and a good cause, to be good, must declare a dividend. It must "Pay." The trading, shopkeeping, political spirit, though entitled to its place, must not wage war against all high thought, and obstruct the work of Christ all over the world.

Turning to the subject of Remedies, one finds it impossible to present anything new. Accordingly the first thing to be suggested is Increased Spirituality.

Natural science is progressive and evolutionary, and the newest way may possibly be the truest; but the Faith, our religion, was delivered once for all, and whatever may be presented as new is presumably false. The Continuity of the Church calls for continuity of doctrine, and a continuity of doctrine that does not continue may attract minds given to novelty, but it will have no place among those who sincerely accept the Catholic Faith. There can be no new tactics for turning the flank of Indifference, no patent method for transmuting listlessness

into zeal. The emergency calls for the old-fashioned fight of the first saints, clad in the armor of God. Some talk about taking a philosophical view of the situation, and there is an abundant use for good philosophy, yet the fact remains, as in the days of the Apostles, that the effective, moving thing in every Christian's life is Spirituality. What is required is not simply interest in a parish, but spiritual interest. Without spirituality the soul is dead. It is to the cultivation of higher religious thought that we must look, if we hope to overcome the Indifference and Secularism of the age. The victory must be won by the deepening of the life in the great Sacrifice of the Altar, by constant and devout communion, not in any mere annual observance to meet a legal requirement. Only the Divine strength can carry the parochial toiler, year after year, through his arduous tasks. The parish may be made attractive by societies, gymnasia and literary and social gatherings, but unless the supreme attraction of the means of grace is realized, the most important part of the work will not go on. The parish is something more than a social club. The State does not free the Church from taxation in the interests of histrionics or progressive euchre. The expectation is that every religious organization will form an agency to advance religion, and thus benefit the commonwealth. When religion is no longer the object, there is no excuse for ecclesiastical existence. Religion dies in a purely social atmosphere. It must grow, like the plant, in a solution of itself. Spiritual things alone can promote spirituality. Theatres and concerts are not means of grace. We must look to sacraments, and with the right and continuous use of sacraments, the inertia will depart, the indifference will yield, and the Secularism will be dissipated. God must be left to work in His own way, and to energize the Church through the instrumentalities He has provided. Without hesitation, therefore, we may declare that the great, the supreme need of the young Catholic today is increased Spirituality.

The chief thing having been recognized, we may now refer to what is subsidiary, yet of the deepest importance, namely, Consistency. Triflers might attempt to turn the subject with a couplet from Pope:

"Show me one that hath it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour."

Technically, in connection with involved mental acts, entire consistency may indeed be difficult; yet no one can affirm with any truth the impossibility of harmonizing creed and solemn sacramental vows with ordinary and plain duty. This harmony is possible, and is plainly demanded; while the requirements of consistency may be made to bear powerfully upon the evil of indifference in respect to personal conduct, as illustrated in the parochial relation, where the most serious claim is often made for service without result. If consistency in ordinary relations may be compared to a jewel, what must be said of the lack of consistency in religion? Consistency should be regarded if we wish to avoid sin and serious scandal, or if we would maintain a just pride and self-respect. Unfortunately, while the sin and scandal following are, in multitudes of cases, evident to the world, it is impossible to conceal the absence

of shame. This means that the maintenance of a proper pride and self-respect does not give the individual serious concern. Yet we have a right to appeal to consistency, especially since the enemies of the Catholic faith are making efforts to question the reality of faith by parading the absence of works.

A noted sceptical, one might say infidel, preacher asks, in substance, "If the Catholic Church believes that which it professes, what ought Catholics to be doing? What," he says, "do you think of the man who claims to believe the Catholic faith and yet makes it his sole ambition to own the best sporting plant in the land; or of the woman who professes to believe this faith and yet devotes her existence exclusively to balls and social functions, instead of doing something to save souls?" The Sleepers of Ephesus might be obliged to join with the infidel, and sorrowfully ask the same question, on seeing believers thoroughly devoted to secularism, and unwillling to give even an occasional hour to the needs of the church with which they are identified. Must all attempts to shame this class out of their inconsistency in order to cure their indifference prove futile?

It is the believer, not the unbeliever, who does the greatest harm. The real foe is not he who shoots darts at One he can never hit, but the foe is the man with a bad life, who fondles the Faith with one hand and stabs it with the other. We have heard the story of the Wandering Jew, and it is time that we recognized the Wandering Judas, who, while professing friendship, lives to betray religion. It is a light charge to say that the course of the inconsistent Catholic is not simply unintellectual and stultifying, but is profoundly immoral. We should beware of him, lest he prove untrue to men as well as false to God. In every view, the inconsistent Catholic is a dangerous character, since, humanly speaking, the strain he puts upon Christianity is becoming too great to be borne. The world is becoming too intelligent to tolerate all this, and it may, therefore, be the time now for the Church to speak in thunder tones.

This leads to another thought, that of Personal Responsibility, which one, in the infancy of the world, sought to elude, by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Every man is his brother's keeper. Every man is responsible for souls, and our young men should hasten to come out of their idle indifference and sloth before they find the blood of brethren on their hands.

The last thought concerns the Priesthood of the Laity, which has been insisted upon by none more strongly and persistently than by priests themselves. The priesthood of the laity is taught with perfect clearness in Holy Scripture, and is powerfully brought out by the language of the Mass. Every acolyte and server around the altar is a witness to the priesthood of the laity, who bear their part, both in the ceremonies and the words of the sacred office. The priest appears before the altar as the representative of the people, who bear their part in offering the tremendous unbloody Sacrifice. While they can never by any possibility, infringe upon the rights, duties and powers of the consecrated agent deputed by the Church to offer the Sacrifice on behalf of the people, at the same time no one can escape the responsibility of his own priesthood insisted upon by the Apostles as a royal priesthood. Every layman, therefore, stands in the most

solemn relation to every act and interest connected with the sanctuary, and is all the more pledged to take his part in every activity of the parish.

The duty is plain. Abundant reasons, moving considerations worthy of the deepest thought, summon the whole body of the laity and young Catholics in particular, to come out from indifference and sloth. Reference might indeed be made to the example of the Saints,, and to the study of Christian biography, which offers a rich source of inspiration. Plutarch tells of a young Greek unable to sleep at night for the thought of the ancient heroes. Shall pagans shame us? Rather, let young Catholics be filled with an undying zeal for Christ and His Church. This great, broad land of ours, discovered by a Catholic, named by a Catholic for a Catholic, and first colonized by a Catholic, waits for a new exhibition of Catholic devotion and for another noble effort to make the land once known as "the Land of the Holy Cross" the brightest jewel in the crown of the Vicar of Christ. Shall America wait in vain? Let young Catholics all over this fair continent, by an unparalleled Easter rising, give the world a reply.

THE TYPICAL CATHOLIC NOVEL.

REV. PATRICK J. SUPPLE, D.D.

From the opening chapter in which old Father Dan, after taking tearful leave of his old curate, is represented as awaiting the arrival of the new one, there is not a dull page in the delightful novel, "My New Curate," which Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile, Diocese of Cloyne, has given to the world. It is, without doubt, the best novel on priestly life which has ever appeared in the English language. We have here a characterization of the real priest, and not the caricature which has been held up to public view in many novels which have essayed to portray the character of a priest and his life among his people. There is a deep and charming insight, too, into the character of the Irish people, and a splendid portraiture of the tender bond which holds closely together priest and people. Only one intimately acquainted with the priestly life and the tender and pathetic experiences which come into the life of a priest in the exercise of his sacred ministrations could write such a book. It is realism of the best kind; not the realism which shocks and degrades, but the realism which uplifts and makes a man truer and better and more hopeful from the reading. In the very first chapter we catch a delightful glimpse of the buoyancy of the Irish character, of what the author calls "the wonderful elasticity of the Irish mind or its talent for adaptation," a quality that has stood the race in good stead during its most depressing history. The whole town of Kilronan had come out to witness the departure of the old curate, Father Laverty, and judging from the goodbyes one would imagine that his loss could never be repaired. "Wisha, God be wid you, Father, wherever you go!" "Wisha, may your journey thry wid you. Sure 'tis we'll miss you!" "Yerra, what'll the poor do now, whin he's gone!" And yet, when old Daddy Dan, as the parish priest was famil-

iarly called, returns to the town after bidding good bye to Father Laverty, he receives encomiums just as gracious as those that greeted Father Laverty on his departure. "Well, thank God, we have himself whatever." "Wisha, the Lord spare him to us, God help us, if he wint." Father Dan has little time to consider these sudden events before the new curate, Rev. Edward Letheby, B.A., C.C., appears upon the scene. "Straight as an arrow. One hand was gloved; he was toying gently with the other glove. But he was a fine fellow. Fairly tall, square shouldered, not a bit stout, but clean cut from head to spur." The new curate has not been long in Kilronan before he begins his crusade of reform. The old sacristan, Mrs. Darcy, is the first object of his attentions. He takes her out to the church and points to the altar cloth. It was wrinkled and grimy; and there were stars of all sizes and colors darkening it. "Isn't that a disgrace to the church?" he said sternly. "I see no disgrace in it," said Mrs. Darcy. "It was washed and made up last Christmas, and is as clane today as the day it came from the mangle." "Do you call that clean?" he shouted, pointing to the drippings of the candles. "Yerra, what harm is that," said she, "a bit of blessed wax that fell from the candles? Sure, 'tis of that they make Agnus Deis." "You're perfectly incorrigible," he said. "I'll report the whole wretched business to the parish priest, and let him deal with you." "Begor you may," said she, "but I'll have my story first." And she did. Old Father Dan had been taking things rather easy, and when Mrs. Darcy appears and indignantly throws up the honored position which she had held for years he has a secret fear of the outcome. Judge of his surprise the following Sunday, when on going to the chapel to say Mass, he almost falls on the smoothly polished floor, his altar boys appear in immaculate surplices and Mrs. Darcy herself, "with her hair all tidied up, and with a white apron, laced at the edges, appears smiling bashfully. What has wrought the great change? The young reformer had the heart of a priest, and kindness and interest in Mrs. Darcy's two children, whom he had visited during the week, had completely won over the mother's heart. The new curate organizes the choir, and when old Father Dan begins the Gloria on Christmas morning his heart is lifted up by the burst of music which peals forth from the gallery, and later he is dumbfounded at the sight of the crib of Bethlehem which under the young curate's direction had been improvised at St. Joseph's altar. The old pastor's heart is gladdened as he hears the delighted exclamations of his people as they crowd around in awe and wonder before the Christmas shrine. The same energetic curate established the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the confessions for the First Friday become more numerous than ever before in the history of the parish. Now all these innovations, though welcome to old Father Dan, cause some adverse comment. A neighboring priest expostulates with him for letting the young man work such mighty revelations; and, one stormy night, before the First Friday, when some children come to the parish priest to have their confessions heard and Father Dan puts on his great coat to go down to the church, his old housekeeper, Hannah, unable to bear up longer, bursts forth: "'Tisn't taking leave of your seven sinses you are, going down to that cowld chapel this awful night.

Wisha, then, if I knew what them whipsters wanted, 'tis long before they crossed the thrishol' of the door. Nine Fridays begor! As if the Brown Scaffler and the first Sunday of the month wasn't enough for them." And she hurls anathemas upon new devotions saying: "These new fandangoes, as if there weren't as good priests in the parish as ever he was." But old Father Dan had his reward. After hearing the confessions of the children, and just as he is about to leave the chapel, he feels his coat clutched by some one crouching on the floor, and stooping down to see who it is, he finds one of his parishioners, who had given notorious scandal, and who now wishes to return to her God. And there in the darkness he hears her tale of sin and reconciles her to her God. This pathetic incident deeply moves Father Dan, and when he returns to the house, in answer to old Hannah's scolding, he but replies: "Never mind, Hannah, I never did a better night's work in my life." And she, whose goodness of heart is undoubted despite her recriminations, and with that secret understanding of things which the poor and devout possess, humbly said: "Thank God." Father Letheby is filled with a splendid optimism. He wishes to elevate the people, and while working for their spiritual welfare, strives to secure their temporal advancement also. Through his effort a shirt factory is established in the parish to give employment to the young girls, and a fishing boat is procured and launched to give remunerative work to the men. But these two ventures bring to him a heavy cross. The factory is closed down through the waywardness of the very people he wished to help, and the boat on the very day of the launch is run down by a steamer some miles from the shore. All this is beautifully told, with a piercing insight into Irish character, and accompanied by many incidents which stir the heart and let loose the fountains of sympathy. The conversion of Captain Campion, the owner of the "Great House" in Kilronan, the delineation of the beautiful character of his daughter Bittra, the struggle of Reginald Ormsby through doubts and blindness to the Catholic faith, the beautiful resignation of Alice Moylan, the sainted invalid, during her long and terrible sickness, the diplomacy of Jim Deady, the village carpenter, a genuine Irishman, naive and witty, are so many episodes in the parish life of Kilronan, which under the deft fingers of the author are brought together to form a charming and touching picture. There are lights and shadows in this picture of Irish life, but the shadows but serve to bring out more clearly the light. The story of the diocesan conference whose proceedings Father Dan rudely interrupts by his untimely snore, but which his ready wit turns to his own advantage, as also the distinct triumph gained by Father Letheby in the discussion which followed are admirably told, and will bring to many minds a knowledge of the serious studies which engage the mind of a priest in the leisure hours of a busy life. These fragments from the diary of a parish priest possess an indescribable charm and have a simple pathos of their own which calls forth our best feelings and win us by their touching fidelity to Irish life. In this book we have a production of real merit in a field hitherto unexplored, and one which will be read with delight by all who believe, that in the novel, as in all other literary production, the standard should be "the good, the beautiful and the true."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

(Rev. Joseph P. McQuaid, just home from Manila, gives valuable information.)

The man who does not know his subject is receiving undue attention from that portion of the public keenly appreciative of gross misrepresentation, and malicious distortion of facts. From his point of view, safely located thousands of miles from the people he is maligning, or fleeing through their country on a holiday trip, he is turning out columns of copy on the Filipino as he is—not. It is rather a reflection on the intelligence of the age that such "flimsy" is so easily marketed.

It has been our happy fortune to meet Rev. Joseph P. McQuaid, who knows well whereof he speaks. He has lived for nearly a year among the people, and with the clear perception of an unbiased mind has discerned the real character of the vilified natives of the Philippines, and now bears witness to the truth.

In 1898, at the behest of his Archbishop, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D.D., Father McQuaid went to Manila to work among the volunteer soldiers then in the Philippines. He recently returned home by way of Europe, and is visiting for a while his native city, Boston. Our representative waited upon the reverend gentleman and was most courteously given the following information relative to the Islands. That our readers may fully benefit by such an opportunity to learn the truth, we publish in full the conversation that took place.

"Were you in the Philippines, Father, before the opening of hostilities? I mean before the rising of the natives against American rule."

"Yes, I had reached there a month before that time."

"What was the condition of affairs then existing?"

"The condition of affairs was confusion; confusion in the minds of all as to the real intention of the American government relative to the occupation of the Philippines. Many thought that the Americans would not be willing to give up to the natives, and the Americans being suddenly introduced to such an unusual situation were at a loss to know what to do. There were those who thought that the Americans would come to the relief of the natives. And again, to add to the confusion, there were 17,000 insurgent Filipinos who were a menace to the order the Americans were endeavoring to establish. About 20,000 Spanish soldiers surrendered and were quartered in the churches and monasteries of Manila. Otis ordered the insurgents to leave the city, and they left in an orderly way, Aguinaldo taking them to the outskirts. In their congress at Malolos they made claims that they could hardly expect to be granted, and the Americans were inclined to think their determination to fight was what might be termed in our country a mere 'bluff.' But they were in earnest, as the result proved."

"Now, Father, who fired the first shot?"

"Aguinaldo claims that the Americans provoked the engagement, and that the Filipinos fired only when forced to do so. It is beyond all question that the latter began the engage-

ment, their preparations having been perfected. The Americans had no intention of fighting on that evening when the engagement opened, and Aguinaldo states what he knows to be untrue if he asserts that there was a preconcerted programme determined on by the American authorities to be carried into action immediately. Facts show that this cannot be true, because on the opening of hostilities when the call to arms was sounded many of the officers were off duty (it being Saturday night), and were dining with their friends, while more were at the circus, which, incongruously enough at such a critical moment, was catering to the public desire for amusement. Companies without captains or lieutenants rushing to the defence were in themselves evidence of the unexpected nature of the outbreak. A fact that shows the premeditation of the Filipino uprising was that three of the natives employed in a tailoring establishment in a certain regimental barrack left that morning without warning or explanation, and we all knew that a strange exodus of natives to the outskirts of the city had been going on all that day."

"When was the fighting most severe and general, Father McQuaid?"

"Well, from the 4th of February to the end of that month the engagements were severest and most general. During those general engagements the slaughter of the Filipinos was most awful. They fought and died bravely. Their leaders recognizing the futility of standing up against the American troops, retired with their forces farther into the interior, and after this the condition of affairs degenerated into guerilla warfare, until the coming of the lamented Lawton, who thought by a few roundings up as it were to bring hostilities to an end. But in this he did not succeed, for guerilla tactics in a small way are still harassing the American troops."

"Speaking of engagements, Father, what is your opinion of the American as a soldier?"

"He is brave, intrepid even to the point of imprudence, and his impetuosity keeps his commander in a state of uneasiness, dreading unnecessary risk of life. The greatest difficulty the American commander experiences is in restraining his men. The Filipinos on their side showed much bravery. They had all the attributes of a soldier, and their dead bodies were found in the trenches, a convincing proof that they had given to their country all that men could give."

"You remember, Father, that last fall there was much excitement over the looting of the churches in the Philippines, and that a number of stories of church desecration were widely circulated. Were such reports as were published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE of last November exaggerated?"

Undoubtedly not. On the contrary, facts could be given by me which would more than substantiate the declarations made by the magazine at the time those reports of looting and the feeble denials of them were engaging public attention. Some of the churches in the Philippines suffered most wofully. They were shamefully desecrated, and this outrage remains a blot on the record of the American volunteers."

"Apropos of churches, may I ask, Father McQuaid, what in your mind is the secret of the animosity against the friars? Is it true that the natives are anxious to have the friars leave the island?"

"Well, to my mind it looks like this.

The friars are the embodiment of Spanish loyalty and have always quelled and repressed every movement or agitation on the part of the natives, against Spain. Thus the Filipinos cannot fail to look upon the friars as old enemies. These men are Spaniards first and all times, holding the racial conviction that the Spanish don has no peer. And there was also other leaven working. The leaders of the insurrection showed a hatred for the Church which could be explained only on the ground that they were members of the Katipunan Triangle. They tried to incite the people against the friars by alleging they were not leading the lives they should, and an effort was also made to prove that the taxation on portions of the land was exorbitant, but both charges fell without effect, as those they intended to deceive were wise enough to accept the abundant evidence to the contrary. But here is another situation of affairs that to a considerable extent deepens the animosity of the people for the friars. It is that during three hundred years the native priests have not been given proper recognition in ecclesiastical circles. It was really to satisfy the people that the time had come for claiming such recognition for their native clergy that the Filipino Congress sitting at Malolos incorporated in their famous manifesto of February 18, 1899, a clause demanding ecclesiastical as well as political freedom."

"Then, Father, you do not believe the stories that are circulated to the effect that the Filipinos have no confidence in their pastors or native clergy?"

"I take no stock in such stories, and the people who have spread them have not been on the Island, or they were badly informed, and talked in ignorance of the real situation. As far as I observed, the natives have great respect for the secular clergy, who in turn are well worthy the confidence of the people. I believe myself that today there would be hardly a voice raised against the friars of Manila if they had given proper recognition and encouragement to the native clergy."

"What do you think of the capabilities of the people for self-government?"

"I believe they are more capable of governing themselves today than are the Japanese. They start in with Christianity, which the Japanese as a nation have not, though it was given to them at the cost of the blood of martyrs."

"What gives you faith in their capabilities, Father?"

"I believe that any people among whom I saw such conditions prevailing as obtain in Manila are capable of doing a great deal for themselves. For instance, look at their educational standing. Before leaving the Philippines I read as an undisputed fact that just prior to the second rebellion against Spanish sovereignty there were 117,000 children enrolled in the schools; in the University of St. Thomas, conducted by Dominicans, there were students of theology, law, and medicine, and the graduates were natives. In the great Observatory of Malate there was a large college, conducted by Jesuits, where the native youth were being taught all the branches of a collegiate education. It is a noteworthy fact that the natives of the Philippine Islands can read and write. The Filipinos are considered by some to be better educated than the rural population of Europe, and the percentage of illiteracy among them is very low indeed.

In the schools separate education for the sexes obtains. The teachers are graduates of the normal schools. The normal schools for women are in charge of the Sisters, and young men are prepared for teaching, in normal schools conducted by religious orders of men. Very meagre salaries are paid, the grades receiving as follows: First grade, $12 a month, the second grade $6, and the third grade $3.

Then again, look at their proficiency as artisans. In the great Spanish arsenal and the navy yard at Cavite there were at one time one thousand skilled mechanics working in the various lines of mechanism and industrial pursuits, which in itself is strong evidence that they are not the barbarians they are represented to be. But of even greater value in fixing their place in the social scale, and establishing their right for self-government, must be mentioned their intelligence, faith, piety and simplicity—intrinsic possessions which are the very bulwarks of civilization.

Their morality has been reflected upon by some cold observers, who have returned to America after four days' residence on the Island. In reply to such aspersions I would say that with the single exception of the Catholic Irish, there is no race that I believe to be superior to them in respect to morality."

"What about their habits, Father?"

"They are a very simple people, and are industrious, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary. They do not work as hard as the Chinese, because with them money is not a god. If they work less than the Chinese, they enjoy life more and dress better. The Chinese dress only as much as the law requires, and it is only because they work so hard that the Filipinos are in comparison considered to be a lazy people. They are not a hilarious people in their mirth, although jovial. In all of my seven months there, mark this! I saw only one native intoxicated, and his intoxicant was fermented cocoanut milk. But I suppose there is quite a change since the advent of the new civilization in the Island. The last account reports four hundred saloons in Manila, and it is safe to say that if the natives become intoxicated now it will not be on cocoanut milk.

Family ties are strong and observed faithfully among those most domestic people. Children respect their parents and obey them, and the old lean upon the young, assured of their support. It is an everyday sight to see the man carefully holding an umbrella over his wife, or the child over an aged parent, and if there is one fact that stands out pre-eminent it is their great appreciation and esteem for women. In the Orient women are serfs. They do all kinds of hard labor with the men, and might be pointed out toiling in the coaling stations of Nagasaki, Japan, and Colomba on the island of Ceylon. Here the native women are found among the coal heavers on ships, but the Filipino women are, as in all Catholic countries, the queens of the households. They carry the purse, be it great or small, and purchase the supplies for the family. Their occupations are distinctively feminine, and chiefly confined to the household, though some may be found engaged in the selling of fruit."

"What is your opinion, Father, as to the best methods to be pursued to bring to an end these hostilities in the island?"

"I say unreservedly by means of conciliation."

"What do you mean by conciliation in this case?"

"By listening to the people; by giving them means of self-government; and showing consideration for their habits and religion."

"What do you mean, Father, by showing consideration for their religion?"

"Let me answer with another question. Did it go a great way towards pacifying them to have appointed over their schools a young man, a private in an Oregon regiment, who, no matter how proficient he may be, was still a mere youth, a Protestant youth, given authority to govern the destinies of 117,000 children, every one of whom was a Roman Catholic? It seems strange to me; and it is even more inexplicable that the present administration is afflicted with the same blindness to the true interests of the Filipinos, and the necessity of granting their rights. It is surely a striking commentary on supineness in some quarter that of the two boards of commissioners appointed to sit in judgment on the destiny of the Philippine nation, of which between seven and eight millions profess the Catholic faith, not one appointee so far is a Catholic. The Filipinos, simple as they seem to be, can see things as well as any people in the world, and certainly it is the height of folly, if we wish to conciliate them, to show an utter disregard to their true interests and natural inclinations. It is imperative that in the formation of these boards of commission, and in appointing governors and other officials over the Philippines, to appoint among the Methodists and Episcopalians one or two or as many more Catholics as will give due and proper representation to the Catholic population. This is not asking a concession for the natives, but insisting upon the recognition of their rights."

REVEILLE.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Once more, O ye bugles of morn, exult as the dawn grows white!
And arise, ye luminous shapes and leap with a glad delight!
For my soul awakens exultant and shouts, "Release! release!
Beyond the valley is morning; beyond the morning is peace!"

Sweet are eve's murmurs of rest to a reaper toiling at gloam;
Dear the prattle of love to a wanderer drawing nigh home;
But sweeter, "Depart to thy own," to one in an alien land,
Whose songs are a slave's at toil, the guerdon a manacled hand.

I know yet my feet shall stand where the ultimate noon-calms wait;
I know yet my hands shall clasp the palms of the day, though late—
So blow, ye bugles of morn! let me hearken your high delight!
Reveille! Lo, the dawn-star swims like a lily on pools of night!

A Psalm for Easter.

BY REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

THE OLD LAW.

Strophe.

LORD of the thunder and the storm,
Jehovah throned upon a cloud,
Arrayed in light as in a robe
To judge the godless and the proud.
O whither shall I flee Thy face,
Who searchest reins and readest hearts?
Would that I had the wings of morn
To flash me unto distant parts!
But vain to seek the sunless deeps,
For even there Thou watchest me:
'Tis vain to wrap me round with night,
For darkness is as light with Thee.

Antistrophe.

Why art thou sad, O my soul?
Why dost thou trouble me so?
Hath God forgotten His word,
Which He uttered ages ago?
O sing, let us sing to the Lord,
Let us hope in Him all the day long:
For He is our buckler and sword,
Let us make Him our boast and our song.

Strophe.

Shall He who dwells in majesty,
  Shall God remember sinful man?
Or spare the chaff upon His floor,
  And check the winnowing of His fan?
Who poiseth earth upon His thumb,
  Who holds the sea within His hand,
And in a balance weighs the hills,
  Shall He regard a grain of sand?
Shall He redeem a rebel born,
  Or let him ever stray amiss,
Far and farther yet from grace,
  Far and farther still from bliss?

Antistrophe.

The Lord is loving and kind,
  Jehovah is faithful and true!
He hath given a promise of old,
  And what He hath said He will do.
Can a mother forget her babe,
  Or God what He fashioned in clay?
His feet are slow to revenge,
  His mercy endureth for aye.

THE NEW LAW.

Strophe.

His mercy endureth forever,
  Verily kept He His word:
He hath sent the Desired of Nations
  To be our Saviour and Lord;
To invite the headstrong and wayward,
  To seek the sheep that was lost;
To plead with the obstinate sinner,
  As if loving sinners most;
Showing His heart that was broken,
  His wounded hands and side;
Asking love in atonement
  For ingratitude world-wide.

Antistrophe.

O who is like unto God?
Let us hymn His wonderful ways!
Let our hearts overflow with His love,
Our mouths be full of His praise!

Let timbrel and harp and lute
Dispel the hope-deferred gloom,
And hail the glory of Him
New-risen from the tomb.

Strophe.

This is a day in a thousand,
The day which the Lord hath made;
Which prophets beheld in their visions,
For which the patriarchs prayed.
The book that was closed is open,
The sevenfold seal undone;

The Lamb that was slain achieved it,
He hath fought our battle and won.
He hath cast our sins behind Him,
He hath taken our shame away:
Honor and glory and power
To Him who liveth for aye.

Antistrophe.

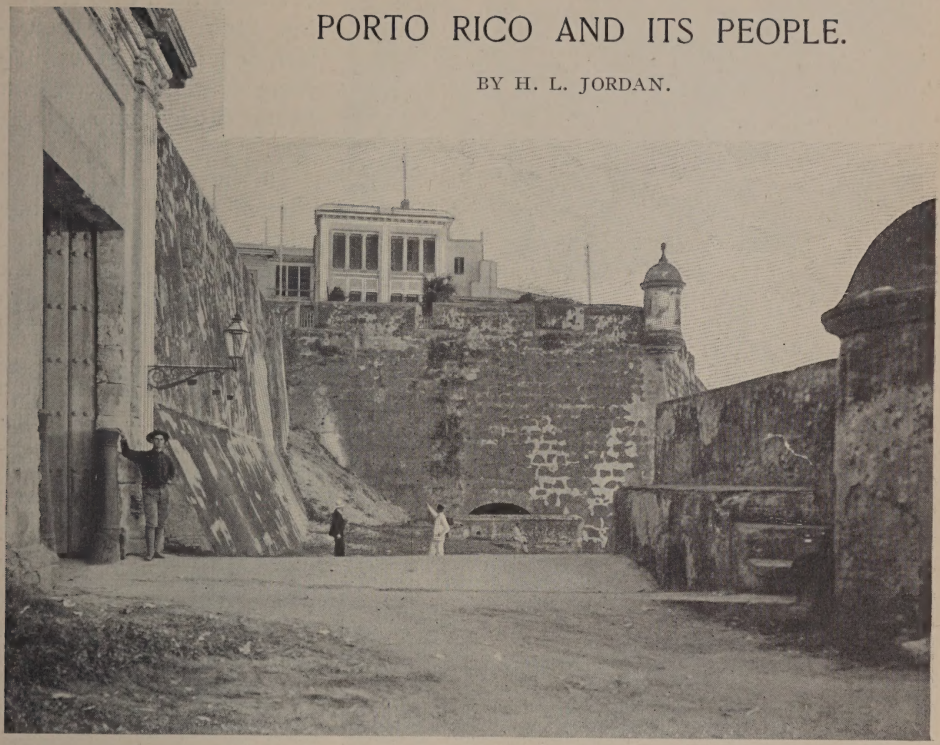
This is a wonderful day,
A day for hymns and psalms;
For martyred saints to exult
With their whitened robes and palms.

Hasten, ye Virgins of Christ,
To praise your Lord and adore!
Ye shall follow the Lamb and sing
Hosannas for evermore.

THE PLAZA COLON, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO, WITH FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE FOREGROUND.

PORTO RICO AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY H. L. JORDAN.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

"Our new possession," Porto Rico, is in sad straits. Though a valuable island, a rich port, as her name implies, her people are menaced by starvation. There is no money to plant crops, to engage labor, to pay off mortgages, and on this poverty Congress seeks to fix the imposition of a tariff. It is not so long since the President declared "Our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets;" and since General Miles pledged Porto Rico the enjoyment "of all the privileges and immunities" enjoyed by the people of the United States. Since the tariff bill passed the lower House, the press of the country, or that part of it that believes in good faith, is loud in denunciation of the policy that would refuse to this latest acquisition the freedom of trade which is its due. The New York Sun makes a rather apt comparison when it says:

"Congress sullenly leaving Puerto Rico out in the cold, the victim of war, is like a troop of soldiers that refuses to bring in the wounded from the battlefield through unwillingness to diminish the common share at the mess table."

The question may well be asked

ROAD IN THE INTERIOR OF PORTO RICO. THE GENTLEMEN ON BURROS ARE PROPRIETORS OF ONE OF THE RICHEST COFFEE PLANTATIONS ON THE ISLAND.

whether we are in this island for the benefit of her people, or for the benefit of the manufacturers and capitalists, who have worked on the President's plastic mind. Among the Porto Ricans the opinion is openly expressed that conditions were better during the darkest days of the Spanish regime, and within the last few weeks they have circulated a petition begging that the island be ceded back to Spain. There is also a movement on foot having as its object the purchase of the island from the United States by the Porto Ricans, but their destitute condition as a people gives little hope of this project ever being carried into execution.

In view of the interest excited by the tariff bill, and of the fact that so little is generally known of the true state of affairs in Porto Rico, it may be well to give a brief history of the island, and in a limited way to counteract the misrepresentation of her institutions and her people, that seems to have been the prime object of many special correspondents and press representatives.

Porto Rico is the most eastern of the group of islands known as the Greater Antilles, and is situated more than a thousand miles from the nearest American port, Key West, Florida. It was one of the earlier islands discovered by the great Genoese navigator, and derives its name from two Spanish words, meaning rich port. The island covers 3,550 square miles, is well watered by numerous rivers, and the rolling character of the country, not unlike the Berkshire Hills, affords good drainage to the plains and valleys. The soil is fertile, tropical fruits grow in profusion, and cattle and sheep supply the finest quality of meat, which, however, is not properly marketed, as the natives are not skilled butchers. The meat, generally eaten the day the animal is killed, is hacked

A FAMILY GATHERING OF THE HIGHER SOCIAL CLASS IN THE PATIO OF THEIR HOME, MAYAGUEZ. IN THESE PATIOS THE GIRLS SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME.

from the carcass in chunks, a pound of meat being considered a pound of meat without any regard to the superior qualities of certain parts. The principal crops are sugar, coffee, tobacco, and cotton of a very fine grade. It may not be generally known that the crops raised in 1898, as well as those of 1899, are still in the storehouses, and in a few weeks other crops will mature.

The heart of the coffee district is

THE CITY HALL, PONCE, FROM WHICH POINT THE ORDER TO SURRENDER WAS GIVEN BY TELEPHONE TO THE OFFICIAL AT THE PORT OF PONCE.

near Adjuntas. The coffee plantations lie under the shade of immense trees, which protect them from the fierce noon day sun, and the uninitiated would never dream that he was passing anything more than a jungle-thick forest. On the mountain sides clearings dot the landscape, and in more prosperous days the planting of little crops of beans, bananas, plantains and sweet potatoes told of native industry. Along the banks of the mountain streams, away down in the valleys, are the sugar cane fields, and on the larger plantations the high chimneys of the sugar boiling houses rise far above the plain. Cayey is the centre of the tobacco belt, the products of which are now nearly 4,000,000 pounds of unmarketed tobacco, awaiting settlement of trade negotiations. It is not difficult to imagine how this storing up of the crops affects the fortunes of the islanders, and makes almost hopeless the problem of existence. Stretches of waving sugar cane and small fields of corn lie between Cayey and Caguas. No great tobacco fields are seen here, the best tobacco being raised on the eastern hillsides, off the line of the main road. The beautiful tree-fern which frequently attains a great height lines the road for miles, and here and there patches of high, slender bamboos raise their heads. There is a riotous profusion of calabash, orange, lime, banana and alligator-pear trees. The stranger in the land experiences much surprise when he sees for the first time their

heavy burden of ripening fruit. Along the edges of the roads, which can be traveled only by burros, are densely wild growths of plantains and bananas, from which the poorest class of natives derive their sustenance. The calabash gourds also serve them as drinking vessels and dishes. Amid all this luxuriant vegetation lurk the seeds of tropical fever sown by the rapid decay of vegetable matter.

Ponce on the south coast, San Juan on the north coast, Mayaguez on the west, and Arecibo on the north, directly across the island in an air line from Ponce, are the chief ports of the island. The land-locked harbor of San Juan offers the best port of refuge in the West Indies. The pictures accompanying this article, some of which were taken during the fall of 1898, and others as late as September, 1899, during the time that the island was held by the Army of Occupation, speak more forcibly than words of the material prosperity that once blessed Porto Rico. The buildings are massive, built to stand the inroads of time; the squares are artistically laid out; and the military road is a splendid specimen of the builders' skill. This road equals any in the world, not even excepting the marvelous roadways across the Swiss Alps. It crosses the island diagonally for more than eighty miles and was built by the Spanish government for military purposes only, at a cost of many millions of dollars. It required eight years' constant work from thousands of workmen to bring it to completion. It is passable at all seasons of the year, and the finely broken calcareous rock with which it is macadamized forms an almost

BURIAL OF A CHILD IN THE CEMETERY AT MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO. THIS CEMETERY HAS MANY VERY BEAUTIFUL MONUMENTS.

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT PONCE, PORTO RICO, SHOWING SISTERS OF CHARITY AND AMERICAN NURSES.

solid floor. In spite of the incessant rains which frequently last from four to seven days this road is never muddy, and in the dry season very little inconvenience is caused by dust. At regular intervals along the road are the glistening white camenero houses, where live the road tenders, whose duty consists of keeping the road in

THE CITY HOSPITAL, PONCE, CONDUCTED BY SISTERS OF CHARITY.

the condition of a park driveway. There are other roads, but for the greater part of the year they are impassable. When the military road was being constructed the natives received for the work fifty cents a day from their Spanish employers. Now here is something worth noting as an instance of how American procedure on certain occasions commends itself to the Porto Ricans. Since the American occupation a continuation of the military road was begun, extending it from Ponce to Adjuntas, and the natives were employed on the work, a day of ten hours under the broiling heat being exacted from them for the munificent wage of thirty cents per day. The result has been the first strike known in Porto Rico! The natives showed themselves very apt in seeking redress in a manner so thoroughly American.

All matters pertaining to the government of Porto Rico emanate from the palace of the Governor General, San Juan, formerly occupied by the Spanish administration. This is not only the home of the Governor General, but also the seat of all offices connected with the government. It is the official residence and headquarters of the American general commanding the

FIREMEN'S FIELD DAY AND BANQUET. DAUGHTER OF THE DEPARTMENT IN CENTRE OF GROUP.

United States forces in Porto Rico, who is also Governor General of the island. The old Spanish fortifications around the palace are marvels of construction. Formerly by means of these all approach to the palace could be shut off. These terraced fortifications overlook the harbor of San Juan, and the lookout in the sentry box on the sea wall commands a sweeping view of the water front and the shipping in the harbor. The palace is several hundred years old, and has been added to and repaired from time to time.

One of the unique incidents of the war was the surrender of Ponce by telephone. This circumstance has been greatly misrepresented from the fact that the situation of Ponce is not generally understood. Under frantic but short-lived resistance from the Spanish volunteers and troops the American army landed at the Port of Ponce, which is two and a half miles from the city proper. The Port is what would be considered in America the wholesale warehouse district. The custom house, the offices of the pilots, captain of the Port, etc., all matters pertaining to shipping interests, are located here. When the Americans landed it was decided at City Hall, which is in the lower quarter of the town, that the town could not make a successful stand against the Americans, and there being no one in authority to surrender at the Port of Ponce, the order was conveyed from City Hall by telephone, and the Americans entering into possession the Stars and Stripes were run up and the Spanish flag lowered on the same halyard on the flagpole at City Hall.

In this building are the municipal headquarters of the Alcade, or Mayor of Ponce. The ancient coat of arms, a lion rampant on a bridge, is wrought in bronze above the balcony. In the rear of this building is the largest jail in Porto Rico. It runs back several hundred feet, and contains prisons for male and female criminals, as well as the ordinary lock-up and city jail for short term offenders. Here during the period of martial law was held the court known as the Military Commission, composed of army officers. Here, too, are found the public library, the council chamber, and the mayor's office. The police also were formerly quartered at City Hall, but have lately been assigned to quarters of their own. Under this massive building are several dungeons into which the light of day never enters, and where at the time of the American occupation were confined many political prisoners, who were speedily liberated by the Americans.

The port is connected with Ponce proper by a continuation of the broad military road, and regular communication is kept up by a constant stream of coaches and carriages, drawn by ponies, which, by the way, are subjected to much ill-usage from the drivers, being beaten up and down the road all day long. For each trip a fare of twelve cents is charged. The line of carriages is from time to time interrupted by the ox teams or bull carts as they are locally called, of which there are hundreds. The driver's ambition seems to be the discovery of the most tender points in these poor, patient brutes, and the iron-tipped, sharp-pointed goad is used with merciless cruelty, penetrating and rending the hide till it has the appearance of closely perforated leather. Since the American occupation this abuse has been lessened by regulations strictly enforced, and prohibiting the use of the barbarous goad.

In Mayaguez, the Plaza Colon, the

great public square, is considered to be the most artistic on the island of Porto Rico. A bronze statue of Columbus, said to be the finest in the world, and eighteen bronze statuettes holding magnificently-wrought lamps are part of its decorations. The Cathedral extends along one side of the square, and on its right and left are the residences of the rich, with beautiful patios (gardens) in the rear. It is a notable feature of the construction of these residences that there are no front entrances, the apartments being reached by stairways from the alleys that connect with the square. The broad piazzas serve as the meeting ground of the people, who gather here to listen to the concerts in the square, to watch the drill movements of the fire department, and to exchange social courtesies. The rocking chair, so derided by Howells as furnishing the pet diversion of American women, plays an important part on such occasions. The rich people have their chairs brought by servants, and so general is the indulgence in the luxury of rocking that the city leases the right to certain individuals to rent chairs for five cents each. The young girls of the better classes are rarely seen on the street. They spend most of their time in the beautiful patios, reading, painting, executing intricate designs in embroidery, and enjoying social intercourse with the friends admitted to the exclusive family circle. So rigid are the rules of social etiquette, controlling the lives of Porto Rican women, that great difficulty was experienced in getting a picture of a young girl, who had been adopted by the fire department, and who stood to them as it were in the relation of a daughter of the regiment. On the occasion of their annual field day and banquet the officers and prominent civilians were bidden to a tropical feast and it was desired to have the child of the department pose with the men for a group, but this could not be done unless she appeared under the chaperonage of her mother.

The position of firemen, though accompanied by no remuneration, even the uniform being paid for by the men who wear it, is much sought after and brings distinction to him who succeeds in getting an appointment. The apparatus is old-fashioned, hand engines being employed, but great proficiency has been developed as the result of competitive drills, and the awarding of medals to those who excel. There is much danger in the life as the straw shacks are constantly taking fire and menacing the safety of the town. Every year when the proficiency of the department is exhibited in prize drills, there is much feasting and parading, ending with the return to the city at dusk, and a ball at the casino for the officers and their families, and an entertainment at the city theatre for the men.

A general idea prevails that Porto Rico and Cuba are much the same. The fact is they are just as dissimilar as the State of Massachusetts and the unsettled domain of North-west Canada. In Porto Rico every acre is thickly populated, even on the mountain tops, whereas Cuba has hundreds of miles of practically unsettled country. Sensational pens have created the impression that Porto Rico is woefully behind the times, and that her people are densely ignorant. But the more intelligent and better intentioned visitors to the island have brought back lasting impressions of the warm-hearted hospitality, the enlightenment, and the broad charity of the better

classes of the people, and of the simplicity of their home lives. Nor are they lacking in that wider evidence of progress afforded by public works. When the late Major General Guy V. Henry was General in command of the military department of Ponce, he found there a hospital conducted so admirably by the Sisters of Charity that as a mark of his appreciation he provided them with a most elaborate outfit of hospital supplies, which it is needless to say gave great joy to the devoted Sisters, who had hitherto made their own bandages, scraping the lint and performing every detail of the tedious work in addition to their many other duties. This institution, called the City Hospital, is a superb building, one of the handsomest on the island, and is enduring testimony to the charity of the rich families whose liberal donations were its chief sources of income. It received no government aid, but its doors were ever open to the distressed, and all who came received the tenderest care from the good Sisters. Not the natives alone have reason to bless the efforts of these noble women. Their kindness will long be remembered by American Red Cross nurses who were with the army in Porto Rico, and by the American soldiers whose privilege it was to be ministered to by them. When the American nurses arrived at Ponce, before the military hospital was organized, they received the kindliest welcome from the Sisters, who cheerfully gave up their own beds for the accommodation of their American guests. Even the Mother Superior retired from her room that the stranger nurses might be better cared for. They afterwards served side by side in the military hospital, where the most dangerous cases were confided to the care of the Religious. Speaking of the order that obtained under the Sisters' management in the City Hospital, a gentleman, who had been present in an official capacity, said, "the kitchens in this institution are the cleanest I ever saw, and the most elaborately equipped. The patients are notably well fed, but more than all in their care of the sick we appreciated the extreme tenderness of the Sisters in charge. Our soldiers loved them dearly, and held them in the highest respect. Many a life they saved, and many a poor soul they helped when the summons came."

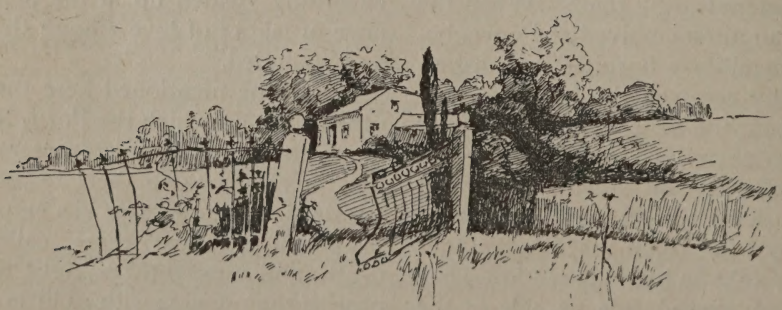
Perhaps the most affecting scene that was ever witnessed in Porto Rico was the burial at Ponce, with full military honors, of a young Sister, who succumbed to disease contracted in the discharge of her duties as a nurse in the military hospital. The remains, covered with the American flag, were placed on a caisson, and borne to the cemetery, followed by the most prominent officers at the head of a regiment and a band of her Red Cross associates. At the grave the ceremony was most impressive, every tribute paid to a soldier who died in his country's service being accorded to the young religious, whose life had been consecrated to God, and cheerfully yielded up in the performance of labors of love among the sick and wounded.

It may be mentioned here that another point on which the Porto Ricans have been grossly misrepresented is that in reference to their respect for the dead. The reporter has employed his pencil to show them callous to death, and indecently anxious to dispose of the remains with as little waste of time and money as possible. On the contrary, in no part of the world

is greater respect shown for the dead. Here, the humblest pauper receives tributes that are not paid to the funeral cortege of a millionaire, a stateman, or a leader of men, in the enlightened United States. When a pauper dies his mortal remains are not encased in a coffin it is true, but they are reverently placed on a bier, covered with black oilcloth spread over a wooden frame forming a sort of canopy, and are borne through the streets followed by a concourse of people. On the way to the cemetery respect for the dead is shown in the most marked manner. The humble cortege is given the right of way over any other gathering in the streets, and the wealthiest native will uncover and make the sign of the cross as the pauper's remains are borne by. All noise is hushed, the traffic of the street is stilled, and even a fight will cease as the combatants, forgetting their quarrel in the presence of death, unite in a common tribute, or it may be even in prayer.

The frequent appearance in the street of an undertaker or his assistant bearing a coffin has given rise to an erroneous idea that the dead are not accorded escort to their graves, and numerous comments have been made on the heartlessness of the people who take no heed of those solitary funerals. As a matter of fact the bearer of the coffin is coming from the cemetery, taking back to the shop the casket which was merely rented for the occasion just as the carriage or hearse is in this country. Only the very rich bury their dead in coffins. The great majority pay from a dollar upward according to their means for the use of the coffin, which is emptied at the grave (especially prepared to permit of burial in this form), and returned to the undertaker's shop. The cemeteries are beautifully decorated, and in the scrupulous care bestowed upon them furnish further proof of the decorum and respect that mark the feeling of the living for those they have lost in death.

The facilities for transportation on the island are limited. The three small railways that supply what facilities there are, are owned chiefly by British capitalists. The cities and towns are disconnected, except those bordering on the sea and which keep up communication by means of the steamers engaged in the coast trade. No doubt all those difficulties will be overcome, and that very speedily, if right obtains and Porto Rico be granted an open market in the United States.



THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER XIV (Continued).

The lover laughed out scornfully.

"Midsummer madness, my Meg. For if you love me—and you do, my sweet—what power on earth shall keep us apart?"

"My will."

"Not so strong as your love, my pretty. But why should it be set against your lover?"

She saw that he was not taking her refusal seriously, and she turned on him a glance full of entreaty.

"Listen to me, Captain Fitzmaurice."

"Gervase, my sweet."

"Very well then, Gervase for once. But I will not marry you. You must marry someone who will save Killylea for you; someone with family and money and position. You owe it to your race, Gervase. Everyone would cry out against such a mesalliance. They would call it so, though I have royal blood in my veins. Everyone here knows that my father died of his own sin. I should be bringing you that disgrace too."

"Many of my ancestors were six-bottle men, and lay where they fell every night till someone carried them to bed. They were men of fashion, and no one talked of drunkards in those days. We are pretty equal on that score, Meg."

"The world does not allot its blame equally."

"The little world of Kilcolman, Meg!"

"It is all the world I have. And we could not live beyond its praise or blame."

"Much we should hear of it, you and I, in paradise!"

"You would let Killylea for me, but I know it would be an immeasurable sacrifice. I will not take it from you, Gervase."

"You will take it one of these days, if you will not now."

"Why," she said, "my will is as strong as yours. And you will see in time that you should not set the love of a girl against what you owe to your race. Look at my hard hands. Are they fit for the mistress of Killylea?"

"We would work together, Meg—you and I. It would be Eden over again."

"What would the Hand bid you do?"

"It would bid me be true to myself."

"I read it differently."

"Very well then," he said; "you will not be mine, but I am yours. And Time will do the rest."

CHAPTER XV.

FIRE!

Killylea has now a fascination for Meg more than ever, because for its sake she had refused her own happiness. She would stand at times on an upland and look away towards it with a sheltering and protecting feeling that had something motherly in it.

She did not doubt herself that her decision was final; but Fitzmaurice's attitude perturbed her. He came and went as of old, and his manner towards her had resumed the old friendly calm. But now and again he di-

rected a look at her which said, "Remember, I am waiting"; and the quiet pressure of his hand in hers seemed to convey to her the same assurance of untiring patience.

It was a quiet April afternoon about two months after she had refused Gervase Fitzmaurice. She had been superintending the removal of some lambs and sheep from the sheltered pastures to the higher mountainous land. She had seen them driven off by Corney Maguire, the herd, and his preternaturally clever dog, Shep, and had listened long after they were out of sight to the baby-crying of the little lambs, and the deep answers of the mothers.

The gate, to which she had left Orson fastened, was at the top of a high field, below which the country swept in a gradual descent to the river. On the other side of the slope were the castle woods, and, dark in a gap among the leafless trees, the towers and battlements of the castle.

Orson was cropping a sweet piece of grass as Meg stepped into the little pony-cart. He waited with some apprehension for the pull at the reins which should interrupt his feast; but it delayed in coming. Meg, alone and unobserved, sat watching the home of glorious memories which might be hers, if she would, but which she had put away from her, she believed, for ever.

Presently she would go back to Killisky, in time to have tea with her mother, who would be alone, she guessed, that afternoon. She had seen Captain Fitzmaurice ride by that morning to a horse-fair at a distance, and the Counsellor had mentioned that he had business in Kilcolman that afternoon. She might dream now a little while undisturbed, with none to see her absorption, for the wide stretch of country was lonely.

Suddenly, as she brooded, with her face and heart towards Killylea, a fierce glare came in one of the low windows, as though the sunset had caught and fired its blackness. For an instant she did not realize what it was. Then she cried aloud suddenly —a cry of such sharp anguish and alarm that Orson lifted his head, and looked towards her reproachfully.

But in another instant she had the reins in her hands, and the little pony's head turned towards the gate. A little more, and they were flying down the hilly road at a pace Orson had never attained before in all his mortal days.

At the foot of the hill, where there was a cottage, Meg pulled up breathlessly. The woman of the house came to the door in amazement.

"The castle's on fire, Mrs. Cassidy!" Meg gasped, "and the Captain's away at Crossmany Fair and Miss Clare's in Scotland. Send the children everywhere to warn the neighbors. The place may be saved if there is enough help. Fly, Timmy, and Paddy, and Larry!"

The urchins, delighted with their sensational bit of news, were already scattering in all directions.

At every cottage she passed Meg repeated her warning. The gate of Killylea, when she came to it, was open, and the lodge-keeper's open door showed an empty house. She could see many figures racing through the park, hurryscurry, from all directions. There would be plenty of willing hands, if unskilled ones. And, oh! if Captain Fitzmaurice were himself there, cool and steady, to command them, the old place might be saved yet!

Fast as she had come, the fire had travelled faster. She passed the cool and smiling gardens, so unconscious, it seemed, of the danger of the house, and, coming out on the lawn, she found a mass of people staring helplessly at the west turret, the base of which was already a pillar of fire.

Old Peter, the butler, and Mrs. Delany, the housekeeper, stood wringing their hands in the midst of a sympathetic group, watching the flames leaping from one window to another inside the building. Far above, the chamber of the turret that held Sir Maurice's Hand waited for its doom, bathed still in the blue and gold of the April afternoon. The air was full of the roar of the furnace within the walls.

"Are all these men doing nothing?" cried Meg, as she flung Orson's reins to one of the Cassidy children, who, having spread his message, had yet arrived on the scene quicker than herself.

"Och! wirra, wirrasthrue," cried one of the old servants. "There's nothin' to be done but to watch the place burn down before our eyes, and the Captain away, an' the Hand he'd give his life to save the first thing to burn."

"Oh!" cried Meg, with a cry that was like a prayer. "If there were only someone with a head! There's a fire-engine, isn't there, somewhere? And those men ought to be carrying water, instead of standing idle."

"The engine-house is locked, and the Captain has the key."

"Break in the doors," said Meg; and then with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "Ah! here is someone at last."

The someone was Mrs. McGrath and her Tom, arriving briskly on the scene, looking, in their coolness and want of flurry, a refreshing contrast to the agitated mass of humanity around.

"Here, some of you fellows, come with me, till we break in the door and get out the fire-engine," the doctor said, picking out half-a-dozen men. "And Maria, my dear, just get them in a line to pass the buckets. Keep your wits about you, men, and we'll save the old place yet."

The men, willing and alert, now there was someone to lead them, fell into line.

"If the water will last," said someone at Meg's elbow, "they will save the castle; but the turret is lost."

Meg, who had been listening, dazed, to the noise of the fire, the shouting of the men who were battering down the door of the engine-house, and the quick orders of Mrs. McGrath to her volunteers, turned sharply to the speaker.

"And the Hand of the Crusader will burn with it, Tim Cassidy," she said.

"It will; a thousand pities it is. 'Twon't be Killylea without it; and 'twill break the Captain's heart."

"Is no one going to try to save it?"

"Sure, if it was a livin' thing, someone might give their own life for the chance. But 'twould be suicide—no less."

"Listen, Tim Cassidy, now, and keep your wits about you. I am going to try, and as soon as you see me enter the house run and tell them to bring the ladders, lest the floor shouldn't last me to get back."

"Glory be to God, you're gone mad, Miss Meg!"

"Hush! Do as I tell you. Ah! here's the engine. As soon as they get it in place tell Dr. McGrath I'm in the house."

She was gone like a young fawn. Before she went she had measured

the house with her eye, and seen the way she must take. The hall door stood open, as it had been left by panic; and the old hall within was full of the afternoon sun. On the sill of the great window, at the head of the staircase, the doves were crooning. The contrast with the fire and fury a few yards away smote Meg's heart like a sword.

She fled lightly up the staircase. She did not know the house, but, luckily, as she had conjectured from her outside view of it, it was built simply—no winding passages and unexpected turns, but long and high, though narrow, corridors going off the head of each staircase to the wings of the house.

On the fifth floor Meg paused an instant to take breath. Then she turned the handle of the door of noble wine-red mahogany which shut off the corridor, and met the hot air and the smoke.

A few steps and the smoke was all about her, suffocating her. The noise of the fire was everywhere, and the floor was hot. The plaster was cracking on the walls in a thousand directions, and she knew that the fire was under her feet as she hurried on. Blind and stupefied, she pushed open the door of the turret room and went in.

She had the wit to close the door after her as she entered. The room was full of thin volumes of smoke, blown hither and thither by the wind from the four windows that stood open. The turret was yet clear of the fire, and the heat and noise were more distant. As she cast one quick glance around she could see the country lying under her, green and peaceful. In that supreme moment she thought of nothing, not of her mother, nor her lover, but only of how the Hand might be saved.

The smoke came thicker and faster, and she heard the shouting of the crowd below. The flames were bursting from the windows below, and licking with impotent tongues the strong stone tower.

Then Meg saw through the smoke the shrine standing solitary on its marble table in the middle of the room. She took it in her arms, and staggered with it to the window. It was very heavy, of solid silver, and the carving of it was sharp against her breast. But she did not notice. She only thought that at the worst the shrine would preserve its relic uninjured if she were to let it fall from the window.

As she appeared in the window-frame there was a great shout from the crowd below. She stood a second and then fell back. The flames had burst from the window below her, and the heat scorched her face. As she stood there she realized that the floor under her feet, at any moment, might burst into flame.

She got to the door and opened it, but a rush of fire drove her back. Helplessly she looked from side to side through the fumes of the smoke. She felt her flesh begin to scorch, but it was like the sufferings of one under chloroform. The smoke had begun to do its merciful work.

But as she sank to the ground with her face on the shrine of the Hand, a man leapt through one of the windows into the room. He groped for her on the floor and found her; then through the smoke made his way back to the window. As he reached it, the air blew in his face, reviving him. He shifted the girl from one arm to another, and climbed over

the sill on to the top rung of the ladder standing there.

"Thank God," he said out loud, as he drew the girl after him, "they made blank walls below on this side of the tower."

It was no light thing to descend with an unconscious woman swinging from his arm, and but one hand to grasp the ladder; but Gervase Fitzmaurice achieved the descent at last. As he neared the ground a hundred hands were extended to receive his burden, but he waved them off abruptly.

"I am all right," he said. "Send Dr. McGrath to see to her."

While he stood there with Meg in his arms, the doctor, grimy and damp, came rushing up.

"It was the grandest thing I ever heard of," he said. "And we've saved your house, Captain Fitzmaurice, though the tower must go. Here, let me see the heroine!"

But before anything could be done, they had to take the shrine from the girl's arms, which still clasped it closely.

Except that her feet were scorched, she was uninjured, and the doctor declared that in a few hours she would be able to return to Killisky. Meanwhile, the connection between the west wing and the house had been cut, and the fire in the turret was burning itself out.

"It was very lucky you came in time, Captain Fitzmaurice," said the doctor; "though, mind you, I'd have gone myself if you hadn't come. Still, that tower room looked a particularly uninviting spot just at the moment you vanished into it; and, mind you, I shouldn't have liked that climb down with a fine, well-grown girl like Miss Meg swinging out of me, to say nothing of your ancestor's shrine."

"It was very lucky I came," repeated the Captain. "Someone would have done it, I am sure, but I could not have forgiven myself if it were any other man but myself. Meanwhile, let us have a wash, McGrath. We are like a pair of niggers. Ah, Mrs. McGrath," turning to that lady, "how am I to thank you and your husband? You've saved my house."

"You needn't have been thanking me much if you had not saved Meg. Frankly, Captain Fitzmaurice, your ancestor's Hand, even that, wasn't worth it."

"Great Heavens!" cried the Captain, "nothing would be worth it. And if I hadn't succeeded in saving her, I should have died with her."

The pair of happy lovers looked at each other significantly.

CHAPTER XVI.

SURRENDER.

Meg lay on her mother's sofa, with her blistered feet swathed in bandages. Mrs. O'Donoghue was bustling about, forgetting her rheumatism in her excitement and delight over her daughter's heroism.

"That I should live to see the day my Meg would save the Crusader's Hand for the Fitzmaurices!" she kept repeating at intervals. And then she would add to herself: "But sure, as the Counsellor said long ago, race will show."

"If it was a little bit heroic," said Meg; "and, perhaps, since everybody says it was, it must have been, what was it—the act of a moment—to your heroism of years, little mother?"

"Ah, don't be talking about it," said

Mrs. O'Donoghue, abashed. "Sure, what's the use of calling a woman fine names for doing what a common laboring man does every day?"

Meg saw that only the lesser heroism of her mother's life was remembered by her, and said no more.

"The Captain will be down fine and early, asking after you," said the proud little woman; "and I wonder the Counsellor's not here before. And Miss Clare, too!" What 'll she be thinking when she hears how you saved the Hand? Oh! dear, dear! 'tis the great day for Killisky."

But Meg, a little pale with the pain of her scorched feet, only answered with apparent indifference, that the Captain would be kept very busy, that the embers of the fire would need careful watching, lest it should break out again, and that, therefore, she need not expect him to call very soon.

However, a little later, when Mrs. O'Donoghue had retired to have a rest, the Captain came in and stood a moment very big against the low windows, and a little blinded by the dimness after the bright sunlight outside.

"Well," he said, drawing a chair close to her sofa, "and how is the heroine?"

"Feeling particularly foolish at having to lie like this, when she is in rude health."

"And the heroic feet?"

"They will be well in a day or two, and the only suffering that will remain will be to hear myself called names that do not belong to me."

"Well, I won't call you a heroine any more then. My pride and joy in you will be none the less."

The proud possessiveness of his tone embarrassed the girl.

"You are glad I saved the Hand for you," she said shyly.

"Glad is a poor way of putting it. We should hardly be Fitzmaurices without the Hand."

"I thought of that when I went. The fire is out, Captain Fitzmaurice?"

"The fire is beyond doing further harm."

"But the turret? It can be rebuilt?"

"Uncle Toby will rebuild it. He is a Fitzmaurice, and has a right to do it, so I did not refuse his offer. He says he will sink a brass tablet in the wall to say how you saved the Hand."

"You all make too much of it. I should hate it, only it gives my mother such joy."

"The Hand was leading us all the time, Meg. The Hand has brought us together."

"Ah no, Captain Fitzmaurice."

"Ah yes, Meg. You saved it for yourself as well as for me. And if I had lost you in saving it, what would the world have been to me?"

"I told you I would not marry you, Captain Fitzmaurice."

"And I laughed at you, Meg. What was your girl's pride against my love? And against your love, Meg?"

She turned her face to the wall, and did not answer him.

"I would not urge then, Meg, what I urge now. I saved your life when you would have gone over the weir. I saved you from the fire yesterday, you splendid child. Your life is mine doubly. I am only claiming my own, Meg."

"Ah!" she said, and turned towards him with an air of submission. "I refused you because I thought it was right. Will you tell me it is not?"

"I tell you it is not, my sweet. If you did not marry me no other woman would ever take your place. I should be the last Fitzmaurice. We have a way of being faithful to death. Look at Uncle Toby!"

Her eyes showed that his assertion had shaken her.

"I believe you," she said slowly. "With you it is for ever."

"It is for ever. Then come to me, my one love."

"What have I to bring you?" she asked, trembling.

"Your lovely self, and"—remembering her pride—"the traditions of a great old name."

"The glories of the O'Donoghues are long over. There is only shadow in our later years."

"There is neither spot nor stain in you, my Meg."

"Ah, Gervase, am I worth it?"

"Worth a world well lost. I would give everything for you, Meg, except honor and the right. But, like Lovelace, I love you and honor together. Come to me, Meg, the Hand beckons you!"

"Then I come."

* * * * * *

An hour later, Mrs. O'Donoghue, entering with the Counsellor, full of gratitude and praises, found Captain Fitzmaurice still sitting by her daughter's sofa.

"And the little feet," said the Counsellor; "they shall have golden shoes, if I have to provide them myself."

"Hang them at the new shrine of Sir Maurice's Hand, Uncle Toby," said the Captain coolly. "She is going to be a working woman all her life, or at least till the bog gives up its gold."

"The bog!" repeated the Counsellor wondering, while Mrs. O'Donoghue looked from her daughter to Fitzmaurice.

"The Hand has led us together," the Captain said. "And, Uncle Toby, you may as well fit up the shrine in the Dower House, for I have made up my mind to let Killylea."

"Ah, my boy, I must congratulate you first and condole with you afterwards."

"Don't condole, Uncle Toby. Meg is worth it. With Meg and the Hand, it will be home anywhere."

The Counsellor stooped and kissed Meg's hand with very courtly grace.

"You are welcome into the family, my very dear niece," he said. "It never received a daughter more beautiful."

"Nor more worthy," said the Captain. "You won't refuse your consent, Mrs. O'Donoghue?"

"You don't seem to have waited for it, Captain."

"I've been waiting over-long for an even more important one, Mrs. O'Donoghue."

"But, oh dear! to think that you must let Killylea."

"Till the bog gives up its gold. We are going to be farmers together. Meg the gardener, and I the farmer. You will have the wish of your heart, Mrs. O'Donoghue. Meg will go no more to fairs. She will grow fruit and flowers on the little farmstead belonging to the Dower House."

"'Twill be a little place for you, after Killylea."

"Meg will be there."

"And Miss Clare?"

"Goes to the big world to nurse its sick and maimed. She has only been waiting for her release."

"Upon my word," said the Counsellor, rubbing his hands softly, "it seems quite an ideal arrangement."

THE END.

AN ADVENTURE OF PAGANINI.

BY VERVIN JULIEN.

When I visited the Royal Museum of Naples, among all the curiosities which it contained, one object especially attracted my attention; not because of its intrinsic or artistic value, but on account of its oddity. It was a violin made out of bits and clippings of tin, rather awkwardly soldered together, yet recalling the form of the king of instruments.

I inquired of the keeper what could have procured for this poor old fiddle the honors of a permanent exhibition in such noble company; but notwithstanding the loquacity natural to a cicerone, and the imaginativeness natural to a Southerner, the old fellow was obliged to confess that he did not know.

I was then an orderly of the King of Naples. When, that evening, I entered upon my duties at the palace, I spoke to some of the officers of my visit to the museum, and of the odd instrument I had there noticed. At first no one could tell me anything about it. A few had seen it, and, like me, had wondered why that ugly thing had been placed among so many art treasures; but their curiosity had not gone so far as to lead them to inquire particularly concerning this important question. I had already determined to give up the investigation, and I verily believe I had forgotten the incident, when the Duke de Casa Calenda, who was one of my colleagues in the service of His Majesty, and of whose exquisite politeness and most obliging disposition I had had a hundred proofs, brought to me the Marquis de Rivalo and introduced him to me, saying that he knew the history of the violin in question, and of its admission to the museum. Here is what the cousin of Casa Calenda then related:

One evening—it was, I believe, in 1832, Paganini was to come to the palace, to play before the Court some of the marvelous improvisations whose secret he has kept; for he alone could attempt and accomplish what no one has dared to essay since the days of this immortal artist, who obtained from his violin tones and effects which have justly caused him to be proclaimed "the imcomparable Paganini."

It was in the month of July, if I rightly remember; the concert was to take place at eight o'clock, but by seven o'clock the carriages began to arrive at the palace and the Via di Toledo was full of people. Our beautiful bay was flooded with light, for the sun, away down the horizon, about to disappear beneath the waves, seemed to caress with a last glance of love this shore to which winter is unknown. Like a god who changes to purple, gold or precious stones, everything which his gaze but lights upon, the sun caused the waves to sparkle, while invisible genii hung above his downy couch and shining curtains of clouds, which seemed like a magic cloth, woven of golden rays and azure vapors. In the distance, one could see the passing sail of some felucca from Sorrento, or the upright sculptured prow of a gondola, which might have been taken for the white wings of some halcyon skimming the waves, or

for a swan with elegant and majestic carriage slowly sailing to land. Upon the shore, the sea-birds, anxious and hurried, flew in large circles, and flung towards the king of day, who was about to disappear beneath the blue sea, a harsh and sharp cry—a prayer or a reproach—and one by one these inhabitants of the air were seen to disappear within the clefts of the rocks, where they were about to hide their heads beneath their wings, in order that they might not see the darkness, but peacefully sleep until morning. As the daylight faded away large gleams of red light became more and more visible on the east of the bay; it was Vesuvius that was being lighted like a gigantic light-house, to guide homeward the gondolas, which all the day long glides over the most beautiful bay in the world.

Although familiar with the splendors of those sunsets, for they are daily, the gondoliers and the fishermen leaned upon the quay or upon the side of their boats to admire them. Even the lazzaroni, lazily lying upon the steps of the palaces, raised themselves upon one elbow, to address a last, long look to the setting sun; and the carriages, the horsemen and the promenaders that filled the street, walked, or moderated their speed to look towards the west.

As one approached the upper portion of the Via di Toledo, the crowds became more and more dense and the carriages more and more numerous, for it was towards the Royal Palace that most of the carriages were going, and the crowd was increased by the idlers and curiosity hunters who came to see the "upper ten" alighting from their carriages. Therefore, it was not without some difficulty that a tall, spare and eccentric looking man, of some fifty years of age, elbowed his way through the populace that crowded the sidewalks. He had just crossed the Via Frattina, when he suddenly stopped and listened. For a minute he listened so attentively that he did not discover that the crowd was pushing him and carrying him along towards the palace until the strange sounds which struck his ear appeared to become more and more remote.

"Per Giove!" cried he, speaking to himself, "what instrument can that be?" He listened again. "It sounds like a clarionet," he said aloud, "and yet it is a stringed instrument! What can it be?" And his curiosity, I should perhaps say his anxiety, became so great that he bravely pushed against the ever increasing crowd, and returned to the entrance of Via Frattina. Here there was an open space, and he saw sitting upon the steps of a palace, but a few doors away from the great thoroughfare which the multitude crowded, an old man playing a violin. He was playing before a lazzarone who dozed, leaning against a column, and three or four bambini in tatters, who, standing with legs wide apart, listened as they ate remnants of oranges, or gnawed away at watermelon rinds. By the side of the old man was a little boy, who held upon his knee a misshapen hat, which was probably to serve as a contribution box, but in which there was not a single carlino, since no one had listened to the old musician.

When he saw the old man playing the violin the listener was more bewildered than before. He saw, and could not believe; for his ear told him more positively than ever that those could not be the sounds of a violin, had a legion of katydids been put into it. He stepped forward, and was at last com-

pelled to admit that it was a violin, but one made of tin—whence those unusual tones.

He looked, listening, when the old minstrel stopped to search his pockets, from which he at last drew a piece of rosin, upon which he rubbed his bow vigorously, preparing probably to make use of all his means to please the one genuine auditor who had just come, and whose attentive air and benevolent smile caused him to hope for a few carlini—the first that day, alas!

But, just as he was about to replace the instrument under his chin, the stranger stopped him and said: "Pardon me, my friend, but what is that?"

"Why, it's a violin, as you can see, Signor!" answered the other, somewhat hurt that any one should fail to recognize it.

"Yes, to be sure," continued the stranger, who understood the thought of the old artist, and did not wish to wound his feelings, "it is a violin, but —an extraordinary one! Will you allow me to look at it?"

The old man handed it to him, and assumed the dejected look common to old paupers, when you ask them for anything, without emphasizing your request by putting your fingers into your vest pocket.

After having turned it over, in order to examine it on all sides, the stranger said to the old man: "How did you get the notion of having a tin violin made?"—for it was unmistakably made of tin.

"Papa made it!" proudly spoke up the little boy.

"Yes," answered the old man at last, "it was the child's father, my son, who made it." Nor was this said without a touch of pride.

"Ah!" said the auditor; "but what gave your son the idea of making you a tin violin?" he repeated.

"I'll tell you," replied the poor man sadly. "My son is a tinner; he has seven children, and his wage is only one scudo a day. One scudo," said he, sighing, is but little for ten persons: he, his wife, the children and myself (for he never would hear of my going to the poorhouse), and so we were poor, so poor that I often thought of going out begging, since I am too old to work upon the quay—but I was ashamed." He was silent for an instant, and then continued: "Still, long ago I had learned to play the violin, and many a time have I played for the merry dancers; and I said to myself that if I could only get an instrument, I could play in the streets, and bring home a few carlini every evening. But how can one buy a violin when one has no money to buy bread! And yet, I had spoken of that so often that my Giuseppe, who is a good son and a good workman, and no fool, began to make one for me out of the worthless clippings about the shop of his employer. He must have been a month at least making it, for making a violin is no easy job, you see! At last he succeeded, and one evening he brought me—"

"Yes, I understand," interrupted the stranger, stretching out his hand to take the bow. "Will you allow me to try it?"

The old man gave him the bow. Then the stranger picked at the strings with his fingers and began to tune the instrument. It would seem that he did it not unskilfully, for the owner, smiling in a friendly manner, said to him: "Ah, you are one of the trade, too?"

"Humph! just a bit," answered he, smiling; and as the violin was now

tuned, he placed it in position and gave one stroke of the bow, so vigorous, so masterly, that the old man, and even the children, looked at him wonderingly; for in Italy everyone is an artist by instinct.

After a short prelude, intended to give him the range and capacities of the instrument, the eccentric-looking man whom I introduced to you, was transfigured; the lines about his mouth became sharper and deeper, and beneath his thick eye-brows, in the depths of his cavernous eyes, a gleam appeared; and as he played this light grew and developed, illuminating his face and ennobling the entire person of the weird player, who seemed to have forgotten both the place where he was and the people who had begun to surround him; for he gave up his whole soul to the breath of inspiration even as a vessel opens its sails to the favoring breeze, or as the Pythoness of antiquity, possessed by the spirit of her god, gave up all her being to the prophetic ecstasy which made her oblivious of earthly things.

In the meantime, the carriages continued to proceed slowly towards the palace, whither they were taking all the aristocracy of Naples. The crowd that had gathered at the entrance of the Via Frattina attracted the attention of a lady, who recognized the artist whom she was going to the palace to hear. She stretched out her arm, and crying "Paganini!" bade the coachman, "Stop!"

The coachman obeyed, but, although the distance was short, the persons in the carriage could not hear well, and so, in order to draw near to the great artist, they alighted. From that instant the Via Frattina began to fill with fine people. Transmitted from carriage to carriage, the news that Paganini was there, playing in the street, spread in the Via di Toledo, and forthwith the carriages were emptied; and waves of silks, laces and perfume, that is to say, noble ladies, rushed forward and filled the street where Paganini, in the glow of inspiration, improvised upon his tin violin, an unheard-of melody. He had taken as his theme the story which the old minstrel had just told him, and he rehearsed to himself in a wordless tongue (since it is made up only of melodious sounds) the sorrows of the poor, the desolate complaint of an old man; the filial love of Giuseppe; the joy of his father, when he found himself possessor of a violin; his first peregrinations, and his humble endeavors to move the pity of the passer-by; finally, his return to his humble home, the happiness of the children, the smile of their mother, and the pride of the son, when the old man threw upon the table his first day's receipts.

With his wonderful musical genius, and his brilliant execution, he rendered as expressively as if it had been in words, the feelings and scenes which his artist's heart presented to his mind. Sometimes his violin wept, and sometimes it seemed to think; then a melody, sweet as a dream of the Orient, spoke of the hopes of the old man, and of the joys which his humble labors brought to the little children. Paganini was perhaps never greater than on this occasion, when his genius, borne aloft upon the wings of charity, soared above the wondering multitude. As he finished his improvisation, he took the misshapen hat of which I have spoken, and, handing it to the child, motioned to him that he should begin the collection.

While the bambino was going from one to another of the fine ladies who filled the street, soliciting an offering, and staring with his large black eyes at the beautiful faces before which the populace had respectfully fallen back, and which at this moment composed the front ranks of the crowd, Paganini had again taken up his violin and was improvising a melody, not sombre or brilliant, but soft and gentle as the prayer of a virgin; and if what I have already said may be true, if music can express the sentiments of the soul, and if its accents are those of the cherubim, who cannot use our barbarous words to sing praises of the Most High, Paganini must have spoken that tongue and have been understood by all the ladies who surrounded him; for no one will deny that there is something of the angel in women. His second improvisation, then, was a prayer, and it was so well understood that the gold coins were soon mingled with the pieces of silver, the rings and bracelets, in the old hat.

When he had finished his collection and returned to his grandfather carrying what, for these poor people, was a veritable fortune, Paganini returned to the old man his strange violin; then, looking at it, he had an artist's fancy, and asked its owner whether he would sell it to him. The first impulse of the old Neapolitan was to press the precious instrument against his heart, for it seemed a real talisman to him, and he answered promptly: "Oh, no, it's too good!" But as his gaze fell upon the miraculous receipts, he felt that he was ungrateful, and as he held out to the artist his precious violin, he said: "No, I would not sell it for any money—but, if you want it, I'll give it to you—for you play it better than I," added he, after a pause.

Paganini understood the old man's regret, and notwithstanding his thankful offer, did not accept his gift; he even added a modest offering to the old musician's store, and departed in the midst of a murmur of praises, which followed him even within the palace.

"Still," said I, "the violin is in the museum."

"Yes," answered the Marquis de Rivalo, "when the story was related to the King, he laughed heartily over the refusal and the answer of the old musician, and in order to reward Paganini for his charitable deed, that is to say, in order to perpetuate the memory of an episode which probably stands alone in the life of this great artist (who had the reputation of being anything but generous), he caused the famous violin to be purchased and deposited in the museum, where you saw it."

AN OLD WHARF SCENE.

HARVESTERS OF THE DEEP.

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

WHOEVER has heard of the fishing port of Gloucester—and, doubtless, few, indeed, have not—but whoever has known of it, only by report, as a fishing market of fame, without ever having been there in person will recall it, possibly with an effort, or maybe by the aid of an atlas, as a city tucked away in the upper right hand corner of the chart of the State of Massachusetts, a small city, it will strike you, setting lonely beside a presumably turbulent ocean.

If the facts of your country's early history haven't entirely slipped the moorings of your memory, you may recollect that Gloucester is one of the oldest of New England's settlements, where an independent lot of people early took to fishing, by preference, for a living, and that later on this became a famous place for manning smart privateers and drumming up prime seamen for a small but incomparable navy. Indeed, even a memory

THE DOCKS ICED UP.

SHOWING A NET OF DORIES IN THE WAIST.

of only ordinary tenacity cannot have altogether forgotten that more than one historian has found no small bit of inspiration in the stirring sub-titles alone that distinguish this great little city. None but Gloucester, as far as we knew, has ever been referred to as the "Cradle of the Navy," or, as more alliterative poetry has it, the "Nursery of the Navy."

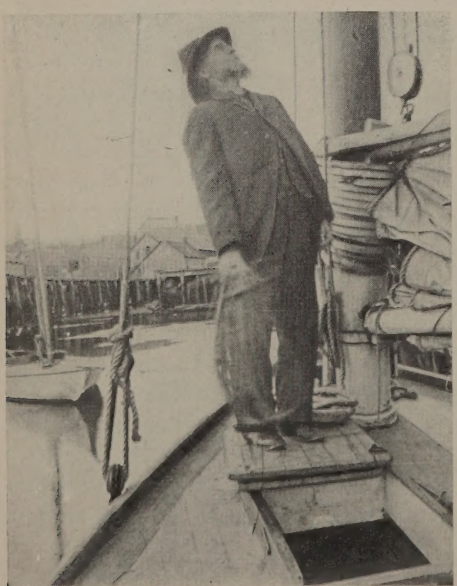
JUST IN FROM A WINTER TRIP.

Considering her record it is not surprising that Gloucester, in her citizenship, is peculiarly independent. Most cities and towns within a radius of thirty or forty miles of Boston are not at all disturbed on finding themselves referred to as suburbs of that cultured metropolis; rather do many citizens of such register themselves in the hotel books of far away sections as from the greater centre, not at all by way of false pretence, but simply to identify themselves at once with a city known to all. But it would never occur to a Gloucester man to intimate that he was from anywhere else on earth than that distinguished little port where fine seamen are so plentiful, and half-masted flags so common.

There is a too popular impression that the population of Gloucester, or the fishing part of it at least, live somewhere along the beach close by the water's edge, in humble cottages, or humbler huts, from which, it is easy to imagine, they will have an easy launching of their dories and smacks, and a ready access to the sea altogether. Visitors to Gloucester for the first time sometimes express their surprise at finding an attractive city of well-built houses, bearing every evidence of comfortable homes within,

EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE.
From the Shore Side.

CLOSE-HAULED. A SEINER AT SEA.
Photo by Arthur Millett, Gloucester.



ONE OF THE FEW OLD FISHERMEN.

and the same set up for the most part on the slopes and crests of a half dozen or so fine high hills that overlook a section of as ruggedly beautiful a coast line as one could find anywhere in the whole length of the Atlantic shore from Newfoundland to Florida.

The typical Gloucester fisherman, too, is not at all the creature described by purely imaginative writers. Those who do not know paint for us a neck-whiskered, unkempt being, generally past middle age, vigorous, certainly, given to the wearing of oilskins, sea-boots, and sou'westers on the slightest provocation, afloat or ashore, and a heavy roll in his gait and a quid in his cheek. Further along you find that he has a weakness for strong drink, and more likely to utter blasphemies than prayers. Even so great a man as Rudyard Kipling failed to assimilate quite the atmosphere of the fishing fleet and to describe truly a representative skipper, crew and schooner in his tale of the banks. This is in the opinion of the best informed dealers and skippers of the port. A generation ago such a tub as the "We're Here" might have trailed her log line to and from the shoals of the big banks, but she would not fit now. And possibly if the harbor were dragged, just such a motley crew as is described in "Captains Courageous" might be gathered together by mingled force and persuasion, but it is hardly likely that any single human being could ever get them to agree to bunch up for a three months' shacking trip. And to head it all, Kipling's skipper, take him, with his dialect and other peculiarities, is barely possible, but he is not probable. Certainly the body of Gloucester's master mariners never hailed his portrait with any too great enthusiasm. Had Rudyard Kipling only taken a trip to the banks and there experienced something of the real life of a Gloucester fisherman, his genius would

have evolved such a story of incident and character as would leave no ground for complaint among these

often a story open to unflattering comment.

The real Gloucester fisherman as

HOME AGAIN.

A Gloucester Fisherman Entering the Harbor.

men of Gloucester, who are really informed in these things. Where lesser writers than Kipling have nibbed their pens in tales of fishermen and fishing lives, the result has been too

you may see him any day hustling aboard ship down to the docks, or floating down Main street, in and out among the wharves, or idling at the head of Duncan street between

MENDING SAIL.

Photo by Arthur Millet, Gloucester.

trips, is rarely past middle age, and not at all given to wearing unfettered locks or patriarchal beard. The real fisherman starts in young, and should he follow his calling continuously is not apt to attain a great age. The death rate is too high. He hasn't a great fancy for oil-clothes ashore. He gets enough of that toggery aboard the vessel. By choice he patronizes a barber and is more than apt to sport a clean-shaven face, or at most a well-trimmed moustache. Catch a fisherman just off a long winter's trip when all hands have been so busy keeping the vessel afloat that toilets were neglected, and you will get a man who may be bearded like a pard and wofully unkempt, but give him but a breathing spell and you will soon see him head for his favorite barber and clean up generally. The real fisherman, being young, lively and full of animal vigor, carries himself erect and walks with a spring ashore; being a man who earns good wages he can afford to buy good, well fitting clothes, and having an unusually well-developed physique he is more than likely to look a fine figure of a man. Gloucester is alive with fine big fishermen, who, when togged out in their best, look for all the world like a crowd of big husky athletes, vigorous football players, or mighty weight-throwers, who had just been roughing it. These men do drink whiskey now and then, but not to the extent that some stories purporting to be drawn from life would have us believe. To argue at any

AT THE WHEEL.

length in that matter would be injudicious and unnecessary where the only adverse criticism comes by inference from stories that are written to "make a hit," but attention might be called to the fact that fights and brawls, the inevitable accompaniment of whiskey in excess, are notably rare among fishermen.

COILING CABLE ON THE DOCK.

Were the elements of hardship and danger removed from the path of the Gloucester fisherman he would be a being to envy. He is a particularly free and independent character who has to submit to no humiliation by way of earning his living. His work calls almost constantly for the best that is in him. He never rusts away. He is far better paid than most craftsmen and is rarely out of work. There is always something doing for the fisherman who knows his business, and when he doesn't know his business he would do much better to look up some other line of work. To be sure he cannot escape all the troubles of life—when he is married, for instance, there is the care of wife and children. But most of the ordinary worries glide past him. He enjoys health, sound sleep, the best of food, good disposition, and when he dies, no long, painful sickness has darkened his way. He lives on the jump when afloat and rests up luxuriously when ashore. When he gets his share at the end of the trip it is all clear money, and when he comes to think it all over he is not so certain that he regrets altogether the perils of his life. The inevitable percentage

DRYING FISH.

TAKING ICE ABOARD.

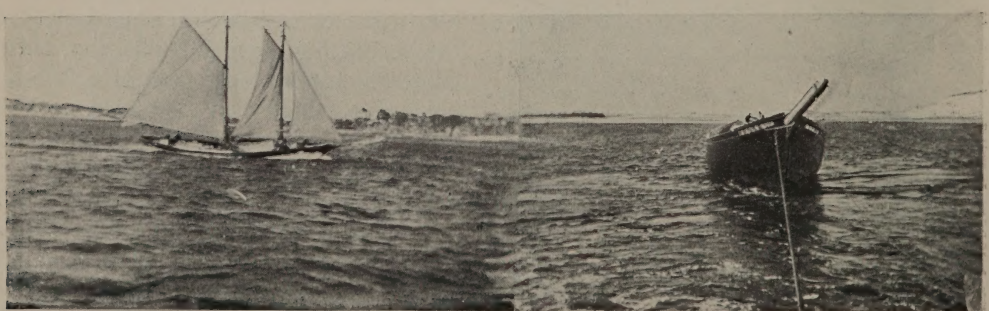
Photo by Homer Steele, Gloucester.

go under regularly but the training the survivors get tends to put a lot of new color into life.

There are from three to five thousand men actively engaged in fishing out of Gloucester. The largest number come on between spring and fall when everything is in full blast. Every kind of fishing does not last throughout the entire year. The seiners, for example, do not start out until along about April, at which time they leave for southern waters, chasing the mackerel up the coast and back again until November, when the season ends.

These three to five thousand are made up of native Americans, men from the Maritime Provinces, of Portuguese, and a scattered few Irish, French and Scandinavians. The men from the Provinces are the most numerous. They come from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and the smaller islands down that way. The Portuguese are mostly from the group of Azores, or the Western Islands as they are often called. The native-born probably do not number more than one-half or, at the outside, two-thirds of the men from the Provinces.

If the fishermen of Gloucester rank as the finest body of mariners in the



UNDER WINTER RIG.

JUST OFF THE STOCKS.

seven seas, the craft they use must likewise be rated the finest fleet of small sailing vessels ever got together for commercial purposes. The speed of a Gloucester fisherman is now recognized wherever the class is known. There was a time when these vessels were not the trimmest things that dragged wage money from the deep. Seaworthiness, the ability to stand hard buffetings and yet stay masts up, was once the first and last quality in a fisherman. Recognizing the dangers they were subject to the men saw to it that their vessels were staunch and buoyant above all things. Gradually, as the business increased, as competition became keener, the necessity of speed became apparent. When it got so that the first fare home was always given the best price, this matter of speed was given particular attention. Owners and skippers learned that speed and safety might come out of the same model. Outfitters grew keener and keener for this quality in their boats and the designers who could not provide it were dropped. Every vessel turned off the stocks was confidently expected to beat her predecessor. Fast-sailing fishermen and skippers who knew how to drive them acquired fabulous reputations. Fishermen's races were run. For these, possible profitable trips were cut out, well-paying boats put out of commission for a week or more, hauled up on the railway to be cleaned and made ready for the trial, at tremendous expense. The last race held at Gloucester was sailed in a howling northeaster. Excursion boats that had come out to see the race had to put back half swamped. The winner, to quote one observer, "came sailing past the Point on her side with the crew sitting out on her keel." The favorite in that race carried away some spars in the effort to hold to everything she had in the teeth of the gale. Even then she held to what she could and beat home the full twenty miles under head-sails alone, without misstaying once. The skipper of this craft said the race cost him one thousand dollars in time lost and damage done, but that he would not begrudge the loss had he been given a full chance to try out his boat. That is the way in which Gloucester skippers and Gloucester crews sail their little ships.

When Edward Burgess was at the height of his fame as a designer, after the Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and his other world-famous boats had sailed rings around all rivals, the best of his creations were considered none too good to serve as models for fishermen. There are plenty of Burgess models in the fleet today, fast, beautiful and able boats, though no faster, handsomer or abler than many others that float beside them. Wonderful tales are told of the speed of these boats. A trip from Newfoundland to Eastern Point at an average speed of 13 1-2 knots for the whole 50 hours seems to be well authenticated. This, it must be remembered, was made with a full fare of fish in the hold, with the vessel a trifle too deep for her best sailing. When one of them went around the Horn to Vancouver some ten years back to engage in the seal fisheries of Behring Sea, she made time that rivalled the fastest trips of the great clipper ships of forty and fifty years ago. Only last year another one cut across to Queenstown inside fourteen days, and it took her five days of this to make the last 200 miles. The reports that these boats now and then log fifteen knots in a

particularly fortunate burst are not altogether unworthy of credence.

These great little boats are fit to go anywhere. Rarely do they exceed 125 feet over all with a ton of measurement to every foot. They are constantly out in blows that the big liners make awful weather of and to which they, themselves, make but casual reference on their return. It was only this last winter that the skipper of a Gloucesterman made a characteristic report upon his arrival after a very severe gale. Some curiosity had been awakened in this particular case because this boat was a new one. It was her first trip and much had been expected of her. The spokesman of the crowd watching her shoot into the dock waited till she had tied up and the skipper had had time to breathe. Then he asked word of the trip.

"Heavy weather reported all along the coast, captain, how'd you make out?"

"Oh, not bad. We got there and got back. Fair wind coming home."

This was his graphic report and it took some adroit questioning to get him to expand it. The 'fair wind coming home' was a forty knot gale that blew him down from Placentia Bay at a big steamboat's pace.

No thought is taken of crossing the North Atlantic in the heaviest weather by these men. Trips to Ireland, Iceland and Greenland are not uncommon, and in the case of one who made the trip around the Horn to Behring Sea, the skipper once poked the nose of his little schooner almost into the harbors of the coast of Japan. Of course even these men are overpowered at times, and vessel and crew are lost. The long roll of Gloucester's dead proves how often this has happened. But it is safe to say that where a Gloucester crew and a Gloucester fisherman cannot live no other body of men in a vessel of equal size would stand any show whatever. Too often they are lost in what must ever be an unequal contest. The worst fury of the North Atlantic may be successfully combated by able men and staunch boats provided there is plenty of water around, but when the storm breaks on a vessel while she is still riding the shoals of the banks it goes hard with her. There are places on the Georges Banks so shallow that a vessel sometimes finds bottom with her bowsprit when she drives forward in a big sea. The tide there runs at an incredible speed. With tide and wind to fight and the shoal to leeward there is no possible escape. Too many are lost that way, under conditions that are not to be overcome.

Fishermen of the banks are, as a rule, unmarried. The majority of the skippers are married and have comfortable homes and happy families, but the ordinary men of the crew are single. In a crew of twenty or more it is not unusual to find that two, three or four men only are married. That might be used as a comment from the fisherman's point of view.

Another notable thing is that the sons of fishermen rarely follow the calling of their fathers. Further instructive inference might be drawn from that fact. Endowed as these boys generally are with the good brains and bodies that go to the making of fine seamen they do not choose to make a living by way of the sea.

It might be added that the worries of a fisherman's home-life fall largely on the women. When a fisherman steps ashore his work is practically over. When he comes home every-

thing is looking its best for him. His wife may have had sleepless nights and restless days while he was away but once he is safely home such matters are forgotten. The fisherman's wife never forgets that when the main provider is home he is home to rest. He has fought his fight and until he goes out to fight again he wants no more of it. These men are curiously reticent of their life. Sometimes one will refer to an especially noteworthy incident of his last trip but it is nearly always in a casual, unenthusiastic way that might make it seem most matter-of-fact and commonplace to any who may have been fed on the ordinary exaggeration of romance.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that the wives of fishermen make remarkably good mothers. The habit of calmly accepting as a matter of ordinary life what the world rates as dangerous and hard to endure, must in time have its effect on the character. The most ordinary woman would acquire some measure of good thereby, and fishermen's wives are more than ordinary women. If they were not they would hesitate to mate with men who pursue so perilous a calling.

AMERICANISM OR IMPERIALISM — WHICH?

Next November the people of the United States will pronounce judgment on the most momentous question that has yet arisen, or indeed that can ever possibly arise, during the lifetime of the Republic.

The question is this:—Is the Declaration of American Independence a lie?

The Declaration gives clear expression to certain fundamental principles respecting human rights, and the nature of governments in relation thereto, in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," etc.

For the first time in the history of our country these self-evident truths are boldly questioned by men who call themselves Americans. Among the questioners are President McKinley, Senator Hanna, Senator Lodge, Senators Platt of New York and Connecticut, Senator Quay, and many other well-known men. Formerly British Tories fought against and derided the truths of the Declaration,—now we find a large number of American politicians endeavoring to show that the Declaration, as it has always been understood by Americans in the past, is incompatible with the new gospel of patriotism of which Mr. McKinley is the chief evangelist.

Hence it is that the truth or falsehood of the Declaration will be the supreme issue in the coming election. The decision of the American people will be far-reaching in its effect on humanity for weal or woe.

Eminent American statesmen have expressed themselves strongly on this great question, and Donahoe's having secured their views has much pleasure in presenting them to readers. Some

of these men of exalted mental and moral stature, who have grown gray and honored in the public service, are members of Mr. McKinley's political party, but they refuse to take the Tory attitude respecting the great Declaration.

"I arraign the Imperialist Party."

BY HON. GEO. S. BOUTWELL.
Pres. Anti-Imp. League.

The Filipinos plead for the opportunity to exercise the right of self-government — self-government, nothing more. If the President would accept the teachings of our Declaration of Independence we should be at peace.

The President and his supporters ask us to accept the situation. We decline to accept the situation. We say in reply you have involved the country in an unnecessary and unjust war. We say further you can command peace with honor to the country, and, moreover, you can create a free and grateful commonwealth where now you are sacrificing human lives in an effort to extend the area of human bondage, which euphemistically the President has designated by the term "a process of benevolent assimilation."

I arraign the imperialistic party on two grounds. 1st. They have abandoned the fundamental truths of the Declaration of Independence. 2d. Their policy requires the abandonment of the truth that governments are constituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

We demand the re-enthronement of the truths of the Declaration of Independence to their former place in the hearts of the people and in the public policy of the United States. For that we shall strive. We demand a distinct disavowal of any purpose on the part of the United States to accept the colonial policy of Great Britain. This is our platform and whether it is heeded or derided it has in it the quality of immortality. Until an end shall have been reached the contest must be over these two propositions—and the end cannot be reached until these two propositions shall have been accepted by the country.

"A Shame and a Scandal."

BY HON. GEO. FRED WILLIAMS, OF MASS.

I say to the readers of Donahoe's Magazine on the subject of Imperialism, what I stated in a public address delivered in Taunton, Mass., on November 1, 1898, some months before American soldiers were ordered to subdue their late Filipino allies. I then said:

"I think if there were none of the glamour of war over this question, that there would be no division in the verdict that this country ought not to admit 10,000,000 of those people to become a part of the United States. These islands must be freed from oppression. Give them their freedom. Say to Spain here, as in Cuba, you have proved cruel and grasping. The people of these islands shall no longer be subject to the nation which cannot rule peaceably and fairly. I would be perfectly willing that the United States should pay out of its treasury $40,000,000 to buy the Philippines in order that we might say to these struggling people, now govern yourselves."

I am of the same opinion still. To me as an American, the wholesale slaughter of an innocent people, which has been guilty of no offense save love of country and of freedom, is a shame and scandal, which even repentance and final justice cannot expiate. Fellow-citizens apparently decent and Christian, are heard to say that, as

we have begun this work it must proceed, even to the point of extirpation; more widows must weep, more orphans sorrow, more graves yawn for brave men, even our own, to prove how cruel and inexorable is the tyranny of a republic. It is not an honor, but a disgrace, to crush out the instincts of freedom; it is not courageous, but cowardly, in a mighty nation to murder the weak; to name such conduct 'manifest destiny' is to foist upon a just God the responsibility for a mortal sin.

If, indeed, we are to enter upon such business on the eve of the new century, let us lock arms with England which can teach us the art as no other nation can. Let us aid in her conquest of the heroic little South African republics and such like enterprises while she helps us to clear our path of empire. I have always had a horror of the English treatment of subjugated peoples. England's colonial record is a stain upon 'Anglo Saxon history.' Her colonies have progressed just in the measure that they have wrested self-government from her. An alliance with England would ally us with all the enormities of her foreign dominion. A nation, like a man, is known by the company it keeps, and so long as England stands with her sword over conquered peoples she is not fit company for a republic. But it ill-becomes us to criticize her if we engage in the same inhuman business ourselves. The American people, however, have not yet pronounced upon this foreign policy of imperialism. We are not yet guilty. The blood which has been shed thus far is only on President McKinley's head, who has been waging war without any direction or authority from us. The American people will judge imperialism by their votes in the ballot boxes next November.

"The Flag and Independence Hall."

BY HON. GEO. F. HOAR. U. S. SENATE.

Is it true that before constitutions and before legislators all men are created equal? Or is it true of only some of them?

Is it true that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights? Or is it only true of some of them?

Is it true that among those rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Or is it for some of them only?

Is it true that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed? Or is it only from the consent of some of them?

Our friends tell us that all this is emotion and rhetoric and sentiment. They tell us it does not belong to the domain of practical statesmanship, or the conduct of the affairs of life; that these are the things we think when we talk, and that we are thinking of quite other things when we act and vote.

When you raise the flag over the Philippine Islands as an emblem of dominion and acquisition you take it from Independence Hall.

Our fathers respected above all the dignity of human labor and rights of human nature. The one thing created by God a little lower than the angels was a man. And they meant to send abroad the American flag bearing on its folds,—invisible perhaps to the bodily eye, but visible to the spiritual discernment,—the legend of the dignity of pure manhood. That legend, that charter, that fundamental truth, is written in the opening sentence of the great Declaration.

"The Plea of the Tyrant."

BY BISHOP SPALDING OF PEORIA, ILL.

We have sympathized with all oppressed peoples — with Ireland, Greece, Armenia, Cuba. To emancipate the slave we gladly sacrificed the lives of hundreds of thousands of our soldiers. And now the American soldier, who should never shoulder a gun except in a righteous cause, is sent 10,000 miles across the ocean to shoot men whose only real crime is that they wish to be free, wish to govern themselves. To say that they are unfit for freedom is to put forth the plea of the tyrant in all ages and everywhere. The enemies of liberty have never lacked for pretexts to justify their wrongs, but, in truth, at the root of all wars of conquest there lies lust for blood or gold.

If it is our destiny to become an empire it is not our destiny to endure as a republic. Empire and Imperialism are associated with kingly and arbitrary rule, with militarism and conquest.

"Let that Republic Live."

BY HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

If you think we are going to the Philippine Islands to hold the people in subjection for their good and to educate them, I tell you it is the educated portion of the Filipinos who are now in revolt, and the most ignorant people upon whom we really have reliance. If you think we are going to Christianize, I tell you it is the Christian portion of the Filipinos that resist our authority, and our friends are the Mohammedans who are leading the Sultan to float our flag from his palace. If you think we are going to educate them, I tell you that we take from them the right to govern themselves; if we hold them as subjects and govern them according to our will, not theirs, we dare not educate them lest they should read the Declaration of Independence and mock us for our inconsistency.

But they say we are in it and cannot get out. I deny it. There is an open, a manly and an honorable way out. You ask what can be done. I say let this nation announce to the world that it fights not for land, but for liberty. Let us say to the Filipinos what we said to the Cubans —'We have driven the Spaniards out; stand up, be free' —and then say to all the world, 'Hands off, and let that republic live.' I believe it is consistent with American principles, American traditions and American interests. But they say the Filipinos are not capable of self-government. Who say so? Those who want to govern them. Why, it has been said of all people who are struggling to be free. They say the Boers are not capable of self-government, and therefore a monarchy must take charge of a republic until the republic is big enough and wise enough to govern itself. When the people of South America were struggling to be free, people said they were not capable of self-government. Henry Clay answered that argument. He said that a man who said that any people are incapable of self-government impeached the wisdom of the Creator. He was right.

What would you think of a God who would create Filipinos and then leave them helpless for thousands of years, incapable of self-government, until a syndicate found them and took them up? I believe that this question is an important one, because as we decide it we decide whether we still have faith in the doctrine of self-government or are ready to abandon it. Shall we stand upon the foundation built by our fathers, or step down to the shift-

ing sands upon which empires rest? You tell me that it is destiny. Oh, my friends, if it was the destiny of Cain to slay Abel, it was also his destiny to wear the mark of a murderer forever afterward. That is the destiny of this nation if it should enter the path of the empire. It will be its destiny to reach the end which the empires of the past have reached. The Bible tells us that when death comes the mortal shall put on immortality. I believe that the Declaration of Independence is the only foundation upon which a government can stand forever, and when this government abandons that foundation then the immortal will have put on mortality. What shall it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose the spirit that prizes liberty? It is the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere.

"A Tremendous Lesson."

BY HON. DAVID J. BREWER.
Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S.

First, of the colonial system. I object to it because it antagonizes the principles upon which this Government was founded, which have controlled its life up to the present time, and the perfection of which has been the hope and aspiration of every true American. Those principles were expressed in the Declaration of Independence in these words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is a universal law that no family or nation will prosper whose foundation ideas are not harmonious and consistent. If conflicting, there is nothing more certain than that trouble will follow. Our own history furnishes a tremendous lesson in this direction. We commenced onr national life declaring, as its foundation principle, that all men were created equal; that they possessed inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But we tolerated a conflicting thought. We attempted to limit our foundation principle to white men and deny it to black. It was a compromise. It seemed a small matter. The antagonism would disappear with time. But we forgot that ideas are living forces.

Shall we forget the lesson of the past? Shall we say it is a trifling matter to introduce into the life of this nation, which affirms that government derives all its powers from the consent of the governed, the thought that that is true of only one race and not of all? —that the consent of the governed may be recognized for one portion and one race and repudiated for another portion and another race within the same dominion?

"Shoot Protestantism into Catholics."

HON. RICHARD F. PETTIGREW.
United States Senator from So. Dakota.

The President of the United States, in his speech at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., in October last, said:

"That from the hour the treaty with Spain was ratified the Philippines became our territory; there was but one authority and but one sovereignty that could be recognized anywhere in those islands, and it became our duty to restore order, to preserve peace, to protect life and property."

Yet he went to war with the Christian people of that country, with those who believed in the Catholic religion

and made a treaty with the Mohammedans by which they were to set up and maintain their own government almost absolutely independent and free from us. If he had granted to the Christians of the Philippines the same rights he granted to the slaveholders and polygamists of the Philippines, there would have been no war whatever. And yet we, as a great Christian nation, select for self-government the slaveholding Mohammedans, occupying more than one-third of the area of the entire group, and proceed to establish what? Not Christianity, for they are already Christians; but we make the effort to shoot Protestantism into the Catholic population of the rest of the islands.

If our flag floats over that entire region, and if, as the President said, it is absolutely under the dominion and control of the Constitution of the United States, it seems to me that he violated the Constitution when he made the treaty with the Sultan of Sulu and that he ought to be impeached.

It would be in accord more with my ideas of American institutions if we had gone to the Sultan of Sulu and said, "You must abandon polygamy and slavery, and if you do not do it and recognize the power and authority of the Government of the United States over the whole group of islands under your control we will wage war upon you until you do it," instead of going to the people who had been our allies, the Christian people of the northern islands, and saying to them, "Unless you surrender your constitution which you have adopted, and which is framed after our Constitution, unless you surrender your rights as a government of a free people, we will proceed to kill you until you do." Instead of drawing a trail of blood over those islands, where the population can read and write, where they have embraced the same religion as ours and pray to the same God, it would have been better had we attacked the so-called barbarous people of the southern island.

"What is Despotism?"

BY MOORFIELD STORY, ESQ.

No one can answer this treason to the Declaration of Independence as Lincoln answered it: "The authors of that notable instrument meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all and revered by all, constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the happiness and value of all people of all colors everywhere. It was placed in the Declaration for future use. Its authors meant it to be—as thank God it is now proving itself—a stumbling block to all those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism."

What is despotism? Let Lincoln again answer: "When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government; that is despotism."

The Administration and its supporters now stand upon the platform of the pro-slavery party of forty years ago. To enslave four millions of negroes they denied the Declaration of Independence, and the denial nearly cost us our national life. Now with the memories of the civil war cut deep into our hearts, we are asked to again deny the Declaration in order to rob ten million islanders of their freedom. Can we doubt the result of this new

attempt "to do without justice," as Mr. Emerson said?

"Meanness and Treachery."

BY HON. CARL SCHURZ.

We go to war with Spain in behalf of an oppressed colony of hers. We solemnly proclaim this to be a war—not of conquest—God forbid!—but of liberation and humanity. We invade the Spanish colony of the Philippines, destroy the Spanish fleet, and invite the coöperation of the Filipino insurgents against Spain. We accept their effective aid as allies, all the while permitting them to believe that, in case of victory, they will be free and independent. By active fighting they get control of a large part of the interior country, from which Spain is virtually ousted. When we have captured Manila and have no further use for our Filipino allies, our President directs that, behind their backs, a treaty be made with Spain transferring their country to us; and even before that treaty is ratified, he tells them that, in place of the Spaniards, they must accept us as their masters, and that if they do not, they will be compelled by force of arms. They refuse, and we shoot them down; and, as President McKinley said at Pittsburg, we shall continue to shoot them down "without useless parley."

I have recited these things in studiously sober and dry matter-of-fact language, without oratorical ornament or appeal. I ask you now what epithet can you find justly to characterize such a course? Happily, you need not search for one, for President McKinley himself has furnished the best when, in a virtuous moment, he said that annexation by force should not be thought of, for, according to American code of morals, it would be "criminal aggression." Yes, "criminal" is the word. Have you ever heard of any aggression more clearly criminal than this? And in this case there is an element of peculiarly repulsive meanness and treachery. I pity the American who can behold this spectacle without the profoundest shame, contrition, and resentment. Is it a wonder, I repeat, that the American people, in whose name this has been done, should be troubled in their consciences?

"The Commandments Broken."

BY HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.

I believe that Almighty God in His wisdom made all the men in the world of different races and colors and gave them souls that were entitled to respect and freedom, and I do not believe that He intended that one race should undertake to govern another and make slaves of them against their will. What I demand for America and Ireland I demand also for the Philippines—the right to worship God in their own way, the right to govern their lands in their own way, and the right to work out their own salvation in their own way. It is not given to us, nor the Anglo-Saxons, to determine what is best for any people. What best suits the Filipinos according to their own judgment is best for them, and it is none of our business to tell them what is best for them. We are told to stand by the President, right or wrong. We would rather stand by Congress than by the President. Let the President stand by the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence and the Ten Commandments, and then we will stand by him. Let him stand by his own plighted word when he asked Congress to appropriate money to free

Cuba and nothing else, and then we will stand by him. But the President is only a man, and there is no halo about his head. He has broken the Ten Commandments, almost, in the Philippines, and he has not had absolution. We will stand by him provided he does not lie to the country and dissimulate. If he stands by Mark Hanna we will let him stay there, and we will stand somewhere else. I believe the majority of people are standing somewhere else today.

"Pharisaical Pretension."

BY EX-SENATOR HENDERSON OF MISSOURI.

For what purpose are we conquering the Philippine people? And how are they to be governed when passed under the yoke of subjugation? These are the great questions which sooner or later we must solve for ourselves, and which the Philippine people have propounded to our rulers, beginning with the President and going down to the captains of companies, whose only reply has been to mow them down by thousands with the destructive arms of modern science. Shall these people be citizens of the United States, free to come and go from State to State? Shall they be governed by local legislature of their own selection, represented in the federal Congress, and clothed with all the rights of American freemen? Tell them this and the war will close in an hour. To tell them less is to deny the theory of our own government, to subvert the foundations of American liberty, and to enter upon a system of imperialism as fatal and as corrupting to the governing power as is personal slavery to the master.

Imperialism is the government which Rome gave to Sicily under Verres, the same which India received under Warren Hastings, and that which George III. gave to the thirteen American colonies. It has its roots in the pharisaical pretension that we are better than others. It is the hypocritical spirit that tortures martyrs at the stake, not specially for our pleasure, but for their salvation. It asserts for ourselves superior intelligence, superior capacities, and superior virtues over the rest of mankind. It sets up a guardianship over weaker nations and proceeds to plunder their people while pretending to teach them the lessons of peaceful government. It seizes their temporal possessions and gives in return abundant promises of happiness beyond the grave.

This is the sort of government which Spain had long imposed upon the Philippine people. Their rebellion against it, you will agree with me, was a righteous one; and if we intend to inflict upon them a similar curse, the moral character of the conflict is not changed. It is still righteous for them, but disgraceful to us.

"Piety, Profits, Patriotism."

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

The pretexts upon which this so-called policy of Imperialism is promoted consist of mixed motives of piety, profits, and patriotism.

To the advocates who hope for a great field in missionary service we may put the question: How many of the youth of America will you subject to vice as a sacrifice for each heathen convert that you may make?

To the advocates of the expansion of commerce we will put the question: How much will you increase the power of the people of the Philippine Islands to consume American goods when in fact during the last ten years they have bought of us on the average one hundred thousand dollars' ($100,-

000) worth a year? Yet we have bought of them annually in the same period an average of seven million dollars' ($7,000,000) worth, mainly of sugar and hemp, and from the export duties on these products the Spanish government has secured its principal revenue; such export taxes being forbidden by the Constitution of the United States.

To those who set up the pretext of patronism we call attention to the reflex of militarism, the pauper labor of Continental Europe waiting for its remedy until the masses who carry the guns turn them against the classes who carry the sword—to their oppression in the conscript service, which is eating out the heart of Europe.

To the workmen we put the question, How long will you bear an additional tax on the articles of common use which are consumed not in proportion to ability, but in proportion to numbers, from which the principal revenues of the United States are collected, such additional tax upon every one of your families of five persons surely coming to not less than fifteen dollars ($15) a year.

The pretexts are piety, profits, and patriotism; the conclusions vice, venality, and pauperism. These are the constants which surely accompany the rule of blood and iron and the control of the masses by the military classes.

"Roman Imperialism."

BY HON. BOURKE COCRRAN.

Hitherto, it has been supposed that this government had no inherent power to exercise, and, indeed, no inherent right to exist, that all it was or could do, depended on the constitution. Now it is claimed that the government which its framers organized so that it would not have the power to restrain a single individual except under well defined and strictly limited conditions, can exercise absolute and limitless power without restriction or responsibility over 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 of human beings.

When the President undertakes to govern without the sanction of the constitution, of course he governs without a shadow of moral right. His authority would depend purely on force, and an authority resting on force must be maintained by force. The ultimate source of his authority will be the army, but his control of the army depends upon the constitution. If the constitution does not apply to those islands, then he has no right to issue an order to the officer commanding the forces there. If the constitution gets into the island at all, it must get there entire. If its powers be invoked its limitations must be obeyed.

By what right does the President command this army, if he has no moral right? His moral right springs from the constitution. That he neglects. He therefore exercises his authority not by any right through form at all, but by grace of the army, and that is Roman imperialism pure and simple.

Let me apologize to Roman imperialism. There was at least an outward regard for the constitution. In proportion as the substance of the constitution became attenuated its form became more splendid.

"Choice of Two Expedients."

BY EX-SENATOR GEO. F. EDMUNDS.

Blood and treasure have been lavishly spent in trying to reduce to subjection to our Government a people who had been struggling to

throw off the Spanish yoke and to establish a government of their own long before the Spanish war began, and who, there is a good reason to believe, coöperated, at least, with our forces in overthrowing the Spanish power in those islands. The whole truth in all its details should be publicly made known to Congress and the people of the United States. No fact and no paper connected with the sad history should be withheld. The hostilities have not been, are not such as to make the disclosures either dangerous or valuable in the military operations of the so-called insurrection. Full and complete imformation being obtained, it will be for Congress to determine what course to pursue in an effort to bring the present state of hostility and disturbance, in whatever form it may exist, to a speedy termination if possible.

Two expedients to this end may be resorted to. The first is to continue the present enterprise and spend the lives and treasure of our people in killing or disarming and bringing into subjection a people and regions on the other side of the globe over which Spain had no practical dominion when she undertook to cede their country to the United States, and to continue a large armament to overcome the outbreaks and uprising against enforced rule almost certain to occur in the indefinite future. If the principal military forces against whom our armies are gallantly operating are already destroyed, the future of discontent and disturbance will be, as it always has been in tropical countries especially, a constant and enduring factor in the management of the Islands under the immediate autonomy of the United States. But higher and larger than all this is the question of how the people of the United States, professing, and always hitherto practising upon, the principle, as involving one of the most sacred rights of man, that every people has an inherent right to self-government, can reconcile and enforce dominion over the Philippines with this principle? Is the idea of liberty and self-government illusory? Is this right of self-government that our forefathers maintained, and which Congress has recently declared belonged to the people of Cuba, to be measured by our opinion of the capacity of a people for it? Seventy-five years ago we defied all the Powers of Europe by declaring that the Central and South American provinces of Spain must be allowed to govern themselves and shape their own destinies, and we stand by that declaration yet?

"Is Every Citizen a Liar?"

BY REV. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, D.D., N.Y.

One of the surprising features of the discussion now in progress is the light emphasis which it lays upon the fact that, when our government went into the war, it definitely assured the American people and the whole civilized world, that it would not make property of captured territory. To say that Cuba was the only territory specified in such a pledge is a quibble too paltry to be indulged in by honest people arguing a great question. Other territory would have been specified if there had been any expectation of capturing other territory. There are a great many economic questions involved in the present controversy upon which I have no particular qualification to speak; but I know what a lie is when I see it, and I know that when a nation lies there is a more colossal infamy involved in the transaction than when the guilt is limited to a single individual. To go

into war pledged to a humanitarian policy of relief and of non-appropriation, and then to wind up with the seizure of twelve hundred islands and eight million people and with a purpose looking to their permanent tenure, not only makes liars of the senators and representatives that supported the resolution of April 19th, and a liar of the President that affixed his signature to that resolution, but, by implication, a liar of every citizen of whom the president and congress are the administrative and legislative representatives.

"It is a Dreadful Thing."

BY HON. JOHN SHERMAN, EX-SEC. OF STATE.

From the beginning, I think, the President has fallen into an error in assuming that the Filipinos had given cause to our Government to commence war for the acquisition of far distant territories. There has not been on the part of the islands a single act that would justify war, and the only pretext for war on our part is the opportunity to acquire territory from a feeble country in a region far remote from ours. The United States has from the close of the Revolution gradually expanded its limits, and each new territory, except Alaska, has been in due time admitted as a State in the Union.

I do not hesitate to say that an attack upon a friendly power, such as the Philippines are, would be an act of oppression without good reason or excuse, and it is especially indefensible if made by the United States. Our country has expanded by honorable and peaceful negotiations. Its accession of territory has been by purchase and not by war. It now holds in union the greater and better part of a continent. We ought to be content with this and leave all far distant countries independent of our power, but made friendly to us by negotiation.

I express my well-considered opinion that the United States ought not to accept sovereignty over the Philippines, but should secure the inherent rights of the people of those islands to form and maintain a republican government similar to our own. It is a dreadful thing that we are fighting to prevent people from governing themselves.

"The Man on the Throne."

BY ERVING WINSLOW.
Secretary of the Anti-Imp. League.

The mixture of greed and proselytizing zeal in the attitude of the Administration towards what it considers the "possessions" of the United States, especially in the Philippines, is calculated to alienate both Catholic and non-Catholic. On the one hand, the American authorities have given guarantees and assumed obligations in regard to ecclesiastical property which will inevitably complicate the settlement of the questions at issue between the secular clergy and some of the religious orders, and may probably result in the cheap transfer to those syndicates and promoters (which, through the President's brother and chief adviser, are so close to him)—of a large part of those valuable possessions. The government of the United States will doubtless enter upon a process of practical confiscation, not even nominally for the people's benefit, but to enrich a few speculators. The plea is even put forth that the "State" was the real owner of this property, and that consequently the title has passed to the United States. On the other hand a

large and inviting field is offered to Protestant missionaries who are to be encouraged to invade these Catholic countries precisely as though they were heathen lands. Against the first part of the programme Catholics unite with non-Catholics in protesting, and the latter part of it naturally does not excite their enthusiasm.

It is a striking though not unnatural result of the false steps which the President has taken, that similar dilemmas are already suggesting themselves in every direction where a pathway is attempted to be cleared. The hide-bound partisan indeed assumes to rejoice in the clouds which are gathering all round the horizon. To go forward boldly and blindly seems to him the courageous and patriotic course. The greater the difficulty, the greater the certainty that the United States will surmount it! To men who regard matters from this point of view, it seems useless to appeal. Practically they have agreed to suspend their reasoning faculties in favor of an impulse which, call it what you will, is not patriotism but only a selfish laisser-aller, the seed of sure decay in democracy which can be preserved only by perpetual vigilance and solicitude. Along with this mental attitude, if it may be called such, there goes that method of argument which consists in the assertion that there have been objections made before to the acquisition of territories which have proved to be desirable additions to the country, and that therefore present objections are to be treated with indifference. This implies of course by logical evolution that an objection per se is necessarily futile, whatever it is, and that the merits of this particular case are irrevelant, which is a reduction to an absurdity.

On the whole, the most alarming sign of the times is the extraordinary assumption of impeccability and majesty by the person who fills the Presidental chair, and by his adherents. Never before have men of undoubtedly pure motives and lofty character, who felt obliged to criticize freely the doings of their Chief Servant, for his admonition, or for his defeat in an approaching candidacy, been held up to popular execration as treasonable. Webster and Lincoln and almost all our great statesmen in opposition have used this republican privilege with entire freedom. No sober and sane man not intoxicated with the Washington atmosphere has ever contended that Mr. McKinley was anything more than a smart politician. Turning and twisting to meet every popular demand, he has been on both sides of most public questions, and his ability has been of that order which comprehends the limits to which truth can be stretched to give color to a course which can be justified, after it has been initiated, by successive expedients each a hitch farther from the abandoned standard of right. Yet this politician, whose war, horrible to say, has been confessedly acknowledged by his general commanding to be conducted by way of promoting his superior's party interests, has so imposed himself upon his servants and followers, by the development of imperialistic notions, that his voice is absolute. Never has a President of the United States been surrounded by a cabinet so destitute of independence, speaking only the will of its chief. It is a terrible illustration of the power of the machine worked literally for all it is worth upon the party which sustains it. A tabulated statement of the rewards and punishments which have

followed personal loyalty and disobedience respectively, to the President—would startle a great many people who do not appreciate the danger of the situation. Imperialism has indeed got its clutch upon the nation, when in the Senate of the United States, closely following the example of those recreant senators of the decadent Republic of Rome, who lavished panegyrics on the despots who had stolen the people's liberty, the junior Massachusetts Senator exhausted his vocabulary in magnifying the splendid deeds of William McKinley. With a fine tool worthy to model a noble statue, Mr. Lodge shaped a figure which instead of a marble effigy is only a man of putty.

But beneath all the political time-serving which has characterized the President's career there lies the still graver menace of the enslavement in which his pecuniary condition bound him before his election, and which has never been broken. Those influences (which are in themselves imperialism) that are exerted by wealthy men and corporations, urge on the course which has, in spite of his personal vacillation, been constantly pursued by the President. The profits of war contracts, the profits of war appointments, the exploiting of new territories, are the plums which have fallen and will fall to those who bid their creature shake the tree. When Mr. Lodge drew his preposterous picture of Mr. McKinley alone with God and Destiny, obliged to act while others only talked, and putting aside the temptation to forego the acquisition of the Philippines, which would have saved him so much trouble! surely the devils laughed and the angels wept. Did the scholarly Boss of Massachusetts ever hear of a politician who was "tempted" to relinquish the opportunity for an indefinite quantity of new patronage and places? Did Mr. Lodge forget one of his own very prompt rewards for his unswerving civility to the "pinchbeck Napoleon" —the appointment of his brother-in-law a few weeks after the war was over, to be fiduciary agent of the United States in Puerto Rico?

It may be that the man McKinley, the friend and companion, has all the endearing qualities which man ever had. But no public conduct can be conceived which is so wholly vicious as that which McKinley pursues and has pursued from the beginning, looking directly towards the extra Constitutional exercise of individual power. He was not wise enough to prevent the negotiation of a treaty on which Spain has got very much the best of the bargain, he has no statesmanship to steer the way amidst the frightful perplexities of the situation. The "short views" of a politician do not meet the exigencies of a great crisis. It is almost possible to pity Mr. McKinley as he feels blow after blow, from his once familiar friends in whom he trusted, descending upon his shoulders from stanch party men, from partisan newspapers, and party organizations, while possible candidates are suggesting themselves on every side in the bitter possibility that his load may be too much to carry.

Encouraged by long success, he thought to impose upon the people so that he could lead them onward at his pleasure from point to point, forgetting at each step the contradiction involved in the new attitude. Mr. McKinley has "drawn the bow" too tight. The storm has really been gathering a long time, but to him and his friends it

must seem to have broken with startling suddeness. So it ever is.

"And when he thinks, good easy man
His greatness is a ripening,"—

then he falls. The most stalwart metropolitan organ can only say now "the election of McKinley still seems probable," where victory was claimed with a shout a few short weeks ago. The philanthropists have exclaimed at the Methodist's bayonet-and-blood preparation for the Bible; the Republican north is honeycombed with disaffection to the betrayer of the doctrines of Lincoln; the phosphate producers of the North-west, the tobacco and beet sugar and agriculturists in general, fear the products of tropical soil; textile manufacturers dread the "open door" which will make China the great cotton manufacturing country; labor in the land whose emblem is not the knapsack but the dinner pail dreads militarism and its burdens of taxation. Behind this man are only the machinery of his administration, the great wealth of great promoters, which is alone to profit by new "possessions" and the prestige, so far, of party regularity. This "only" is, however, a powerful aggregation of forces. Indeed it is so powerful and so well entrenched, that if it is not soon overthrown, it bids fair in itself to constitute an actual imperialism. In connection with territorial sovereignity it is such at once. Were there no great practical and constitutional questions at stake the safety of the Republic demands the overthrow of this oligarchy. Call it "mass against class" if you will. "Class" has begun the fight, none the less deadly because it is fought, not with weapons nor even with ballots, but with whispers and rustling papers in lobbies and hotel parlors and snug dining rooms.

Everybody knows that the new extra-constitutional government cannot be controlled by republican methods; already a "governing class" is talked of; it must be supported by bayonets, it will be imperial. It is imperial today in Puerto Rico and in the Philippines, yes and in the United States when the right of the citizen to hold his servants to account is flippantly called "treason," when the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are derided as oratorical figments and outgrown swaddling bands, the very sanction of liberty, its really sacred palladium now that the blood-stained flag has been dishonored and degraded by parricidal hands. Does McKinley, acting emperor, with his sycophantic Senate and House, believe that his disavowal of imperialism, because he does not dress in a velvet mantle and wear a crown upon his head, has any value? This wretched juggle with words may as well cease. Distrust has ripened into contempt, and the man of destiny is ending his course as a mock and a laughing stock. The result is another triumph for republican principles. With a thorough mastery of the tools of his trade, a most skilful and adroit politician exerting the most persuasive influence on those who subject themselves to receiving or asking his favor, endowed with the prestige of a successful war and wielding the direct and indirect patronage of military, civil and naval establishments, entrusted with an enormous secret service fund, supported by a subservient cabinet and a docile legislative majority;—but lacking in simple honesty,—he has been found wanting and his throne shall be taken from him.

Mane; Thecel; Phares.

The Song That Lives.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

IT is easy to sing when the heart is light
And the singer's mind is free
From the cankered cares spreading gloom of night
Where the sunshine ought to be;
But the deepest note, and the one that lives
When forgotten the lighter strain,
Will be found in the song that the sore heart gives
When a-chime are the chords of pain.

For the verse that is born in Pleasure's hour
In the world there's a kindly smile;
But its life is the life of a summer flower,
It endures but a little while;
'Tis the song that proclaims with a trumpet tone,
For the Right in the shade or shine
That will live while the minstrel's art is known —
If the heart throbs with each line.

WOMAN SELLING TAPES AND NEEDLES AT FAIR.

PUSH-CARTS AT OPEN-AIR FAIR.

PREPARING THE GRILLED CAKES.

HOLY WEEK IN FLORENCE.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

That "all roads lead to Rome" is doubly true in Holy Week. Yet throughout Italy there is much of interest for the traveller in the beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church and the quaint, traditionary customs of the people.

From time immemorial in Florence they have had open air fairs every Sunday during Lent. The grilled cakes and hazle nuts which formed their special attraction in the fifteenth century are still the principal articles of commerce. To these are added everything that can be sold for a few soldi (pennies). The venders of these small wares are from the poorest classes. They have no settled home, and carrying all their worldly goods on little pushcarts, they walk from town to town to take part in the annual fair that is held in every village. Italians are the lightest-hearted people in the world; give them two or three soldi to spend and an admiring crowd to look on, and they are happy as princes. Therefore these fairs possess an irresistible attraction for the contadini who eagerly flock to them.

After the fairs comes the exhibition of the Easter cattle. Hundreds of creamy white oxen, gaily decorated with wreaths of flowers and bunches of ribbons, are driven in from the campagna. This custom has probably been handed down from the old Roman days when the white bulls were thus dressed for sacrifice to the gods. Prizes of from twenty to thirty francs (four to six dollars) are awarded the most perfect specimens. Proud and happy are the peasants whose oxen bear upon their foreheads the much coveted placard. For more than three years these animals have occupied the place of honor in the household, liv-

ing under the same roof and tenderly cared for by the entire family. They are never driven to pasture, but must be fed three times a day by the women and children, whose work it is to gather herbs and prepare cornmeal for them. If rations are short the family go hungry, not daring to cut down

SHOWING THE SANTO CARRO ATTACHED BY AN ELECTRIC WIRE TO THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE CATHEDRAL, AND THE CROWD AWAITING THE DOVE'S APPEARANCE.

the food of these valuable animals on whose well being their entire fortune often depends.

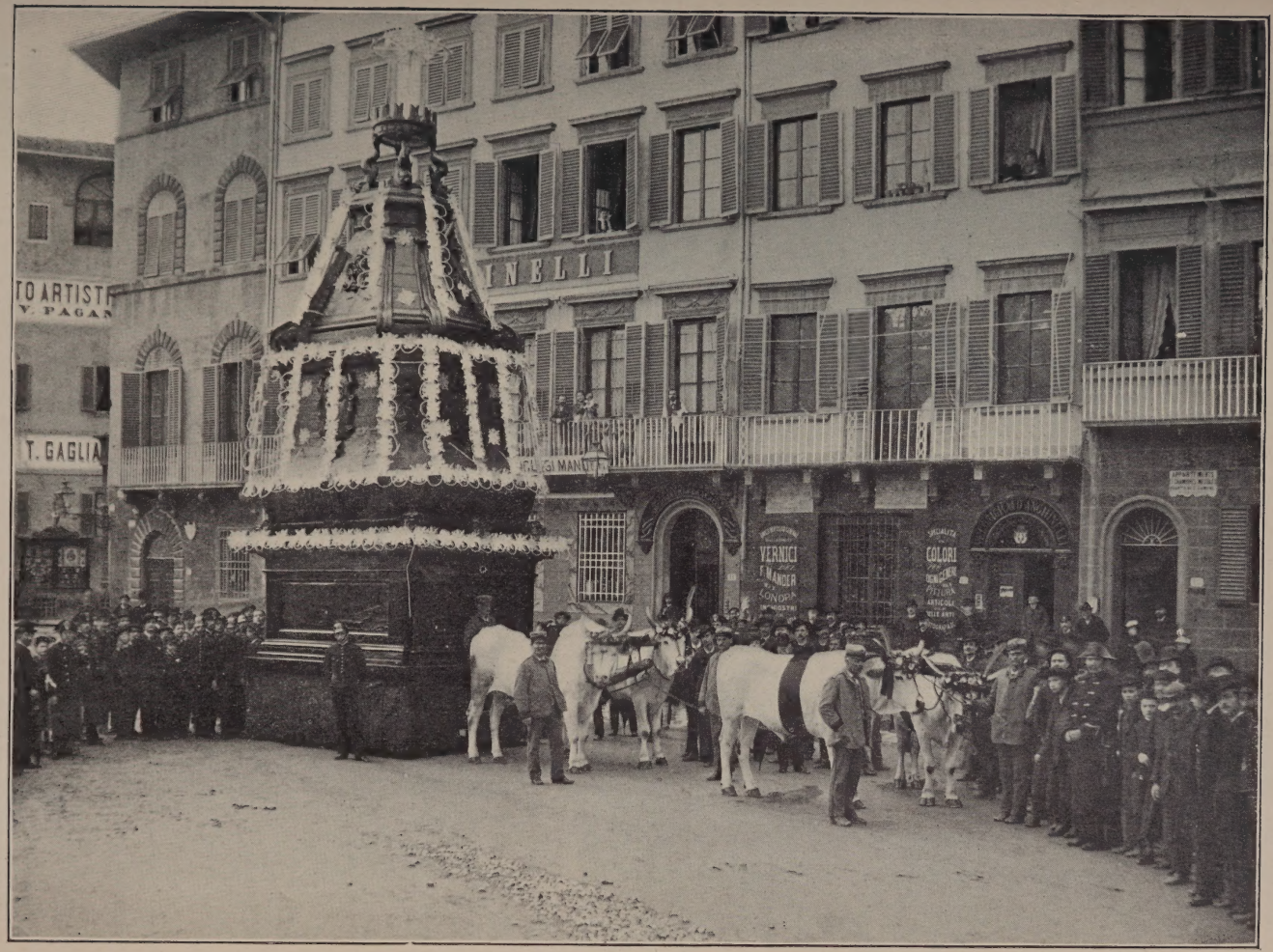
The last three days of Holy Week are devoted to the solemn services of the Church. On Thursday the Repositories are crowded by the Florentines—rich and poor, noble and peasant kneeling side by side on the stone floors of the churches. During the afternoon the ceremony of the Washing of the Feet is performed by the Archbishop in the Duomo. Thirteen instead of twelve old men are chosen to represent the Apostles "and one other." This custom is so old in Italy that the traditions cannot be clearly traced. Many say that the thirteenth is to commemorate the washing of Christ's feet by His Mother, others that it is in memory of the unbidden guest entertained by St. Gregory. However this may be, thirteen old men are yearly made happy by permission to assist in this sacred commemoration. Dressed in long white robes with the white Capuchin hood over their heads, they looked very sweet and innocent as we saw them tottering up the steps of the Duomo.

Never before had they scrubbed and rubbed as on the morning of this eventful day, soaking their feet in a preparation of soda that they might look white and clean when the great Archbishop stooped to wash them.

On Good Friday, in the mountain villages near Florence, there has been for many centuries a solemn procession in honor of the Passion. During the afternoon we drove to Grasiana, a

"PROUD AND HAPPY ARE THE PEASANTS WHOSE OXEN BEAR UPON THEIR FOREHEADS THE MUCH COVETED PLACARD."

little village in the heart of the Apennines, and found the peasants already gathering from the surrounding mountains. Hundreds had left their homes at noon, and could not reach them again before midnight. To them this was a sacred pilgrimage, and they were glad to walk many miles that they might be present at the impressive ceremony. As we climbed the mountain back of Grasiana the sun was setting and shone full on the descending peasants, their gaily-colored costumes gleaming in its golden radiance. Beneath us the valley was filled with blossoming fruit trees, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. This is the season of Italy's most perfect loveliness, when the length and breadth of her land is transformed into a vast flowering garden. In the village, men dressed in the costume of Roman Guards were riding to and fro. Little girls in white were hurrying toward the church, their long veils floating in the evening breeze, their young faces flushed and earnest. To walk in this procession was for them a work of love, the weary climbing of the steep hill up which it winds being the outward proof of their devotion to Christ, Who had suffered the death of the cross that they might be redeemed. As the darkness closed down it hid the poverty, and revealed only the peculiar beauty of this devotional scene. On all the mountain sides glimmered the lights that the peasants had placed in their windows in honor of our Saviour, Whose image was to be carried past their humble homes. We waited far up the mountain in order to see the procession as it approached. The cross was borne by men in black robes, followed by little children carrying the emblems of the Passion,—the crown of thorns, the nails and spear, the Seven Last Words. They were attended by angels, supposed to have accompanied Christ on His way to Calvary. Then came white-robed priests and acolytes chanting the music of the Passion. Under a canopy draped in heavy black, resting on the shoulders of twelve men, lay the life-sized figure of Jesus. As it approached, not a sound broke the stillness of the night. The peasants knelt in the roadside, their souls filled with the consciousness of the spirit of God. For one supreme moment all else fell away, and in their hearts burned only



THE SANTA CARRO ON ITS WAY TO THE DUOMO.

THE BURNING OF THE CARRO SANTO.

the love of Christ crucified. Women robed in mourning followed the bier, and behind them walked the first communicants robed in spotless white, their lighted torches illumining their sweet young faces. Next came those who wore the mourning of Mary. As the figure of the sorrowing Mother was borne past all stood to do her honor, and every man bared his head. No word was spoken as the solemn procession wound up the steep mountain. The peasants did not see the incongruities in the costumes of the Roman Guards, and of the ministering angels. To them this was the representation of Christ's suffering and death, a great fact that blotted out all else. The sad music of Good Friday lent an additional solemnity. Long after the procession had passed and we could see only the gleaming torches winding up the mountain pathway, the air brought back to us the sad refrain of the Lamentations. In any large city such a procession would lose much of its meaning. But here the solemnity and quiet of the night, the encircling mountains rising sombre and majestic under the vast dome of heaven where the stars hung like burning censers in the dark blue sky, made a wonderful setting for this expression of the faith of the peasants whose souls reached out beyond nature to nature's Creator.

All Catholics feel that Lent is over when the Easter Mass is celebrated on Holy Saturday, and the crowd is a very joyous one that throngs the Piazza del Duomo to witness the ancient ceremony of the "Scoppio del Carro"

or burning of the holy car. This is one of the most characteristic of Florentine customs, and had its origin in the 11th century, when Pazzo de Pazzi, the son of a wealthy Florentine merchant, joined the Crusaders and was the first to erect the Christian standard on the walls of Jerusalem. Geoffry de Bouillon rewarded him for this valiant deed by permitting him to bring back to Florence some pieces of flint from the tomb of Christ. He presented them to the Signoria, or Government of Florence, by whom they were placed in the principal church, with the decree that a spark struck from them should kindle the Easter fire. It became the custom to ignite small candles at this sacred flame and carry them through the streets, each Florentine striving to be the first to light his torch. After three hundred years it happened that this good fortune fell to the lot of a descendant of the Pazzi. The family were so overjoyed that they determined to celebrate the event with great pomp. This was in the 14th century when the Pazzi family had become very powerful. They obtained permission from the government to build a huge car which was to be covered with petards or fireworks and drawn by four white oxen, on Holy Saturday, to the Piazza del Duomo. There these fireworks were to be lighted from the sacred flame at the moment of the Gloria in Excelsis. After the explosion of the petards the car was taken to the Pazzi Palace, where more fireworks were set off, amid great feasting and rejoicing. This strange ceremony, carried out with lavish magnificence, attracted the attention of all Europe and for centuries many noted people came to Florence to witness it.

No longer the occasion of fetes and revelry, the "Scoppio del Carro" is still attended by thousands from the surrounding towns. At twelve o'clock on Holy Saturday, with the first words of the Gloria, the Archbishop, standing at the high altar of the Cathedral, strikes the flints and lights an artificial fire in the form of a dove. This is connected by an electric wire with

THE END OF THIS CURIOUS CEREMONY IN FRONT OF THE OLD PAZZI PALACE.

PROCESSION IN ITALY, SHOWING PEASANTS KNEELING IN THE STREET.

the Santo Carro. It is considered a good omen for Florence, especially for the harvest, if the dove flies without stopping from the altar to the car, firing the petards which explode with terrific noise, to the great delight of the multitude. Early Saturday morning we went down to watch the contadini gather in the Piazza. Hours before the Mass began the vast Cathedral was filled to overflowing. The car had been drawn to the church door by the traditional white oxen, profusely decorated with flowers and ribbons. Just before noon the sun, hidden all morning by sullen grey clouds, shone down with sudden glory upon this marvelous square, crowded by the peasants from all the neighboring villages, waiting breathlessly for the first sound of the Gloria. Every eye was fixed upon the slender wire down which the dove would bring good luck to Tuscany. Into this expectant silence there suddenly burst the deafening explosion of the petards; the bells on Giotto's tower pealed forth, the triumphant Alleluia chorus floated upward; and the cannon on San Miniata carried the glad tidings far into the Campagna—Christ hath risen!—Alleluia!

Then the dense crowd parted, and the white oxen were led forth and harnessed to the Carro Santo. Slowly it creaked across the great piazza—the people following it to the Palace of the Pazzi where another display of fireworks took place, until finally the ancient wooden structure disappeared in a cloud of smoke. It was not destroyed, however, for late that afternoon we saw it creeping towards its home on the Prato, attended by a fireman. So precious is this relic of bygone days to the Florentines, that in order to protect it from the danger of hidden sparks, a fireman always accompanies it home and remains with it during the entire night.

Meanwhile the contadini have returned to the Campagna to prepare their eggs and cakes for the Easter blessing. In Rome, after the church ceremonies of Holy Saturday, the priests, attended by acolytes, go forth to bless the city. Every apartment, house and store is blessed. We were once dining in a restaurant when the priest came in to perform this ceremony. He walked through so quietly that he was scarcely observed, except by. the. strangers. On another occasion we heard a young Italian apologizing for the disorder of her apartment. "I come to bless, not to criticize," replied the priest. Before he left the basket of fresh eggs and loaf of Easter cake were brought for his blessing. There are so many priests in Rome that it is possible to visit every house on Holy Saturday, but in Florence they are obliged to begin this ceremony some time before Holy Week. The eggs and cake are then taken to the church on Easter morning for their blessing. Poor, indeed, is the peasant who cannot furnish a blessed egg for each member of the family to eat at the mid-day meal on Easter.

These customs are all of such ancient origin that it is almost impossible to discover their source. The people when questioned concerning any one of them, usually reply—"but it always has been done—it is the custom." Thus on Ascension Day the Florentines have "always" gone to the Cascine to look for crickets. Rising at dawn we found the streets filled with men, women and children wending their way to the great Park of Florence. As the city grew in popu-

lation the crickets seemed to diminish in numbers, so that now they are gathered in the Campagna by the poor, and carried in small wooden cages to the Cascine, where you may buy a large black monster in his cage for the sum of two cents! In olden times when each person was supposed to find his own cricket the necessity of being early on the field was obvious—why it is still considered so, we failed to discover. But rich and poor, young and old must go to the Cascine shortly after daybreak to get their crickets. They then breakfast on the beautiful lawns. The wealthy are served from the Park restaurant, the poor bring their provisions from home in small baskets, buying a cup of coffee or glass of wine from the street venders, who are never absent from any Florentine festival. It brings good luck to the household if the cricket sings merrily when introduced into his new home.

The student of history finds an absorbing interest in tracing many of these old customs and traditions to the days of the early Christians, and even to the times of the Romans, while for those who care to study the Italian nature in all its sweet and childlike abandon there can be no better opportunity than to watch them during such days of happy festivities, or to join with them in celebrating the solemn church services of Holy Week.

IT IS THE RESURRECTION MORN.

BY HENRY COYLE.

It is the Resurrection Morn,
And Christ fulfils His promise sweet;
This happy day new hope is born—
With gladdened hearts the Spring we greet.

The throbbing of the sun-kissed air,
The glitter of the far blue sea,
The whole earth drenched with beauty rare,
And music of bird minstrelsy,

Proclaim that Spring has come again,
That Winter's chilling blast, and strife
Of elements no longer reign—
That Death must yield the crown to Life.

God's love revives the waking world,
His smile suffuses heaven's blue,
And Death's dark banners now are furled,
And faith and hope are born anew.

THE LEGEND OF THE "SACRE CUORE."

BY ELIZABETH D. RENNINGER.

There comes to my mind a legend—
A thing I had half forgot;
And whether I read or dreamed it,
Ah well! It matters not.

It is said that in the Italian quarter of one of the largest cities of the Old World there once stood the church of St. Stephanos, very small, very unpretentious in general appearance, but showing by its architecture, painted windows, frescoed walls, and beautiful altars, the presence of a master spirit—a true lover of the beautiful.

The glory of St. Stephanos, however, lay not in its architecture, but in the wonderful painting "Sacre Cuore" which hung over it central altar.

According to the legend, the effect of this picture was such, that it seemed in very truth to be the great, tender, loving Sacred Heart of Jesus, shining in all its mystery, power, and beauty through a perfect human face. It was a living thing, compelling, drawing, uplifting all who came within the radius of its influence—the poor wretch of the slums, and the cultured æsthetic of the aristocratic quarter alike.

Why the picture exerted such a power, wherein lay its peculiar magnetism and charm, the gazer was unable to determine. Other pictures of Christ were as beautiful, other pictures even better in technique; but that nameless something which drew all hearts, spoke to all hearts, purified all hearts,—that, the legend says, has never been equalled.

Day and night, summer and winter, the portals of St. Stephanos stood wide. Other doors and other hearts might, at times, be closed to many a poor creature in the Italian quarters, but one refuge ever remained: The Sacred Heart, breathing infinite pity, infinite comprehension, infinite love, was ever open to the cry of the tempted, the outcast, the burden-oppressed who, drawn irresistibly, might be found at all hours—be it midnight, dawn, or noonday—on their knees before this wonderful picture.

The painter of the "Sacre Cuore," Filippo Campaninni (so the legend goes), was born in Rome of noble parentage. His father, though not professionally an artist, gave to the world some noted pictures; his mother, a most beautiful woman, was one of the greatest singers of her day.

Filippo inherited the sensitive artistic temperament of both parents, together with a rare beauty of person and disposition. Love of the beautiful was a passion with him from earliest childhood, and neither money nor training was spared in developing his great talent, for his father hoped, not without reason, to see his son among the greatest of Italian painters.

But Filippo was destined to disappoint his father; not, however, from any lack of genius.

One day in his twentieth year, after wandering for hours through St. Peter's, feasting upon its beauties, his soul became so filled with the desire to serve God alone by his art, that kneeling before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, he offered up his life and his talent, praying only to be made worthy to serve God and the Church as the great painters of St. Peter's had before him.

In the silence which followed his prayer of renunciation, as he still knelt at the altar, Christ himself (so the legend says) spoke to Filippo saying:

"Son! the gift which thou hast brought to the altar has been accepted; not, however, as a painter shalt thou serve me, but as a priest to thine own people in a foreign land. The blessing of God and the Church be with you. Go in peace!"

For several minutes after the voice had ceased, Filippo knelt in absolute silence, feeling that the moment was indeed sacred. Then slowly awaking to the import of the message, astonished, dismayed, affrighted at this strange disposition of his life, he prayed in anguish of soul:

"Dear Mother Mary! Sweet Mother of our Lord! intercede with thy dear Son in my behalf. I cannot be a priest in God's service; I am not worthy of such honor. Not worthy! Not worthy! I have but one talent; let me use it for thy glory! Only for thy glory!"

"Dear child!"—softly and soothingly came the answer—"fret not thyself; my grace is sufficient for thee. Not as a painter shalt thou serve me, but as a priest to thine own people in a foreign land. Let not thy heart be troubled; I will uphold thy hands. Depart in peace!"

But for hours Filippo knelt in conflict. Could he give up his art? Must he give it up? It were easier to give up his life! The struggle was a long one; but in the end, his art, too, lay upon the altar; then a strange, sweet peace fell upon him, and he left St. Peter's willing not only to give up, but to take up the work which God commanded.

Immediately upon reaching home, he sought his parents and informed them of his new plan of life, which naturally met with bitter opposition, especially from his father, who put it down as the whim of an oversensitive, impressionable boy.

Thinking to bring his son more quickly to reason, all other persuasion having failed, Count Ferdinand, —counting upon Filippo's love for his beautiful young mother, which amounted almost to a passion,—finally told him that if he persisted in his determination, he must make an irrevocable choice between his mother and his whim, since on the day that he became a priest, he would have no longer either father or mother.

But even so, Filippo did not waver. Filled with pain, the deepest his young life had yet known, he left his home without a word of good-bye from father or mother, and entered upon his preparation for the priesthood.

Five years passed, and on the eve of sailing from Italy, Filippo sought once more his old home, hoping now that he was leaving Rome, perhaps forever, to receive his father's and mother's blessing. But the stern old count, disappointed and embittered, sent word in reply to his message: "Say to the Reverend Father that I have no child; my only son, in whom were all my hopes, died five years ago, leaving his mother broken-hearted."

With this message ringing in his ears, Filippo left Rome to take up his work in a foreign land. Bravely he toiled among his poor countrymen, trying to lift them out of their degradation and misery. Always ready to spend and be spent in their service, always gentle, tender, and pitiful, Padre Filippo soon became the idol of the Italian quarter, looked up to, and followed blindly.

But, oh, it was heart-breaking work! Day in and day out, year in and year out, little met his beauty-loving eye but poverty, wretchedness, sin, misery, filth, and crime. Oh, to be able to bring into the lives of his people some of God's free beauty! Some uplifting, inspiring influence which should counteract the degrading, lowering tendencies at work on every hand!

One night as Padre Filippo knelt praying for his people, as was his custom, long after other tired workers lay wrapped in slumber, suddenly he heard once more the voice which had so moved him in St. Peter's. "Son," —came the message,—"because thou servest God and the Church as a priest, canst thou not also serve him on canvas? Use the talent which God has given thee; answer thine own prayers."

And now a new world opened to the good padre. Just as faithfully he wrought, from early morning Mass, all through the day,—devoted to the sick, the suffering, and to the children, the hope of the Italian quarter,—then at night, when all the fiends of hell seemed loosed, until two, three, and sometimes four in the morning, Padre Filippo was omnipresent in the quarter, preventing crime, rescuing the tempted and the fallen, accomplishing by his mere presence what no police force could do; finally, tired and often heart-sick, he would spend the remaining hours of the night painting beautiful madonnas and patron saints to adorn the homes of his people.

It was a busy life, and discouraging, for results came slowly; but as the padre saw the quarter improving little by little, as he realized more and more the uplifting power of his paintings, a new happiness and a new hope took possession of him:

"Oh, to be able to make live upon canvas the Sacred Heart in all its beauty! To have the power to show thus to His people what the Divine can do for the poor, weak human!"

Hopefully he began the work, and at first the picture grew rapidly under his fingers, and he thought to finish it at once; but months passed by and still it was unfinished. It was a surpassingly beautiful face, but it did not live; work as he would, he could not make it express what he felt in his heart. It was a beautiful picture, but it was not the Sacred Heart.

As time passed on, through his untiring efforts St. Stephanos was built; and as Padre Filippo saw the influence it exerted upon his beauty-loving countrymen, more than ever did he desire to complete his picture. If he could only have it finished for the first Mass in the new church on Easter Sunday!

All through Lent he fasted, and prayed, and hoped to paint; but though he put a few touches to the picture, when Easter dawned, it was still unfinished, and the first service in the new church passed with his heart's desire still unfulfilled.

So Easter after Easter came and went, each bringing its season of special hope, followed by disappointment; but still the padre worked on among his people, always busy and helpful, but yearning more and more to make the spiritual a living power in the lives of those about him.

For one who put so much into them, the years dealt tenderly with the good padre; but Old Time, ever inexorable, silvered his hair, and furrowed his brow, leaving little trace of the beautiful, care-free youth who once knelt in

St. Peter's. But other sculptors were also at work, and as he passed among his people from day to day, with white hair, and sweet old face, so gentle, so patient, so unselfish, surely while he lived, the people of St. Stephanos caught glimpses, at least, of the Sacred Heart, shining in his face and in his life.

One Easter eve, as the padre sat holding little Beppo, his landlady's baby son, upon his knee, suddenly it dawned upon him that he was getting to be an old man, and would perhaps never be able to finish his picture.

Patiently he listened to, and answered the child's prattle, until he fell asleep in his arms; then, tucking him snugly in his own bed, he went and stood before his unfinished picture, gazing upon it for the first time with a hopeless heart.

Why could he not finish it? Slowly he sank upon his knees before the picture, questioning his inmost soul. Had he made an idol of it? Was it, after all, his old desire for fame which had dominated him all these years? Was this why he had failed? He could not consciously plead guilty, but knowing the deceitfulness of the heart, he bowed his head yet lower, and prayed only for purity! purity! In that hour he gave up his heart's desire, acknowledging himseft unworthy to perform the task he had set for himself.

The clock struck midnight as he rose from his knees and took his brush in hand, intending to efface the picture, henceforth to paint no more, but to try more humbly to present Christ to his people in his own life.

Sadly he gazed into the beautiful face, which had come to mean so much to him in all these years, then raised his hand to blot it out forever; but as the brush slowly descended, a sudden inspiration seized him; and, forgetting his late resolve, he began painting, unconscious of everything except the face before him.

Hour after hour passed, the picture changing every minute under his rapid strokes! Not a feature was altered; but with each touch, new life appeared, new beauty, new power, new charm.

At last, in utter exhaustion, Padre Filippo threw down his brush, and gazed, the smile of content deepening every minute on his beautiful old face, until it fairly shone.

The impossible was accomplished. Ah! His people would see now a little of the beauty of the Sacred Heart, which all his life he had been trying to show them,—though so unworthily.

Dropping upon his knees, Padre Filippo prayed — he prayed long. Easter Sunday morning dawned, and still he was on his knees before the Sacred Heart.

Beppo's mother coming in presently to get her little one, who often stayed with the good padre all night, gazed upon a touching sight.

In the Easter morning light, on the easel which had always been covered, shone forth the wonderful "Sacre Cuore," while on the floor in front of it, with bowed head and clasped hands, knelt Padre Filippo, motionless, in spite of the fact that little Beppo, with upturned, smiling face, knelt close beside him, saying his Ave Maria to the Sacred Heart.

As he heard his mother's step, Beppo smiled angelically upon her, telling her by upraised baby finger, as well as by words, that she must hush! cause he was saying his prayers with the dear padre; only he could not make him look up to see the Holy

Picture, which the angels had brought him for Easter,—'cause he was too big to have any Easter eggs, like the rabbit was going to lay for him.

Frightened by the padre's strange stillness, the madrino overcame her awe, and gently tried to attract his attention; but she saw at once that he was unconscious.

Calling for help, they placed him upon his couch, and after a time he opened his eyes and smiled, oh, such a beautiful smile! Presently, he asked to be turned so as to face the picture on the easel; then that Padre Andrino, his assistant, should be summoned.

Raising himself later on, he asked for his diary, and painfully and laboriously made his last entry, expressing the wish that the "Sacre Cuore" be placed over the central altar of St. Stephanos's as his parting gift to his people of the Italian quarter.

Exhausted by his exertions, he rested quietly for a time, then having received the Sacrament, and Padre Andrino having anointed him, he lay back with smiling eyes fixed upon the Sacred Heart.

Presently the Easter bells of St. Stephanos rang out joyously: Christ is risen! Christ is risen! and as the last musical peal died softly away, the pure soul of Padre Filippo, released from all fetters, was borne by the angels up! up! up! to see the King in His beauty, not through a glass darkbut face to face; to spend a glorious Easter day with the Lord.

BLOOM AND SKY.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

In April days against the sky
A torrent of white blossoms shy,
  Flung with a dash of eager grace,
  Touches the blue with just a trace
Of tremulous earth-witchery.

Fair bush a-bloom! I hear thee sigh.
Why seek to clasp the blue on high?
  Yet Heaven shines down with winsome face
    In April days.

Thy transient blossom hour flits by:
Soon, thou wilt give thine all and die
  Of love's o'erflowing. Blue of space!—
The whitest souls' one blooming-place—
Thy mysteries call—and hearts reply,
    In April days.

THE EDGE OF SPRING.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

Snow-clogged, snow-burdened winter is turning his trousers-legs up at the bottom, and there are slumpy roads in store for the traveler, and a loosening of the tension that will enable him to throw his coat open to the sun for a brief moment and perhaps doff his mittens when he goes abroad for a day's journey. It is a bit of slack-twisted woof, and as if the shuttle had lagged while the warp stuck to the reel and kept to its winding, one can see through and beyond the sleazy places in this web of winter to dream of halcyon days and the new life. The fences have been a long time hidden from sight, and it is time to take the mid-winter account of stock, to look after the left-overs of the dead autumn, the weeds that supply the table of the buntings, the chickadees and the nuthatches, to look into the seed-pods and follicles that have not yet been emptied by the buffeting of the winds that fill out the larder of the winter birds. It is needful to look after the sagging rails of the fence that leads from the woodland to the farmhouse, and the cobble walls, the highways of the chickarees and their four-footed neighbors and the bluebird and the congeners of the arbutus days, preparatory to making up the spring estimate of the road repairs. It is best, too, not to forget the brown earth that gives color to the crest of the wind-swept hills. It is to be the spring color until the fashion-plates from the south set the vernal dyes among the tops of the deciduous woodland.

The ring about the moon grows. Its diameter is huge and its influence ameliorating. The sky is covered an hour later with a film of lace-like cloud. It is hardly more than a scumble of gray ash. With the dawn it thickens into an opaque gray, and the snow has already lost its quality of dryness. There is a new fragrance abroad. One gets the aura of spring saps as the bark on the trees darkens as if slaking its thirst with the increasing density of the atmosphere, and the epiploeodic folk find their garb of grays, yellows and all the delicious lakes and madders lighting up with a new brilliance and warmth. Off to the southeast is a black wall. Were it farther into the south I should look for thick falling snows to burden the woods more heavily until the winds and sunshine unloaded them into hummocks of glistening whiteness. But this is a far remove from the snow. It tells of a decided change in the weather.

But I have been anticipating reading some of the red-letter data I have stowed away. All these sights and sounds I have seen and heard in the congeniality of my fire. The shadows dance up and down the wall and the wainscoting is a medley of grotesque drawings done in sepia. The windows gleam with the ruddy firelight to remind one of November sunsets, and the pale moonlight without is like a dash of chrome within the red squares of the sash,—faded yellow fields within their fences of fireweed. The saps of summer exude from the butts of the

firesticks, and hiss and sputter and fume in vain remonstrance to this trial of their virtues by this sacred rite of the household hearth, and the songs of the wildwood are in these escaping gases, all the woodland's music, and its songs are many throughout the day. The cat-bird sings all the bird-songs and the wind that comes out the west fills in the parts that are lacking. In its glow are the inimitable sketches that find their duplicates hung along the galleries of my fondest recollection, and though they are all unlabelled, they are familiar enough, and I see them all as I first saw them, and I note the hour even, and the day, when they lent their beauty to my happiness.

My wainscoting is a field of dull-hued gold. Here are Turneresque marvels of pigment, the shimmering lagoons of Venice, the soft shadows of the Campanile, suggestions of Rembrandt, of Corot, of Scheerer, Dutch interiors after the fashion of Brouwer, Ostade and Jan Steen, to recall all the delights of Ruskin. My fire is my limner, and my sitting-room a salon with endless vistas, a veritable land of dreams. I live over a host of delightful episodes outdoors and in. Like Ike Marvel I blow the smoke from my fragrant pipe in random rings ceilingward that weave themselves into an enchanted carpet on which I wish myself wherever I will. The house-cat keeps me company, for her song is of comfort and contentment. Peter, the house-dog, whacks the floor with his tail, lost in the felicity of his dreams, so we are a happy company to set off on our travels out and about for a bit of gadding. The foresticks on the andirons sing, and, in them, I hear the mule-bells tinkling on the slopes of old Granada as I keep my Irving company. This old farmhouse is a Woolfort's Roost as well; and just beyond the old house-garden is the century-old graveyard where the stones stand stark and spectre-like in the moonlit snow; and beyond them is Sleepy Hollow and its haze of romance. Knee-deep in the Scotch heather I smell the biting peat-smokes while Dandy Dinmont's dogs bark at my heels. I count the farmhouse gables and there are seven.

Here is a Round Table of all I have seen, have known or read,—old days and new. The steam still jets from the burning wood and it is the music of Doon and Ayr and the ripple of the meadow brook where I go for the trout when the blossoms of the rue are bursting. It reminds me as well that the night outside is one of rugged cold, and I pile on the garner of the wood-chopper, and the blaze curls the snow-white bark of the birch, and leaps up the wide-throated chimney to flood my wainscot with light, and the Showman is done.

One does not have to break the shell of his hibernacle of wood to note that the New England winter is not one of continuous cold, of unabating frost and increasing deeps of snow. There are lapses, resting-days in its round of snow and blow and bluster, when the muscles relax and the strings are loosened, and the vibrations are slower and longer, as if the pendulum that kept the seasons in motion described a larger segment in their circle of happenings. Some winters these lapses come only too frequently if one's comfort and convenience are to be considered. They are nevertheless suggestive, these thawy, rainy days in mid-winter with the settling snow saturated with the down-pouring wet, after which comes an-

other long unyielding of winter's bonds when the mercury settles about the zero point for days.

But these cold days and nights are pregnant with a notable quality of exhilaration. They tighten the loose muscles. They suggest physical activity. The limbs swing with less friction. One focusses the day's events within narrower lines. There is no need of time exposures with every detail outlined in the sharp contrast of black and white, for with these short days every moment counts. The tongue stands like a servant at the door to let out the creatures of the brain before they have time to demand exit. Out in the winter air one opens his mouth to speak, and it is as if the words were thrown by a jet of steam into the auricles of his neighbor. Everything is stamped with the trademark of brevity and activity. With the lack of outline in the landscape there is less to distract the attention from one's self and there is larger suggestion of re-enforcement. The hills are only irregular extensions of the uplands, but if the valleys are obliterated their beauty is not diminished, for here is purity,—the highest type of cleanliness. Here we have the dew, the rain and the moisture that exudes from the woods, intact, incorruptible, stainless, unstainable in this tense cold. As one has said,—there is heat in this cutting wind. The blood has broken its stagnant bond and leaps with the revitalizing pulse of youth. The cheeks burn and tingle as if bound about with a cloth wrung out in hot water. With plenty of simple nourishing food and clothing, comes additional strength and zest, and an increased buoyancy to one's outdoor adventurings. It is a season of rugged cheer; and the embargo of snow that shuts in the farmhouse, its footways and its larger arteries of travel, the highways, is after all a welcome change from the sweltering and enervating heats of summer.

Burroughs says,—"Winter is of more heroic cast and addresses the intellect. The severer studies and disciplines come easier in winter. One imposes larger tasks upon himself and is less tolerant of his own weaknesses. The tendinous part of the mind, so to speak, is more developed in winter; the flesh in summer. I should say winter had given the bone and sinew to Literature; summer, the tissue and blood."

A similar exaltation is reflected from the ruddy cheeks of the boys and girls in the swifter coursing of the venous fluids. The winter winds are tonics and healthful excitants; and its deep snowfalls that crunch and creak beneath one's aggressive tread lend elasticity and freshness to humanity. Winter opens the heart of the generous man wider until it is as broad as his blazing hearth and as suggestive of good cheer; while his meaner and closer-fisted neighbor not unfrequently surprises himself with an unintentional lapse from his selfishness. The narrow-growing hedgerows of overthriftiness are obliterated along with the fences along the highways as one storm and another covers them deeper from sight. The larger breadth of things appeals to him in a way that is not to be denied. He munches his choicest fruit and sips his home-made champagne with a heart-felt wish that all the world might fare as well, and if one faring past his door should chance within his lintel, or his gate, even, if the feast of reason were stinted there was left abundant flow of soul. And if emancipated from the chrysalis stage

he gets more out of himself and has more time to cultivate the amenities of life that in planting season too frequently get covered up in the soil that he turns so diligently with his plow that his corn may take root, his barns be filled and his thrift be gratified and sustained.

The wind smites roof and gable, and whistles a devil-may-care tune; the limbs of the towering elm that holds half the old house in its shade on summer days sway and creak in audible complainings, each finger-tip of twig playing a snatch of some unwritten nocturne upon the strained or keyed-up fibre of our wooden hibernacle, its shingles and clapboards. What a delicate sense of companionship comes with the nearness of this elm as it touches the roof above, making the windy hunts of cold without more emphatical with its kindred piled against the jamb of the fireplace to make Nature's promises good! There are acres of woodlands where these stout firesticks come from; there is no need to stint the burning of them, and who could not afford a fire with a hundred acres of woods on which to levy tribute yearly? This is not a time for niggardliness. Here is something that appeals to one's pride. Here is Inspiration, and all that grows out of it for the dullest clod. The yielding is conscious and pleasurable. It is boyish because it is spontaneous. The tight-twisted, tied-at-both-ends fibre of the man is slowly untwisting. He feeds his cattle with a freer hand. His visits to the barn to look after the poultry and the farmhouse, the sheep and the red cattle are frequent and prolonged. There is a new zest, a new speech in this clashing of horn, and the noisy cackling of the feathered flock. Sleek-fed looks and bright eyes smack of cheerful prophecy, and there is fellowship in these humble acquaintances, not the less charming because brute nature makes one side of it. They are all his compeers and friends.

How soft his heart with so many treasures pulling at it! He is oblivious to cost with so much cold and inhospitality out of door, with his woodshed piled to its cross-beams with rifted firewood. Generosity is a virtue. And, why not? His dissipations are of the simplest sort. They are at most to burn a pipe or two of tobacco at the store at the Four Corners of an evening with his cronies, where the gossip of the neighborhood is always on tap, to afterward trudge homeward through the drifts under the starlit sky with the blustering wind in his face. Before his own fire he hums the songs old and quaint that he has kept along from his childhood and laughs as he recalls its old-fashioned ways and doings to forget the sterner realities of living. He grows young, and the games and amusements of the younger folk engage him and he essays to rival their feats.

But the edge of the evening is over and his lantern shows him the way to his haymows and the greeting of his four-footed friends closes the idyl of the day. The last chore is done and with the burying of the forestick in the live embers of his hearth the lights are out, and the windows of the old farmhouse are lost in the obscurity of the night. So the days go and the winter is soon over. The depletion of this enforced holiday is hardly noted until the bluebird whistles his advent and the spring has come.

CARTER'S RESTITUTION.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

In a certain town in a nearby state there is an old building of brown stone, which once upon a time had the honor of being the City Hall. That time is long past however, and nothing now remains of the honor but the words "City Hall," cut in the stone-work above the door. The building itself has become the department of outdoor relief. It is a musty old place with gloomy, ill-smelling rooms, and odors suggestive of mildewed legal documents. In one of these gloomy rooms sits a long-drawn, loosely-built man, with a thin, sharp-featured face, and shoulders bent as though the past history of the place weighed heavily upon him. He is the poor-master, and every week on a certain day it is his duty to dole out to the city's poor such aid as the city sees fit to give.

It was afternoon; a dull grey afternoon, with little light without and less within; one would hardly have thought it near Easter time when all the earth is wont to blossom into joy. Yet the great feast was but a day distant. Inside, the poor-master was busy arranging his books and lists, while outside in the gloomy hall which led to his sanctum there gathered a motley crowd of aged faces and trembling, infirm bodies, waiting silent and patient for the door to open; a strange, pathetic gathering that every now and then was augmented by a new arrival, until the gloom was filled with a sea of faces all turned wistfully toward the door. There were old women in gingham bonnets and gingham aprons, who leant tremblingly upon their sticks, whose withered faces seemed to have been crushed and wrinkled like an old handkerchief in the hand of Time; there were others who were not so cleanly—who bore marks of neglect or dissipation, whose poor earthly tenements were nearly as dilapidated as an old house, and who clasped thin shawls about their shrunken frames with long, hooked and shrivelled fingers; and there were old men who hobbled and shambled about with long clay pipes in their mouths, the while emitting puffs of smoke as though they had in truth been transformed into some kind of engine.

There was not much sorrow or regret or misery stamped on these faces. The stolidity, the dull hopeless apathy of age, that has lived its best, hoping for and expecting nothing was there, nothing more. There was only one young face among the lot, a slatternly young woman who clasped a baby in her arms. Her felt sailor hat was very much battered and her skirt dragged in ragged lines about her feet. Still the crowd kept growing in the gloom, and still the door remained closed. Another applicant stepped up to the hall, and paused a moment on the threshold,—a kindly-faced old man, with an inherent air of respectability that stamped him apart from all the others in the room. As his eyes grew accustomed to the light in the hall his face underwent a sudden spasmodic change as though he were suffering keen, physical pain. He placed his hand across his eyes as though to

blot out the assemblage before him, then with an effort stepped in among the throng, and drew shrinkingly away in a corner. Two querulous old women turned to gaze sharply at him, whereat he drew further back as though wounded by their curiosity. Perhaps he feared they might read his past in his careworn face—here, where of all places he prayed to be unknown. For who would have ever dreamed that he—John Craven! could ever have come to this—to be forced to subsist on public charity. Ah, kindly gloom! that hid so carefully the tears which do as he might would trickle down his face.

It was pitiful truly! Many years before he had been one of the town's well-to-do citizens, but the years had robbed him of family, home, wealth, everything but life! And that he would gladly have yielded as well. Misfortune after misfortune had come upon him, and when at last a confidential clerk whom he trusted implicitly secured his business by sharp practice, so that he was left penniless —he gave up the struggle. That was some years ago, enough to induce many of his onetime friends to forget that such a person as John Craven had ever existed. He did not intrude himself upon them, just as he held no bitterness in his heart for any of them. Even for James Carter, his onetime employee, who had prospered on his reverses, he held no malice; that person like many others had forgotten all about him; evidently his conscience had never told him of the wrong with which it was burdened. John Craven, utterly alone, had eked on somehow until now, when almost on the verge of starvation he had been driven to apply for aid. He had always hoped for death first—nay, prayed for it! but it came not, though once he would not have believed it possible to live through such anguish as had been his. A movement in the crowd made him suddenly aware that the door at the farther end had opened; mechanically he proceeded to follow the decrepit company into the next room where the poor-master behind his railing dealt out the slips of paper which meant so much. The poor-master! At sight of that functionary he drew back aghast, almost ready to die rather than advance. He had known that man in his better days—would the man know him now? He prayed not! with all the earnestness of his overwrought heart, and when that person's eye wandering toward him seemed for a moment to scrutinize him, he endured real mortal anguish that made small beads of moisture stand out on his forehead. To his sensitive soul it seemed that all these old, weazened faces gazed unpityingly at his sorrow, or leered at him, exulting in it. At length he found himself before the railing with his old acquaintance looking down upon him while he gazed stonily ahead, not daring to look to the right or left. But the poor-master made no sign, and with a breath of relief the old man staggered to the door.

As he paused a moment in the gloomy hall with the piece of paper clasped tightly in his hand, he did not perceive a portly, prosperous-looking individual who at that precise moment came down the stairs near which he stood. But that person saw him and started back with an almost audible exclamation, while his face paled visibly. It was as if he had encountered a spectre; he stood perfectly still taking in every line of the worn, haggard face before him, until John Crav-

en unaware of the curiosity he had aroused walked away. Then the other stepped slowly down and out into the street.

"John Craven," he murmured, "John Craven! And come to this, forced to subsist on public charity while I—," he stopped and gazed after the pathetic figure as it rounded the corner and disappeared from view. Two or three acquaintances nodded to him, for James Carter was a well-known man—but he for once forgot to return it with that smiling greeting which while meaning nothing had grown to be second nature with him. To him, James Carter, there in the midst of his prosperity, that sudden sight of John Craven had come as a distinct shock. It brought back so many things he thought he had forgotten—deeds of kindness doled out by that same hand holding that poor slip of paper so despairingly now—deeds that suddenly burned into his brain like coals of fire. With sudden energy he walked quickly away, determined to forget it, and encountering a friendly group on the corner he stepped into a nearby café. But even the talk of his companions failed to dispel the memory of what he had seen in the old hall.

"My prosperity is built on that man's ruin," something said to him over and over again. The small voice could not be stilled, the pitiful face of John Craven there in the gloom seemed to blot out the faces of the company. He left them therefore to themselves and the expression of their own wonderment at his unusual mood.

"You look strange, Jim," one said as he turned to go.

"I—I don't just feel well," he stammered in explanation. "I think I'll go home."

Out in the streets it was just the same, the pathetic figure pursued him remorselessly. He knew better than anyone how John Craven's misfortunes had come about through no fault of his; he well remembered, too, a certain transaction in which by sharp, unscrupulous practice he had completed the ruin of his benefactor, while incidentally making something for himself. Perhaps some of his friends remembered it too, for there were people who had not hesitated to condemn him freely at the time. Prosperity, however, kills these rumors and memories more quickly and surely than anything else, so that he had little to fear on that score. A sudden impulse came upon him, and, turning back, he entered the old City Hall; the Poor-master was still there and he readily gave his visitor Craven's address, which he perceived was in the poorest part of the town. He did not attempt to go there however; instead he turned his steps toward home. He was dull and preoccupied at dinner, replying in monosyllables to his wife's many questions, and at length with great relief betook himself to his room. There he fell into a reverie. The successes of his life had dulled his moral perceptions somewhat, so that while he had heard indirectly of his former employer's misfortunes, he had never attempted to lighten them; yet now his guilt seemed to take on grievous proportions. He reflected how successful he had become, until he was reckoned an important personage, but in the attainment of it all he had helped to crush an honest man. Mechanically he reached over for a slip of paper and began putting down some figures.

He found he was calculating how much he really owed John Craven for

the unfair advantage he had taken of him. With interest he found it took in four figures. Four figures! It meant a good deal to him just now, for despite the fact that he was wealthy, like a great many others he had not much ready money, or collateral that could readily be exchanged for it without loss; and besides he was a figure in politics with two successful terms as alderman and his cohorts urging him to take the field again. Only a few days before he had promised to accept the nomination, even though he knew it was to be the greatest struggle of his career, for the opposition had vowed to wrest supremacy from him; still all this would not have daunted him could he have forgotten John Craven. He got up and walked over to the safe; drawing therefrom a check-book he carefully scanned the leaves, lingering thoughtfully over the balance it showed. The latter too, like John Craven's indebtedness, was of four figures! Yes, he could, if he cared make restitution! There was no law to compel him; but if he chose he could do so, and still have a small balance left. But to do it would mean much! Would mean ignominious withdrawal from his political battle, for there were potent reasons why he could not solicit a loan. He, James Carter, to give up this—the fight of his life, for no reason that he could make public—and after enthusiastically agreeing to go into it with all his well-known ardor. The public would think him mad—his followers would repudiate him—it would mean political eclipse. He got up, paced to the fire and back again, then, glancing at the clock, saw it was after twelve.

The conviction was growing momentarily with him that this opportunity to make restitution would never be granted to him again, and if poor old Craven were dead—to restore would irrevocably be denied him. James Carter, Alderman from the Fifth, had never posed as a religious man; he knew none of his most trusted friends would ever believe him capable of such a sacrifice to conscience as this—actually returning in money a fancied obligation which no law could compel him to acknowledge. He standing there marvelled at himself. The city clocks boomed out the hour in deep-toned solemnity. It was one o'clock! and it suddenly dawned on him that it was Easter morning! The day of Resurrection! Perhaps a resurrection had come to him too—a moral one. Once again he sat himself down to reflect, conscious that he had never been so moved by a good impulse in his life. Not only the public—his political friends—but even his wife would have to be reckoned with. Mrs. Carter was even more ambitious than her husband—she would ridicule his idea of restitution more than all the others.

"How moral you are become," she would say cynically. Truly he was in a quandary. He wished to do right, but—he found it very hard. Yet it had been so easy to do the wrong! And was he to ignore the misery that had come to John Craven? He should have assisted him long ago—even now it might be too late. He started up, convulsively grasping his pen. He could not go down through life with such a wrong weighing upon his soul for, though he had been callous, the grievousness of his fault had never stood revealed so clearly as now. Which was going to be the harder to bear—the weight of guilt which he might stifle for a time but which would one day surely arise to confront

him even as did poor old Craven himself—or the loss and passing of all that he had prized so highly? He reached over and dipped his pen in the ink, drawing his check-book toward him at the same time. A moment he paused as though to comprehend fully what he was about to do—then with a firm hand wrote out and signed the check.

"That settles James Carter of the Fifth," he murmured grimly, then taking a letter sheet he wrote a few burning words of reparation and atonement, and enclosing the check and the note in an envelope sealed it—then leaned back with a sigh. For a moment he contemplated the envelope. It was not too late to reverse all he had just done—if he cared he could fling the whole thing in the fire, but instead he rose quickly and put on his hat. It was a quarter of two; quietly opening the door he stole noiselessly through the hall and out into the street. A few steps brought him to a post box—the next moment his letter was safely deposited therein.

As he turned about a few light flakes of snow fell upon his cheek. There was yet a touch of winter in the Easter air, but in James Carter's heart was naught but spring!

SUNSET.

BY E. CARL LITSEY.

Bathed in a golden glory lie the hills. Afar
The brazen shafts leap up to heaven's gate.
Low lying on the sky a crimson bar
Sapphire-tipped and filmy. One bold star
Gleams out, then dies, before the sun's fierce hate.

Reluctantly the monarch sinks from view
In sullen pomp. His blood-red robes aglow
Like wine that's spilled. Upon its edge a few
Shy diamonds glitter, glowing like the dew
When moonlight shimmers, and the winds are low.

An azure sea out in the western sky.
Dun-colored boats are drifting here and there;
No helm or rudder, fashioned carelessly,
So quickly to dissolve before the eye
And leave us wondering why they ever were.

The fire-fly lights his lamp down in the glen;
The glow-worm's lantern gleams upon the sod.
While shadows gather over field and fen,
Then close in sleep the weary eyes of men,
And over all the sleepless eye of God!

MARY OF MAGDALA.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

Forget my past, and all its plundered days;
Life seemed so fair and good, while Thou were naught
But some vague dream. The fancied joys I sought
In those dead years; the charm of eager praise;
The night-gloomed hours; the low enraptured gaze
Of all the world—how sweet! I never thought
That Thou, O Lord, could'st care for me—so fraught
My soul with sin, and lost in shadowed ways.

The pleasured walks, renounced with bitter fight;
My wavering heart and the long watch kept in pain,—
Think not of these, but at the last dread call
Remember that I sought Thee through the night
And, minding not the storm, nor gloom, nor rain,
I found, I loved, and, loving—gave Thee all.

ON KENMARE HEAD:—AN IRISH BALLAD.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIAV-NA-MON.)

(Dedicated to Nathan Haskell Dole, Esq., of Boston.)

Sweet Mother of the Crucified
  Be nigh to aid me now.
My old eyes view the sad gray sea
  Beyond the cliff's high brow;
The wide, gray sea that sullenly
  Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
  On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Oh bitter day I lost for aye
  The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
  How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away
  With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
  On the Head of Old Kenmare.

My Owen left our cabin door
  A dreary winter day,
"Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
  The heavy rent to pay."
Mo nuar! 'twas the killing word
  They sent from over there,—
"He's dying and his love he sends
  To those in Old Kenmare."

Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me too
The hard world-winds to face.
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all a strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach,
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach.
I listen and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,
To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
Oh strengthen me to bear
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare.

RT. REV. JAMES AUGUSTINE HEALY, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Two notable anniversaries in the history of the Catholic Church in New England are pending. One is the celebration of the 70th birthday of the highly-esteemed Bishop of Portland, Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D.D.; and the other is the silver jubilee of the present St. James' church, Harrison Ave., Boston, solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Williams on the feast of St. James the Apostle, July 25, 1875.

Rev. Dr. Healy is one of the far-famed orators of the Catholic Church; and, though venerable in years, he yet is called upon to grace the pulpit at many of the most important episcopal functions. He was born near Macon, Ga., April 6, 1830. He completed his education at Montreal and Paris, and was ordained June 10, 1854. June 2, 1875, he was consecrated Bishop of Portland.

The growth of the church in Maine, through the zeal and energy of Bishop Healy, has been very gratifying. The Catholic population of the state is nearing the 100,000 mark.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Barry, D.D., Bishop of Thugga, and Coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rogers, is known throughout the Maritime Provinces by his works. His thirty-three years of fidelity to the interests of religion have left their impress on the diocese; his labors for the betterment of humanity are part of the history of northern New Brunswick, where no name is more revered.

Dr. Barry was born at Inkerman,

Gloucester county, N. B., in 1841. His early school days were spent in his native parish then at Chatham, and subsequently in St. John, at the college established by the late Bishop Connolly. After a course of rhetoric and philosophy at the Sulpicians' College, Montreal, he entered the Grand Seminary and, having finished his theological studies, was ordained to the priesthood on the festival of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5th, 1866.

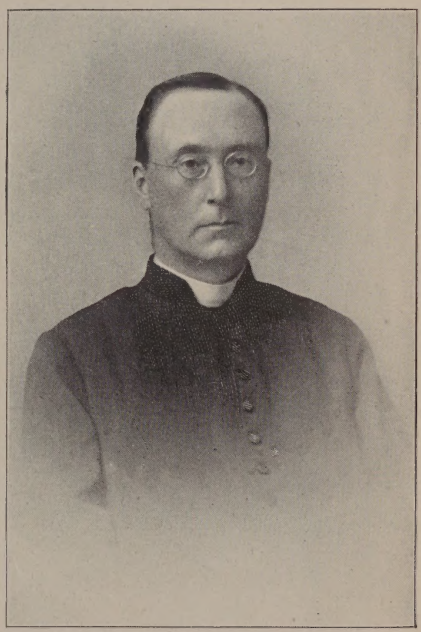
Called to Chatham by Bishop Rogers, he remained there for five years and had charge of that important parish during His Lordship's visit to Rome. In 1871 Father Barry was appointed to administer to the Restigouche missions, this field of labor requiring at the present time seven priests. At the expiration of five years, during which time he had established several missions, including tnat of Campbellton, Father Barry was transferred to St. Basile, Madawaska, with authority of Vicar General for that part of the diocese situated on the St. John river. In 1880 he returned to his native county as parish priest of the important parish of Caraquet and Vicar General for the whole diocese of Chatham. For five years he labored in this almost exclusively French mission, when, in 1885, he was appointed parish priest of Bathurst town. Shortly before this time the town was separated from the village for church purposes and a new parish erected. When Father Barry went to Bathurst there was neither church, presbytery nor cemetery; nothing but a lot of land on a back street, with a temperance hall and an old building used as a convent school. A magnificent church, a splendidly-equipped presbytery and a massively constructed convent school, all of granite, have sprung up in the field, and not a dollar of debt remains on the property.

Dr. Barry, while stationed at St. Basile, visited Rome with the Canadian pilgrims in 1877. Again in 1884, while parish priest of Caraquet, he spent some time in Rome and the Holy Land, and finally, in 1896, he was sent as representative of His Lordship, Bishop Rogers, to the Eternal City, on which occasion he visited Morocco and that part of Africa in which was formerly situated the See of which he is now Titular Bishop.

St. James' parish, Boston, is consistently called "The Mother of Bishops," no less than three of her pastors having been called to the episcopate. Her present rector is the scholarly, zealous Rev. William P. McQuaid.

Following after the golden jubilee of a former pastor of St. James' church, Archbishop Williams, the silver jubilee of Father McQuaid, a successor in the same noted office, was celebrated with much loving eclat by the people, in June, 1895. Last year the parish celebrated its own golden jubilee with a very successful reunion.

At the silver jubilee of Father McQuaid Rev. Dr. Baxter of St. James was the



RT. REV. THOMAS F. BARRY.

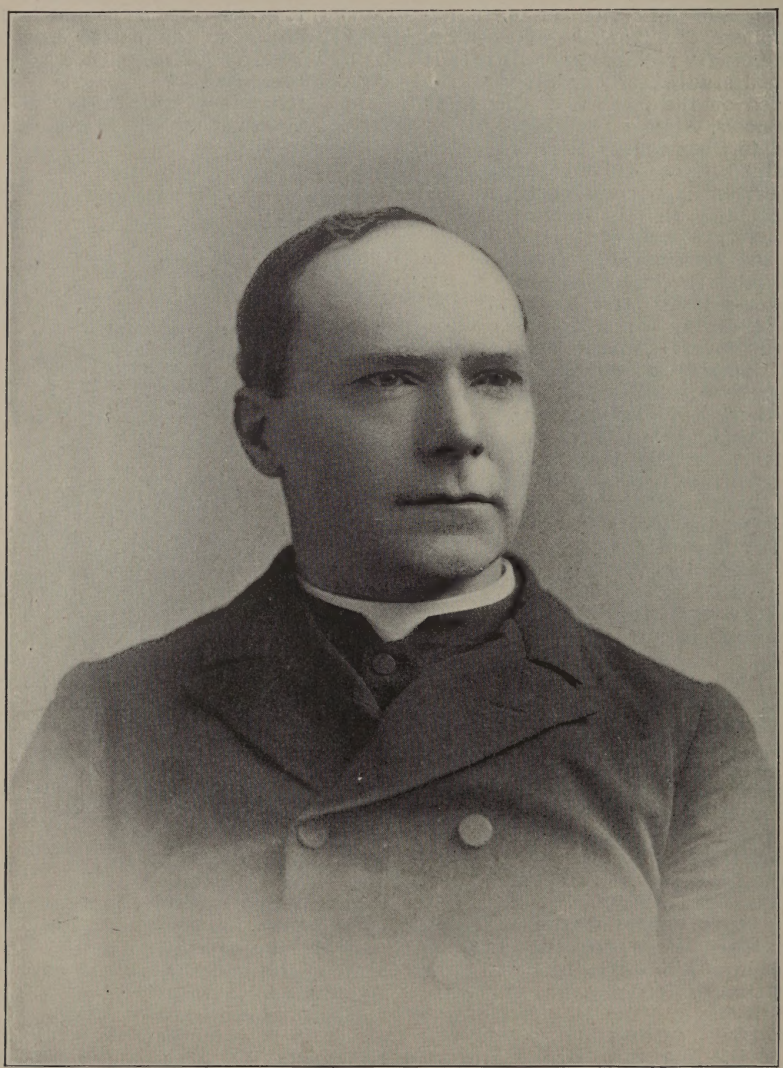
orator of the occasion, and in his eloquent peroration he embodied in the best possible language the noble life and character of the jubilarian. Dr. Baxter said: "A heart filled with the love of God is a sign of the priestly vocation. It is a power to sustain the true priest in all his duties. Of such is the priesthood of him whom we honor today—our beloved pastor, Father McQuaid."

The Catholic club of Harvard made a distinct and popular hit in bringing to New England that scholarly and eloquent Canadian divine, Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

Father Ryan lectured at Harvard University before a large and appreciative audience which had come from far

and near to hear this famous orator upon his familiar and well-studied subject, "Christian Economics." Father Ryan has made a special research into the science of sociology and kindred economics, and has done much practical work in the solution of social problems. He is a profound student who has already achieved a world of good.

A member of the Senate, of the University of Toronto, and of the High School and Collegiate board of the same city, Rev. Father Ryan stands high in the educational councils of his country. He has written extensively upon religious, sociological and educational topics, and is widely known as a pulpit orator. He has always been a highly-esteemed exemplar of his race, and ever a sturdy defender of the rights of the Irish people.



REV. WILLIAM P. MCQUAID.

Mr. Thomas St. John Gaffney is a well-known New York lawyer. He was

born in Ireland, where his family for many generations have been prominently identified with the commerce and public life of the country. His father is at the present time Senior Alderman and a Magistrate for the city of Limerick, and in 1897 Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed his younger brother High Sheriff of the same city. Mr. Gaffney was educated at the famous college of Clongowes Wood. He is a member of the Republican Club of the City of New York, the Garrick Club, the Republican State Club, and many other social and political organizations. During the lifetime of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, Mr. Gaffney was honored by that great leader's confidence.

Mr. Gaffney has written considerably in favor of a strict enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, and is an upholder of a strong foreign policy for this government. He was one of the organizers of the McKinley League of the State of New York, and is one of the secretaries of that body. During the campaign of 1895 he spoke in the chief towns of the state at the various meetings held in behalf of Mr. McKinley's election.

REV. FRANCIS RYAN.

The Marquise Clara Lanza is one of the most recent as well as one of the

THOMAS ST. JOHN GAFFNEY.

most notable converts to the Catholic Church. She has just been received into the faith by Rev. John J. Hughes, the eloquent New York Paulist.

The Marquise is one of the many women of the American metropolis who writes for the love of her art. She is a daughter of the famous Dr. William Hammond, and was born at Fort Riley, Kansas, where her father was then an army surgeon. At nineteen this charming young woman married the Marquis Lanza, a Sicilian nobleman.

Her first literary work was a series of translations published in the Popular Science Monthly when she was a mere girl, and her first novel, a light story called "Mr. Perkins' Daughter, which, however, had a remarkable sale, but of which the Marquise speaks laughingly now, and it is indeed noticeable that her entire literary style has undergone a change since that first work. Doubtless her efforts have been influenced by her friendship with the great English realist, George Moore, who is her firm friend and constant correspondent.

Madame Lanza is a very beautiful woman. Her face, while charming in repose, is absolutely brilliant with life when she speaks, and she is possessed of that subtle magnetism which chains the glance. She loves music in all its phases and is conceded to be the finest amateur mandolinist in the country.

The Marquise is a widow with three sons. Her two elder boys are in the regular army, one in Manila and the other in Puerto Rico. Her youngest son is at a Catholic college in Washington. The Holy Father has sent his special blessing to the Marquise on the occasion of her becoming a Catholic. The news of this honor was conveyed to her through Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, who is a relative of the late Marquis.

MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

MARY ANN'S EASTER EGGS.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

"Dood mo'nin," said Alice.

"Dood mo'nin," repeated Mamie after her. Alice was four and Mamie was three and they looked up at the big man who had said good morning to them and smiled with the unconsciousness that belongs only to the few children who have been made to know neither fear nor flattery.

"Where are you going, my pretty maids?" asked the young man.

"We'th walkin' in ve pah'k," said Alice. "Ve pahk' ith all wound."

"Yet," said Mamie, "Mamma tooked uth in ve city, but, but Aunt Tate leth uth do 'lone, 'tause the pah'k ith all wound."

"Yet," Alice confirmed, "Aunt Tate likth uth. Do you know Aunt Tate?"

The young man looked down at the little figures and was silent for a moment. So Alice spoke up encouragingly, "We likth 'oo."

The young man laughed, "You do, do you?"

"Yet," they answered together.

"Tell me," he asked, "where does Aunt Kate live?"

"In de wed house," said Mamie, pointing up the street.

"She'th awfully dood to uth," lisped Alice. "And so'th Auntie Mawgawet," added Mamie.

The young man pulled his moustache. It was a small town with big lawns and shady streets where everybody had time to know everybody else and his affairs. Therefore everybody knew that he had been devoted to Kate, engaged to Kate, most people had had it. And if the whole town did not already know these children, it would soon know them.

He himself guessed that they must be the children of a far away cousin in the city, of whom he had heard. He believed he remembered also hearing something of sickness and trouble that had pursued this cousin. Bringing the children here into the country was one way of helping him, and it was like Kate and her people to help everyone within reach. And then his thoughts ran along back to all the days filled with Kate. Sometimes he shut his eyes and wondered whether it was not all a dream, a pleasant dream that he had not been able to hold fast. He could hear his angry voice protesting that he would never come again if she did not tell him with whom she had gone to the opera in the city, and Kate's little laugh as she had said, "Now that would be a pity." And so he had gone, and kept his stubborn way.

Since then he had learned that it was only her cousin, but alas he had theories about the obedience a woman should yield, and Kate had theories about the trust a man should have. And so they went along, she pointedly keeping out of his way, and he telling himself that he could not force himself where he was not wanted. Pleasant he always was, for with him there was nothing of the spirit that wants to get even. By this time he was not sure that he might not have been less imperative in his request, and Kate probably meant no more than she often did when she laughed him out of his moods. He was moody, he was willing to admit that now; though it had not seemed very clear to him then.

He remembered how quietly she

had usually taken his tirades. Some women would have been angry, even then it was something that Kate only laughed. Something like this had gone through his mind with increasing conviction every day since that day four months ago. He knew it by heart, and yet he did not go back and say so to Kate. Why should he? There were others more interesting than he. It was strange how humble he had grown in the absence of Kate. Somehow there had been days before, when he felt that Kate ought to be thankful if he wanted to marry her. There were many girls in the town, and for that matter the city and the west had swallowed most of the likely young men, and if he chose to marry Kate it was rather a good thing for Kate. There are times when it is possible to make it quite clear to a man that he is doing a favor to a woman by marrying her, and there had not been lacking well-meaning friends and relatives to make it clear to Will. Yet it was peculiar that while there were a dozen or more girls in the town with any one of whom he felt quite sure that he could fall in love offhand, as long as Kate was pleasant and he chafing a little at the possibility of a long restraint, it was singular how little satisfying those other girls seemed with the prospect of never seeing and talking to Kate.

Now if he made a fuss over these children, and he did like children and these seemed to like him, would not somebody think he was going a roundabout way to get on good terms with Kate again? Then he flushed a little in shame at himself that in spite of college and professional training, he had never been able to get away from the self-consciousness of the small town.

Alice was still looking up at him and repeated, "We likth you, we do, don't we, Mamie?" and Mamie nodded her head sagely. And still he looked down at the children hesitatingly. Should he take them down the street to a shop and buy them the sweeties that delighted children, or should he chuck them under the chin and go away? He was telling himself that it was not well to buy the affections even of children. And then Mamie asked, "Doth 'oo know Uncle Dudely?"

Will started. There could be but one Uncle Dudely. Dudely was the pet name Kate had for him, perhaps because he was so far from the ideal of the dude.

"Now what do you want of Uncle Dudely?"

"Aunt Tate hath hith picthur an' Aunt Tate seth he will be in ve pah'k, so we alwath lookth for him. Do 'oo know him?"

"No, I don't," he said, but there was a ring of delight in his voice that he hardly knew himself. It was so strange to have what seemed a message from Kate after this long winter of silence. He could have kissed the children right then and there. But he said nothing.

"What ith your name?" asked Mamie.

"My name," he said, with a happy little laugh, "my name—my name—is Mary Ann."

"Oh, Mawy Ann," said Alice, "do 'oo like to walk in ve pah'k and thee ve doats?"

"Where is the park," asked Will, puzzled by their talk of "ve pah'k."

"Here," said Alice, with a sweep of her arm that took in the whole street, with its arching trees, crimson and pale green and yellow in the young

colors of spring, and the fresh lush grass beneath. "All wound and we tan walk on the grath, an' theth a doat." She pointed along a shaded alley to where a cow was peacefully chewing her cud in the soft spring air.

"Do you like to see the goats?" asked Will.

"Yet," answered the children. "Take uth over to see the doat an' ve bi'ds."

"Come along," answered Will.

"We muthn't do far," said Alice, "Aunt Tate said we muthnt."

"But we wanth to thee ve doats," said Mamie, and that settled it.

Yet, he had a sense of relief, as each caught hold of a hand and trotted along beside him up the lane, that it was a lane and not the main street.

"Oh, Mawy Ann," said Alice, "what a pitty little doat," and she pointed at a wobbly calf looking out with wondering eyes from behind its mother as they passed along. And beyond they saw some "bi'ds." They were only a few hens scratching in high fenced backyards. And it was an early spring and a late Easter so there were broods of young chickens.

"Oo-oooo-h," said Mamie, "look at ve ittle bi'ds wif wool on em."

And then Will, intent on imparting instruction, explained to them that it was these birds who bring the eggs. Whereupon Alice was full of news and its importance and told him that tomorrow was Easter Sunday and they were going to make nests for the Easter eggs out in the yard. The Easter rabbit brought the beautiful eggs. He would lay them in the nests in the grass, and she and Mamie would build a nest for Mary Ann too. And Mary Ann laughed at the thought of building a nest for him.

"Don't you think I am too big?"

"No," said Alice, "We'th goin' to build a nest for everybody. Aunt Tate's goin' to help uth, after a while."

"An' we'll make a nest for 'oo, too," affirmed Mamie.

"Never mind, you little dears," said Will, somewhat afraid now.

"We'll put flowe's in the nests and make 'em pitty, wight by ve big twee. Do you know wheah ve big twee ith in Aunt Tate's yawd?"

Will looked away. Did he know where it was? Could he forget where it was?

"You are dear children," he said, without much connection apparent even to the children.

"We'th not children, we'th durls," protested Alice, looking at him earnestly. "Will 'oo 'tum and det ve eggs, Mawy Ann, by ve big twee?"

But he was thinking of the big tree and Kate and not of the big tree and Easter eggs.

That afternoon their little hands were busy making nests. They pulled bits of grass for the groundwork, and gathered dandelions and laid them around the edges for flowers. Every once in a while Kate came out and helped them a little. It was she who directed them where to put the nests, and how many there were to be for the "durls' " idea of numbers was still a little dim. She passed and repassed in and out, and whether it was the soft air of the springtime, or what, somehow Will was in her mind more than usual. She wished she had not laughed. It was so silly to laugh at him. And why could not she have told? Now her refusal seemed childish and trivial to her. Yet it had not for a moment occurred to her that Will would take her at her word. And there was Ida Breen. Everybody said Ida was in love with Will. Since that day four months ago, it had come to Kate over

and over again that she was winning the best match in the town in the face of a matchmaking community. Not that she did not tell herself that that was not the reason she cared for Will. And she felt it proved, because lately there had been a story that Will's western investments had turned out badly, and that he really did not have a thing except what he made from day to day. Maybe he thought she was holding aloof because of this rumor, when in truth her heart was going out to him. But how could she give him a chance to make up, when instead of going by the house as he used to do, he went down town the other way. He did not go out very much; he was not a society lover; and the only time she had seen him was at the Breen party, and what could she do there? Yet all the time she was hoping that something would bring him back, and sometimes the fear that he might not come back took hold of her, and when she thought of a whole life without him, a veil seemed to settle over everything like a fog beyond which she could not look.

So she helped the children and heard but little of their talk. Mary Ann gave them flowers and showed them the goats and the wooly birds and the white eggs. They must build a nest for Mary Ann. If Mary Ann did not find a nest Mary Ann would be sorry. And Kate smiled consent. Everybody liked the little girls and everybody was glad to see them, and why should they not build a nest for this Mary Ann? She did not know who Mary Ann was, and she forgot to ask.

Mary Ann's nest was the most variously decorated of all. Dandelions bordered it in a great profusion, long-haired moss peeled from the garden walls lined it, and as a last tribute a sprig of apple blossom was stuck up beside it.

And if the sun itself did not dance that Easter morning the young leaves on which it shone quivered and trembled in its light until the lace-like shadows danced on the young grass below, and on the young children dancing in the glee of a young year and young life—and that was almost as good as if the sun itself had danced. And so Kate thought as she watched the little girls. And yet the Easter joy somehow made her feel like one who stands without, and looks through the window of a warm room on a winter evening.

The children had gleefully led each of the household to a nest, and then there was still Mary Ann's. They ran to the gate and peered down the street again and again, wondering about Mary Ann. But it was time to get ready to go to church and no one noticed them, and as they themselves were to go today they too forgot about Mary Ann's Easter eggs for the time.

After Mass, when the people coming out of church had resolved themselves into little friendly knots, and dividing and redividing groups, as they went along, Alice and Mamie with little skirts held up fastidiously after the manner of their elders walked along sedately in Sunday dignity, their chirping voices alone showing the gaiety of the day. Suddenly they ran forward to the corner they were nearing, calling out rapturously, "Oh, here'th Mawy Ann, Aunt Tate, here'th Mawy Ann. We made ve neth Mawy Ann, an' itth full of wed eggth, ithn't it, Aunt Tate?"

By this time Kate, a little ahead of the rest of the family had come up, but not before Ida Breen had passed

with old Mrs. Larkin. They had smiled becomingly, and with a slight suspicion of inquiry, not permitted to relax to amusement at "Mawy Ann." Kate could see their side faces as they passed and she knew that by tea time at least there would be a version of "Mawy Ann" for every tea-table in the town. So she made up her mind to give "Mawy Ann" a chance to get the "wed eggs" if "Mawy" were so minded.

"Good morning," she said, smiling, and Kate could smile, with her eyes as well as her lips, which after all is the only way to smile. And Will, blundering, confused, red, and delighted, with the children tugging at his hands, stammered—

"Would you mind if I went after the Easter eggs, Kate?"

"It would please the children," said Kate, demurely.

And Will went along with a wondering sense of the new beauty of the old street. It was not so two hours ago. Of course then he was walking away from the sun, and one should not walk away from the sun in the morning. One sees the shadows the wrong way and even young yellow-green grass seems gray. And so it is with happiness. And now that Will had his face set away from the shadows once more, there was a feeling in his heart that Providence had been good to him, and he was silent with an effort to say something that would hold fast this that seemed to him the chance of chances. He was sure that if he let it go he never deserved another. They were close to the "wed house" now, and with a feeling part of embarrassment, and part of elation, he swung his hat off for a moment and let the warm spring sunshine fall on his dark hair.

"Oh," said Alice, "Aunt Tate, Mawy Ann lookth like Uncle Dudely!"

And then it was Kate that blushed hot and red. And Will looked at her and in a moment of inspired boldness he whispered,

"Oh, Kate, could it be 'Uncle Dudely'?"

EASTER MORN.

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

Gray was the dawn that bid the morning welcome,
  A yellow gleam flashed cross the door of day,
When, to the rock-hewn tomb the loving watchers hastened,
  Alas! alone they make their silent way.

Too late, too late they reach the stranger's sepulchre,
  For Life had mocked the grave from which He fled,
And, to repentant Mary in the garden
  Appeared her Lord and Master she thought dead.

LAUDA SION.

(Translated from the Latin by James G. Batterson.)

Praise, O Zion, our Redeemer,
Praise our Shepherd and our Leader,
Both with hymns and joyful lays.
All thou canst, dare all by raising
Songs sublime, because all praising
Ne'er suffices Him to praise.

Praise our special theme, receiving
Bread of life, new life achieving,
Freely offered you this day.
Christ His sacred feast attending,
Called His brethren twelve commending
Gifts which none with doubts could pay.

Praise with loud hosannas ringing,
Gladsome songs high honors bringing,
Crowns for each rejoicing soul.
Yea, this solemn day observing,
Will recall His feast, preserving
This most sacred festival.

Under diverse species dwelling,
Signs, not things of sense are telling,
Where the benediction hides.
Flesh and blood the great oblation;
Christ entire for man's salvation,
Under each and both abides.

Take who will, in Him confiding,
Not by breaking, nor dividing,
Take your Lord, but all in all.
Have no lack; the feast now making
One or more, yea, thousands taking
Faileth not, though shared by all.

Good and bad together meeting,
Choose unequal state by eating,
Life, or endless punishment.
Death the curse, and life the blessing;
See how those alike professing,
Are unlike to judgment sent.

Lo, the bread of Angels singing,
Food to weary pilgrims bringing,
Children's bread, to Jesu clinging,
Let it not to dogs be cast.
These the types our Lord preceding:
Isaac to the altar leading,
Spotless lamb for Isaac bleeding,
Manna for the fathers' fast.

Thy true bread, Good Shepherd, send us,
Jesu, Thy sweet pity lend us;
Wilt Thou nourish and defend us,
Make us worthy and attend us,
Living Lord, on earth for Thee.
All things knowing, power exceeding,
Here, Thy bread to mortals feeding,
There, in glory Thou art leading
Ransomed souls, co-heirs succeeding
To the heavenly mansions free.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

BY REV. W J. KIRBY.

About nine months of the year the mails reach Prince Edward Island with great regularity; but after the winter sets in, you are never sure when you may see posted at the general office the significant words—"No crossing at the Capes today." "The Capes? What Capes?" you ask. Why, Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick and Cape Traverse in Prince Edward Island, as everybody will tell you.

These Capes stretch out to within nine miles of each other, and the waters of the Straits of Northumberland flow between.

"Nine miles of water, why that should be easy to cross," you say. Yes, in summer, in a sturdy little sail boat, and good company, it is easy, and a most delightful sail; but oh! the winter! But let me tell you how it is done, first asking permission to introduce a brief geographical explanation to help you to a better understanding of the situation, and, more particularly, for the information of those who have never heard of this small plot of land with the cumbersome name, Prince Edward Island, Eastern Canada. Let me say, that it formerly bore the name of St. John, because it was discovered by Cabot on that day, 1497. In 1800 the Island received its present name in honor of Prince Edward, Queen Victoria's father.

The island has an area of 2,000 square miles, a population of 109,073; its capital city of Charlottetown, having a population of 12,000.

To be more accurate as to its situation, it is on the south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is separated from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the Northumberland Strait. The route of the steamers which carry the mails, etc., during the summer months is between Charlottetown and Pictou, N. S., and between Summerside, P. E. I., and Point-du-Chene, N. B., in each case about forty miles distant. Of late years the summer service and the close connections with the I. C. R. and C. P. R. and other lines on the mainland have brought the Island within twenty-four hours' ride to Boston or Montreal.

Of the 100,000 inhabitants, about one-half are Roman Catholics. A magnificent Cathedral costing $100,000 has recently been erected at the Capital.

There are magnificent harbors at Summerside in the west, and Georgetown in the east, and vessels of almost any tonnage can load at our wharves.

The illustrations give some idea of the "mountains of difficulty" encountered by the brave and noble crew who have in hand every winter the perilous business of delivering the mails and conveying passengers, when the regular means of communication fail. The steamer, made on purpose for the winter service, has gone on the route between Georgetown and Pictou, but that route is too uncertain for Her Majesty's mails; for weeks the steamer may get into an ice-jam and have to wait for a change of wind or something else to help her out.

No, there is no steamer running in winter between "the Capes"; the crossing is done with ice boats," but not the ice boat you may sometimes see skimming over the smooth ice of rivers and harbors.

The boats are somewhat similar to a large dory, about the capacity of

one ton, sheathed with tin, and placed on runners to admit of being drawn over the ice like sledges. Each boat is supplied with oars, boat-hooks and sails. For the purpose of carrying the mails and passengers three boats usually go together under the charge of a captain and two coxswains, each of whom has four men with him. The captain and his crew go ahead, the others keep as close as possible, to assist one another if necessary. At the present time there are eight boats crossing, four each way each day.

A special train meets the I. C. R. at Sackville and carries the mails and passengers thirty miles down to Cape Tormentine, and on the Prince Edward Island side a special train meets the mails at Cape Traverse and carries mails and passengers at express speed to the Capital, announcing its arrival by three blasts from the whistle, which has often brought cheer to the heart of many a parent who has been waiting, perhaps for a week, for a letter from the boy or girl in "the States."

The following figures show more clearly than words how severely patience is sometimes taxed. In 1894, no mail crossed for 10 days; 1895, none for 13 days; 1896, none for 13 days; 1897, none for 7 days; 1898, none for 6 days; 1899, none for 5 days.

The Steamer Stanley which plies on the other route, however, often has a harder time than ice boats.

A new boat called the "S. S. Minto" has been added to the route this winter which, I believe, takes the place of the Stanley.

To give an idea of how these nine miles of ice, lolly, or open water are crossed suppose that the reader becomes a passenger and wants to get away from, or over to, Prince Edward Island. We would warn you to try to get with the government boats, for there are opposition boats, well manned and safe as the others, but you may pay for it before you get through; a venerable divine last winter paid $12 for the nine miles' ride.

We will imagine you are at the Cape ready to cross and can take your choice of tickets. If you take a "steerage" passage you must pay two dollars for a "strap ticket" and sign an agreement to walk and help drag the boat over the mountains of ice or across the running current, jumping from cake to cake, for which purpose a heavy leather strap is securely fastened to the boat at one end and the other made to bear on the outer shoulder so that you can pull, or if you are unfortunate enought to "drop in," the strap holds you up while the boatmen drive on without anything more than a good-natured laugh to show that anything has happened.

If you want a "saloon ticket" you must pay four dollars, and you can sometimes be taken—for it's not every day they will— by signing the required contract between Her Majesty and yourself and be "hauled over." Such passengers are masters of the situation, and from the time you button your coat over this document until you surrender it on the other side, you are regarded with the utmost respect and treated with all courtesy by both officers and men. "Indeed," as a friend of mine said, "too much praise cannot be given to these truly courageous and noble men who endure such hardships, brave such dangers and show such kindness to passengers committed to their care."

Having secured your ticket you will be driven out on the board ice (stationary) about a mile, when the horses will return, the boats will be pushed off, and you will be fairly on your way. These boats are about six-

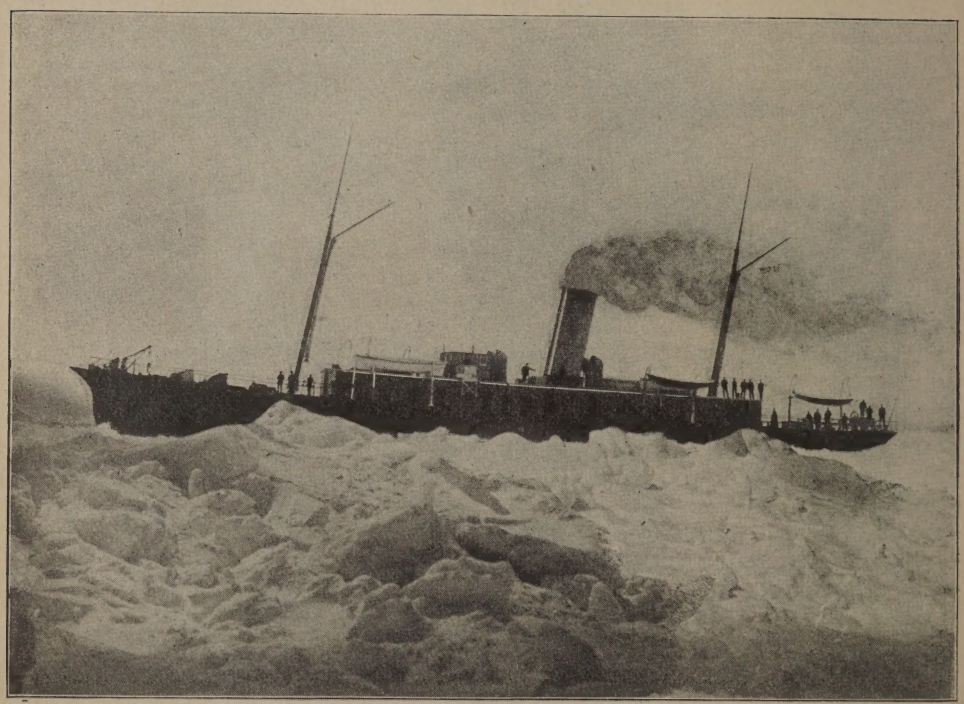
ICE BOATS. STRIKING THE BOARD ICE.

teen feet long, four wide, and two deep, without keel but having instead a pair of iron runners or skates, two feet in length, fastened to the bottom. The mails and the baggage are stowed away carefully down under the thwarts. After about twenty or thirty yards you may come to a clump of ice and you must now begin climbing, hauling the boat up after you. Two boatmen will be at the bow, and two at the stern, and the passengers will be distributed three on either side. Having safely climbed that mountain and descended the other side, you may find a stretch of open water, a mile perhaps, and again a long stretch of smooth ice over which you run as for your life, for the ice over which you are going is drifting rapidly with the current, and you are not well prepared to go out to sea.

The worst thing encountered on the trip over is the "lolly" which is snow, or ice ground from the drifting bergs. It is as thick as pudding, but not solid enough to carry, and very hard to row through. One boatman told me they were four hours getting through a quarter of a mile of this slush. They often return to the place of starting rather than attempt to work through.

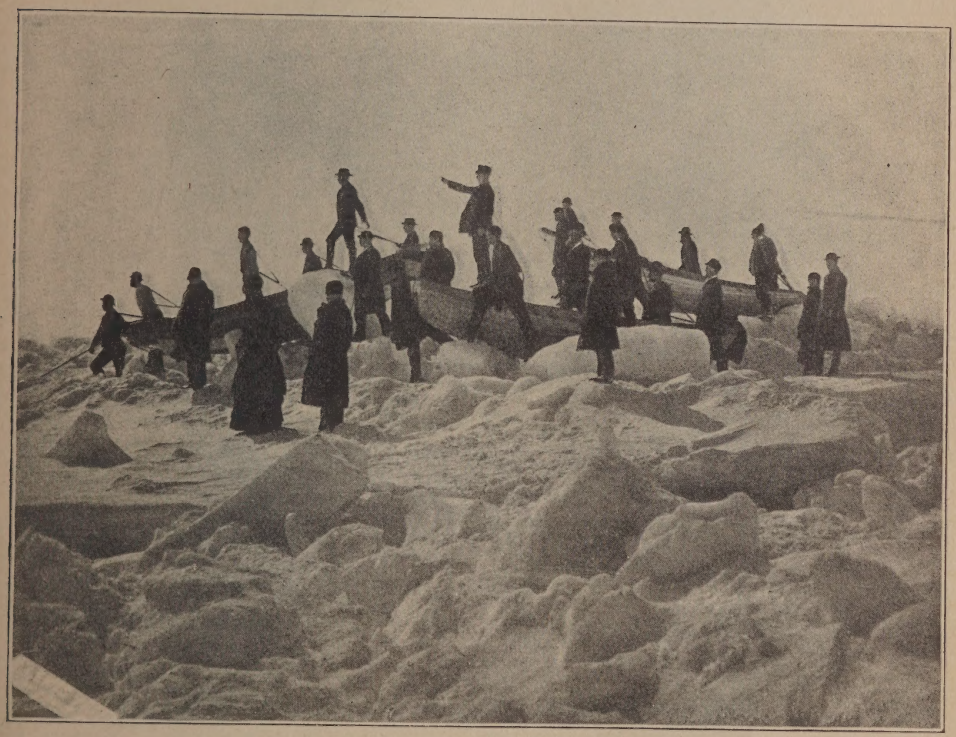
After four, five, six, and often more hours, you may reach the other shore, when horses are driven out the mile or more of board ice to meet you. Well for you if you have crossed without a ducking, well for you if your ears or nose or cheeks have not been frost-bitten on the trip.

If everything is favorable the boats can cross in about two hours, but you cannot tell till well underway whether it may not take twelve.



THE S. S. STANLEY PLOUGHING THROUGH THE ICE.

A few years ago (or it may now be called a good many years ago) a boat left Cape Tormentine and had proceeded to within half a mile of the Island shore when a violent snowstorm set in. The men turned up the boat on the ice for shelter and were carried out into the Strait. Their only food for several days was the flesh and



SIGHTING OPEN WATER.

blood of a dog. Among the passengers were two medical students returning from Harvard, one of them died on the third day and the other was dreadfully frozen. On the fourth day they reached the Nova Scotia coast. Most of the survivors lost their fingers and toes, and others their hands and feet.

A clergyman told me that one winter the mails were very irregular, and he, like others, was longing for some word from the mainland. A week passed and Sunday came again before the welcome three toots were heard. The day's work was done, and this clergyman and the pastor of another church had met and strolled along together, but arriving at a convenient corner they bade each other good-night. They were both hungry for mail, but questioned the righteousness of using their key and taking it from the box. Imagine the surprise of each. when as one entered one door the other entered the other door and met in the office—"Hello, is this you?" "Hello, is this you?" responded the other, and feeling they were "caught" they walked home together carefully avoiding all discussion of the righteousness of the act.

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

"Waitin' fer the cat to die."

From "Child Rhymes With Hoosier Pictures," copyrighted by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

FROM THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

The ambition to be a "Raggedy Man" is one of the erratic fancies of youth, that perverted stage of youth when there is distinction in the career of the highwayman, and keen delight in piratical sweeping of imaginary high seas. Among men the vast majority lose sight of this vagrant period of their existence, but return to it with keen pleasure when its pranks and absurdities and harum-scarum escapades are recalled with such magic skill in the telling as is possessed by James Whitcomb Riley and others of that chosen band of writers whose minds and hearts are forever young.

Going back a little farther in life's story, the Hoosier poet shows himself equally at home, and in his "Child Rhymes" draws his reader with him into a world of small people, restless, alert and keenly questioning, just as we meet them in life with their great round eyes, innocent confidence, and uncompromising severity of judgment.

Though the law of precedence is decorously observed by giving "Little Orphant Annie" the place of honor in this coterie of public favorites, the small girl is not as numerously present as is her brother, nor does

"And then the whole of the Goblin Band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro."

From "Child Rhymes, with Hoosier Pictures," copyrighted by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

she seem to rank as high in the author's esteem. Certainly the unhappy fate of the goblins' victim, who was snatched through the ceiling "fore she knowed what she's about" shows no tendency to leniency over and above that shown to the unspiritual little mortal who "wouldn't say his prayers," and met condign punishment by being spirited away from his parents dear.

"She fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg for me."

From "Child Rhymes, with Hoosier Pictures," copyrighted by the Bowen-Merrill Co

"His mammy heerd him holler, an' his
daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivers down,
he wasn't there at all!"

Surely here was retribution! And

all through is noticed the same stern meting out of justice. Note the case of the chubby, runaway rascal, resentful of correction for "sassing my Pa," and scampering down the lane intent on flight from home. The length of that lane and its terrors are so vividly depicted that one might almost suspect the poet himself of having been the quaking little rebel held at bay by pigs and a "big cow at shooked her head." The mother love revealed in this poem, in the reception of the truant, comes into play on many other

"An' a great big pig went 'Booh!'
An' jumped up, an' scared me too."

From "Child Rhymes, with Hoosier Pictures," copyrighted by the Bowen Merrill Co.

occasions, and there is a very familiar note in the warning, "you'd better let my little boy alone" with which "Ma" vanquishes "Billy Miller," whose black and tan tackled "my little coon." Billy was no mean adversary and evidently possesses the respect of his victim, who, while confessing "Billy fighted me and hit me with a bone," unconsciously betrays admiration of Billy's prowess.

The Little Coat will arouse a host of tender memories in many homes where just such little garments are lovingly folded away.

"Here's his ragged 'roundabout.'
Turn the pockets inside out;
See; his pen-knife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple-juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string.
Is his deadly 'devil-sling,'
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past;
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
Bullets, and a box of caps,—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some waywardness."

"Clean out 'o sight o' home, an' skulkin' under kivver."

From "Child Rhymes, with Hoosier Pictures," copyrighted by the Bowen Merrill Co.

A delightful bit of nonsense, created from "a supper of cold mince pie," is the whimsical story of Nine Little Goblins:

"They all climbed up on a high board-fence—
Nine little Goblins with green glass eyes—
Nine little Goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies;
And they all climbed up on the fence and sat—
And I asked them what they were staring at.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare—
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to
As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And what pies "Our Hired Girl" could make! The small boy who has turned chronicler of the doings of those days must have hung closely round the kitchen at certain times. Otherwise he never could have acquired so thorough a knowledge of what goes into the make-up of what in country parlance is styled "a real handsome pie."

"Our hired girl, she's 'Lisabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat;
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good an' sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it ist as slow,
In the old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know:
An' nen she'll say:
'Clear out of my way!
They's time fer work an' time fer play.'
'Take yer dough, an' run, child; run
Er I can't git no cookin' done!"

In her apportionment of time to different uses, Lisabuth Ann was consistent. One of the cheeriest pictures in the book is that of the tidy, cosey kitchen resounding to the strains of the "maccordeum," the musician receiving his reward from the hands of "our hired girl" who "Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!"

One of the charms of Mr. Riley's word-painting is that he manages to place in the foreground so much homely comfort. Even the little cripple cut off from outdoor sports is keenly alive to the value of the simple pleasures the poverty of his life affords, and from which even "Curv'ture of the spine" cannot debar him.

"At evening, when the ironin's done, an' Aunty's fixed the fire,
An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an' turned it higher,
An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an' locked the kitchen door,
An' stuffed the old crack where the wind blows in up through the floor—
She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the tea,
An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg for me;
An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her elderberry wine
Don't go so bad fer little boys with "Curv'ture of the spine!"

Still he has his times of trial, poor little man! dreadful moments when something confronts him with suggestions of future loss. In his quaint, wise way he gives expression to these haunting fears.

"But Aunty's all so child-like on my
account, you see,
I'm most afeared she'll be took down
—an' at's what bothers me!
Cause if my good old auntie ever
would git sick an' die,
I don't know what she'd do in Heaven
—till I come by and by:—
Cause all the little children there's so
straight an' strong an' fine,
They's nary angel bout the place with
"Curv'ture of the spine!"

The opposite of this frail little lad is presented in the robust boy on the farm whose skill in handling horses, and performing dangerous feats makes him the envy of his compeers. He is a resourceful boy, and we have had the pleasure of meeting him outside the book, even profiting by his knowledge of such unique facts as judging by its teeth how old "a horse is to a T."

The Old Hay Mow recalls many pleasant hours and we feel no wonder that a genuine boy

"did forget
To go 'tel dinner was all et,—
An' they had short-cake—an'—Bud he
Hogged up the piece Ma saved fer
me!"

"Hogged" is a very expressive word as used by Mr. Riley. Another happy situation is "Waitin' fer the Old Cat to Die," a sensation worthy of the preference the author shows when he declares that from the old-time joys he would pick that of swinging under the locust trees:

"Danglin' there with half-shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die!
I'd say, Gimme the old gang
Of barefooted, hungry, lean,
Ornry boys you want to hang
When you're growed up twic't as
mean!
"The old garden-patch, the old
Truants, and the stuff we stol'd!
The old stompin'-groun', where we
Wore the grass off, wild and free
As the swoop of the old swing,
Where we ust to climb and cling,
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!"

There are many other delightful, whimsical, and humorous thoughts brought together between the covers of this charming collection of "Child Rhymes," a joy for the young, and for their elders a wholesome reminder of other days when they, too, yielded to the promptings of a warm young life urging them on to all sorts of madcap tricks and indulgence in stolen trips such as that so temptingly recalled in Down Around the River.

"Noon-time an' June-time, down
around the river!
Clean out of sight o' home, an' skulk-
in' under kiver
Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, an'
swamp-ash an' ellum—
Idees so jumbled up you kin hardly
tell em!—
Tired, you know, but lovin' it, an'
smilin' jes' to think 'at
Any sweeter tiredness you'd fairly
want to drink it!
Tired o' fishin'—tired o' fun—line out
slack an' slacker—
'All you want in all the world's a little
more tobacker!' "

BOOK REVIEWS.

A valuable book for the Lenten season, in fact for all seasons, is Fr. Martin Von Cochem's "Four Last Things," which has just appeared. The author, a Flemish Franciscan, who is already favorably known by his "Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," which was issued in its English dress about three years ago, is a writer of great power and solidity. Especially happy in his quotation of sacred scripture and well acquainted with the writings of the Fathers, his doctrinal expositions are reinforced from both sources with a skill and aptness which are most convincing. Solid books of this kind are a great need in our day when there is so much loose thinking on the most sacred subject and when the mind needs to be grounded securely on definite and well founded teaching.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

It is a problem of deep interest which Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., discusses in his latest contribution to Savonarola literature under the title, "Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?" The author has brought together in this volume a number of authentic documents bearing upon the subject, some of which will be new to English readers, and these records of the past make the volume a valuable handbook for all who wish to be informed on this important historical subject. The problem presented is one of bitter controversy and is being fought with renewed vigor in our day, many able writers having entered the lists to rescue the memory of the great Florentine reformer from the reproach of the ban which others have put upon him. After giving a brief historical résumé of the question at issue, our author discusses in an interesting and able way the deeply mooted problem from the standpoint of canon law, theology and ascetics. He makes out a strong case in favor of the innocence of Savonarola, and of the utter invalidity of the brief of excommunication published in Florence against him. His references are very numerous and show a wide acquaintance with the authorities on the subject. Fr. O'Neil has given us a valuable and interesting book on a deeply interesting historical problem.

Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. 75 cents.

Persons in religious life will be grateful for the appearance in English of the instructions of Monsiegneur D'Orleans de la Motte, Bishop of Amiens, under the title, "The Perfect Religious." Specifically, this book is for the use of confessors in convents, the inmates of convents and those who aspire to a religious life, but many of its underlying principles will be found applicable to all. The learned author discusses very clearly the virtues and employments of the religious life and draws a beautiful portrait of the perfect religious. Appended is an examination of conscience, written with a view to the needs of those who are leading the religious life, and this is followed by a form of beautiful prayers at Mass for those who communicate and those who make a spiritual communion only.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

"Lindolf," a historical drama in five acts, by Rev. A. Guggenberger, S. J., has been issued. It will be found suitable for colleges, Young Men's societies and dramatic associations.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 50 cents.

"St. Anthony of Padua" is a popular and interesting life of the Wonder-worker, with special reference to the appropriateness of the lessons of the saint's life to the twentieth century. The fame of St. Anthony is increasing, and one sign of the quickened interest which is taken in his life is the number of biographies of the saint which have appeared during the past few years. The one before us is one of the best and is very readable. Rev. Francis Dent, the author, is the possessor of a clear and vivid style and brings out into clear relief the main points of the saint's career. In his hands the story of the life and deeds of St. Anthony becomes not only an exceedingly interesting narrative, but an historical study and a contribution helping towards the settlement of the social problems which the last years have brought upon us.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.00.

"Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes of Ye Good Old Times," by S. M. X., is a collection of well-told tales that cannot

fail to be appreciated by the young folks for whom they are intended. Incidents of the War of Independence are woven into pleasing tales that convey lessons of truthfulness, uprightness and strict adherence to duty. They are told in the language of the venerated grandmother, and will arouse the interest of young readers just as they engaged the attention of the family circle that gathered around "Grandma," plying her with questions, and demanding more information about the thrilling scenes she talked of. Angel Guardian Press, Boston. 50 cents.

Another treat for the children, and without doubt for many of their elders is the story of "Michael O'Donnell," the little emigrant, whose fortunes are so graphically described by the author, Mary E. Mannix. From the time he meets the friendly policeman to the closing chapter in which two letters tell of the bright future opening before him, the little Irish lad is the centre of attraction and wins many friends by his cheery, honest struggle with poverty, and by the many noble qualities that make him so admirable a character to place before children. Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind. 75 cents.

We have received in pamphlet form a copy of the paper, "The Boer and the Briton in South Africa," by Rev. Lewis Grout, who lived for fifteen years in Natal. The facts it contains are well worth the attention of everyone interested in the war in South Africa, and without doubt the majority of readers will agree with the author that this war "is not only most deplorable, cruel, bitter, but also alike most devastating and needless, and might have been happily averted by arbitration, had there been any real desire on the part of the English to have the controversy adjusted and settled in that way." Address Clapp & Jones, or W. R. Geddis, Brattleboro, Vt. 10 cents.

Further valuable information on the same subject is conveyed in a series of leaflets brought out by George W. Van Siclen. The following points are taken up, and the contradictory attitude of the English authorities made plain by publishing side by side their opinions publicly expressed before the war and since: The Internal Independence of the Transvaal; What War With the Transvaal Would Mean: Sir Alfred Milner on the Real Object of the War; Sketches of the Boers; American Transvaal Fund; The International Agreement for the Arbitration of Differences. Copies will be supplied at 30 cents per 100, or $2.50 per 1,000. Address George W. Van Siclen, 141 Broadway, New York.

Under the title of "Directory, or Spiritual Guide for Persons Living in the World," we have a faithful summary of the chief practical instructions given by St. Francis of Sales; mainly in the "Introduction to the Devout Life," "Spiritual Conferences" and "The Directory of the Sisters of the Visitation." The wish to spread more and more the sweet and solid piety of the saintly Doctor has inspired this little work, on which the special blessings of the Holy Bishop are invoked.

Address: Directory, Visitation Convent, Wilmington, Del., 15 cents.

"How Women may earn a Living" is the title of a book dedicated to "women who labor through necessity and not caprice."

The subject matter is treated in twenty-two chapters, each covering a special branch of work, and all offering valuable suggestions and practical instructions well worth the attention of every woman who has to solve the problem of support.

The author, Helen Churchill Candee, emphasizes the need of every woman choosing the occupation that suits her best, and not allowing herself to yield to the temptashe has no natural aptitude, but in which some friend or acquaintance may be eminently successful. To illustrate this point the writer cites the case of a young girl starving on a pittance and pursuing art studies, while nature intended her for a capable waitress or nursery maid.

Exception may be taken to the high rates of remuneration Mrs. Candee notes in many cases. Experience teaches that only the very few are fortunate enough to get them, the majority must content themselves with much work and moderate compensation.

The Macmillan Company, New York. Chas. E. Lauriat & Co., Boston, $1.00.

A stirring tale of adventure during the days of the knightly Bayard "without fear and without reproach" is "For the French Lilies" by Isabel Nixon Whiteley. Mrs. Whiteley does not believe in presenting all the evil of the time, keeping silence about the good. The times were turbulent and violent, it is true; but there were noble hearts, good and true, and the author has presented them in the pages of her novel, and

wonderfully lovable characters they are. This story of chivalrous deeds, of knightly honor, is full of life and action, the descriptions are vivid and eager, the spirit of the times is caught and portrayed, and we close the book with pleasant recollections, on the whole, of days which, while wild and cruel, were yet the witnesses of many noble, chivalric deeds.

B. Herder & Co., St. Louis. $1.25.

A book of travels from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard is always a delight, and his latest, entitled "Over the Mountains to Alaska" is no exception. A superb painter, who knows how to make use of every tint and color, the wild and strange scenery of the Alaskan regions gives full scope to his descriptive power. His word-pictures of this strangely beautiful region are magnificent in outline and finished in detail. The rich, varied and striking diction, of which he is master, gives him a peculiar fitness to write a book of this kind.

B. Herder & Co., St. Louis. 75 cents.

The able article "President Eliot and Jesuit Colleges," by Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., has been issued in pamphlet form by the Review Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., and is a most valuable reference for all those interested in the work of Catholic colleges, and who desire information that will most conclusively prove the fallacy of such charges as President Elliot saw fit to make in his paper in the Atlantic Monthly.

There is a peculiar fitness in the appearance of "The Life of Father Haskins" from the Angel Guardian Press. He was the founder of the Home of the Angel Guardian. A convert to Catholicity, his life as a Catholic priest in the city of Boston is a most interesting one and is most interestingly told in this volume, a thanks-offering of the Home to its venerated founder. Illustrations setting forth the work of the Home are found throughout the volume.

Address, Brother Jude, House of the Angel Guardian, Roxbury, Mass. Price, $1.00.

As a weekly visitor to the Home for the Aged, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, Mrs. Mary E. Mannix won the confidence and affection of the occupants, who found in her a willing listener to the history of their lives, These "Chronicles," retold by the visitor, are very sad, but here and there a touch of humor and memories of days of youth and happier conditions lighten the shadow of sorrow and loss. In every instance Mrs. Mannix enlists the reader's sympathy, even when one feels that much of the misfortune could have been avoided had the subject of her sketch been more prudent or more practical. To those who have seen the Little Sisters, day after day begging for their charges, cheerily enduring repulses, grateful for the smallest offering, and even disclaiming weariness or discouragement, these inside sketches of the Home their efforts support will have deep interest, and will convince even those outside the Church of the great work done by the Sisters for this class of God's poor.

Ave Maria Publishing Co., Notre Dame, Ind. $1.25.

We have received from The Brothers of the Book, Gouverneur, New York, Cardinal Newman's "Valentine to a Little Girl," reprinted from "Verses for Various Occasions," for private circulation. It is a dainty booklet, quaintly bound in black and gray, with a cover design by Robert W. Hyde.

We call attention to the pamphlet publications of the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. They are well written, many of them on controverted points, and will be found useful and instructive. We subjoin a list received.

"Luther and the Reformation" by Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D.D.

"Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?" by C. F. B. Allnot.

"Why I am a Catholic" by Rev. Chas. A. Ramm.

"The Temporal Power of the Pope" by Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V.G.

"Six Lectures on Ghosts" by Rev. P. C. Yorke.

"Confessio Viatoris" by C. Kegan Paul.

"The Infallibility of the Pope" by Rev. P. C. Yorke.

"The Women of Spain."

"The Sabbath or Sunday."

"How to Help the Sick and Dying."

"The Six Ghosts" by Rev. P. C. Yorke: 1. Ghosts in General. 2. The Gunpowder Ghost. 3. The Tall Bully Ghost. 4. The Gordon Ghost. 5. The Ghost of a Name. 6. Our own Ghost.

All these publications may be had by addressing The Catholic Truth Society, Room 37, Flood Building, San Francisco, California. Single copies, 5 cents. Per 100 copies, $2.00.

"Why I am a Catholic in the Nineteenth Century" is the title of a pam-

phlet of one hundred pages by William Giles Dix. It is a well-reasoned exposition of the position of the Church before the world in these modern times. It is issued by The Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York and San Francisco.

John Lane Co. (The Bodley Head) have interesting spring announcements in the Marcn Bulletin. Among many works to be brought out by this firm are: "Outside the Garden," by Helen Milman; "The Decay of Sensibility," by Stephen Gwynn; "One Queen Triumphant," by Frank Mathew; and three books by Kenneth Grahame, and many others that promise to the public a rich feast of reading.

The general introduction of any article cannot be accomplished until the retail price has reached a figure consistent with the nature of the article, and the purchasing desire of those who have but limited use for it.

While bicycles sold at $150 each their use was greatly restricted, but when they fell to the $25 level their sales actually reached millions.

A drop in prices of typewriters and their resulting general introduction into private families and more business offices has long been predicted, but it has remained for the year 1900 to witness the introduction of the most complete typewriter ever constructed, so far as operating features are concerned, at one quarter of the usual prices asked, and it is safe to predict that no really complete typewriter will ever reach a lower figure than that which is now advertised for the new Index Visible Typewriter. An advertisement of this machine apears in another column and catalogues can be had by addressing rooms 245-260, No. 300 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE BOER FUND.

In the next number of DONAHOE'S, a full list of the contributors to this fund and the amount contributed will be published.

QUESTION BOX.

To Correspondents: Beginning with this issue we shall answer our correspondents not by name or by initials, but by numbers. We cannot agree to answer by mail, unless in exceptional cases. Only questions of general interest should be sent us. These we are glad to receive and to answer as soon as possible. These questions are supposed to appertain to matters of religion. The more they will help to a better understanding of our Holy Church and her teachings, the more they serve to define her position in the world, the more opportunity they afford to explain her historical relations with people and events, the more are they desirable. We require the name and address of each correspondent, but no reference is in any way made to these in the printed answers. Mere personal grievances with a request for our opinion as to how the writer may repay a real or a fancied injury do not strike us as being of general interest. Our refusal to answer some who complained of methods used by the priest in conducting the temporal affairs of the parish has lost a few subscribers to the magazine. We deem silence our only course both as to such queries and such action. We again invite questions that shall in any way afford an opportunity of communicating knowledge of the Catholic Church, her laws, her customs and her teachings.

1.—Why is Jesus Christ referred to as the "Son of David," and in what part of the Bible may His Mother's genealogy be found? Were Joseph and Mary relatives?

The Jews knew by Divine Revelation that the Promised Messias who was to come to them from heaven should be, in His human nature, of the race and of the house of David. This belief is frequently expressed by them. Take John VII, 42, as an example: "Doth not the Scripture say, that Christ cometh of the seed of David, and from Bethlehem, the town where David was?"

In the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and in the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, is given the genealogy of Christ, "the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David," to use the words of St. Matthew. But in this genealogy the pedigree of St. Joseph, rather than that of the Blessed Virgin, is given, because the Jewish custom was to tell the genealogy of men, and not of women. But as Joseph and Mary were both descendants of the royal house of David, and were near akin, the pedigree of the one tells that of the other.

2.—I heard a Protestant say that he did not believe there is a devil, since God, to be Almighty, could not have any other power reigning with him. What answer shall I give him?

No one who understands about the nature of the devil, and certainly no Catholic, can for an instant be deceived by the statement made by this individual. The devil is only a creature. He is a rebellious creature, who is punished for his revolt against his Maker. He hates man, who is made to the image and likeness of God, and who is destined to occupy that heaven which Satan and his followers lost forever. To keep us out of heaven is the sole occupation of the devil in all his relations with us. God permits him to tempt us, and so as St. Peter says, "the devil goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." But he has only so much power to tempt us, as is permitted to him. And we who are Catholics know that even a trifling act when it is animated by a true faith and trust in God dispels all the forces of this restless enemy of mankind. The sign of the cross, or the sprinkling of holy water, has often and often put him to flight. He has a wholesome dread, the result of experience, for the sacred name of Jesus, and he has to his sorrow learned that the clients of Mary know how the word in the earliest pages of the Bible is fulfilled, the word whereby God told the tempter who had deceived Eve, that a new Eve, and that is, Mary, the Mother of the Lord Jesus Christ, should crush his head. We need have no fear of such a weak antagonist as the devil is, if we put on the helmet of faith and the shield of a Divine confidence. We have two other enemies to be greatly dreaded, our own passions, and the influences and bad example of wickedness in our midst.

There was, many centuries ago, a doctrine somewhat in vogue, that set forth two supreme beings, one the author of good, the other the author of evil. This false doctrine was condemned by the Catholic Church, and is known as the Manichæan heresy. There is, and there can be, only One Supreme Being. And this Being must have all perfections. He must, consequently, be perfect in goodness. God is love. He is not the author of evil. He permits evil, and He permits the evil one, the devil, to tempt man. The devil, like every creature, is absolutely under the power and control of

God. It may be useful to point out again that the assumption on which the Protestant, quoted by our correspondent, bases his denial of the devil is very old, and has been frequently refuted, So of all these theories which men advance against spiritual truth. Those who imagine they have discovered something smart to say are only dragging out a banished falsehood from its miserable darkness, Manes, in the third century, contended for two systems eternally opposed, "God with the kingdom of light and the eons, and Satan with his kingdom of darkness and demons." St. Augustine before his conversion and baptism, was seduced by the promises of light, wisdom and enfranchisement that Manichæism held out to its disciples. Augustine, with his eyes opened to the truth, became the most valiant champion against his former errors.

3.—If you were to recommend the complete works of Shakespeare to a young Catholic student, which of the many editions would you recommend as being the best?

Dowden, Vehse and others claim the bard was a Protestant. Are they right? If not, what evidence have we to the contrary?

Personally, we would be inclined to lead the young student into an acquaintance with Shakespeare by the knowledge of his plays, one by one. And then we would prefer to put into his hands such editions as were especially prepared for school use. The compilations of Hudson and Rolfe come to mind as examples. Others, equally as good, may be more easily procured from local booksellers. The young scholar thus trained will be taught to value the genius of Shakespeare, and will be prepared to continue, as he grows into maturity, his acquaintance with the master-poet. Among the complete editions of Shakespeare, published in the usual way, and not edited for the young, we can express no choice. The selection is a matter of taste, of circumstances, and of means.

To claim that Shakespeare was a Protestant is an easy matter. To prove it is beyond the ability of any one who has thus far undertaken the task. To a Catholic mind, the weight of proof is rather to the contrary. And yet those who advance arguments to establish Shakespeare as a Catholic have not at hand what may hold as irrefutable historical evidence. Thus far the evidence may be called circumstantial. And our own bent of mind will have much to do with its value and importance to us. This, however, seems to be well established: John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a staunch Roman Catholic, and his fidelity to his religion subjected him to much annoyance and petty persecution. And this, too, seems as well established: there is no *proof* that William Shakespeare was anything but a Catholic, while there is much to be explained only on the supposition of his having been all his life a Catholic.

H. Snowden Ward and Catharine Weed Ward in "Shakespeare's Town and Times" say: "He was probably first married according to the Roman Catholic ritual, but afterwards, in consideration of his father's position and reputation, or in view of some of the harsh legislation of the time, decided to conform to the legally established rite. Major Walter, indeed, maintains that Shakespeare was married in the private Roman Catholic chapel of the Manor House of Shottery, though he seems to adduce no evidence in support of his conviction." Then these authors add: "The church in which the legal and conformable marriage took place still remains uncertain, in spite of the greatest possible industry on the part of many devoted students." Again, "Our evidence about this legal marriage is small, while the non-conformable marriage rests on pure speculation."

"The Gentle Shakespeare: A Vindication," by John Pym Yeatman, has these among its main contentions: John Shakespeare, (father of the poet), William Shakespeare, Dr. John Hall, and most of their relatives were strongly Roman Catholics. The fact that the Shakespeares, father and son, were Catholics, and, therefore, practically outlaws, who were legally debarred from bringing any case in the courts, explains many points otherwise obscure. The cases in which the Shakespeares did appear were either in the lower courts, where the officials were secretly Catholic, or a case in which *some* of the plaintiffs were Protestants. This is also given as sufficient reason that Shakespeare's works were not published by himself. He had no legal rights as a Catholic, and any work he published could have been pirated with impunity. By giving no opportunity to the pirates in this way, they could steal from him only by such shorthand reports as they could make from his stage performances. These would necessarily be most unsatisfactory, both from their crude methods of reporting, and the difficulties put in their way by the proprietors of the theatre.

WAITING FOR A FARE.

CONG ABBEY.

" Her very touch made earth what eye had never seen."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLIII. MAY, 1900. No. 5.

The Queen of May.

BY P. J. C., S. J.

A vision swept the earth more fair than man can say—
A queen with sceptre, crown, and robe of azure hue.
From out her starry robe with lavish hand she threw
Unending leaf and flower, and Summer marked her way.
Before her fled the night, behind her smiled the day.
Before her face a waste, behind her blossoms blew,
And gardens bloomed. A thousand sprites about her flew,
And sang unceasing: "Hail, thou gracious Queen of May."

I looked again and lo, I saw a fairer Queen
Arrayed in morning sun. Before her darkness fled;
Her very touch made earth what eye had never seen.
She held a Babe, whose hand did endless blessing shed,
Whose voice made demons hide; and gladness reign serene.
"Hail, Mother, Queen of May," the tiny Infant said.

KYLEMORE CASTLE.

IN THE IRISH HIGHLANDS.

BY WILLIAM P. CARROLL.

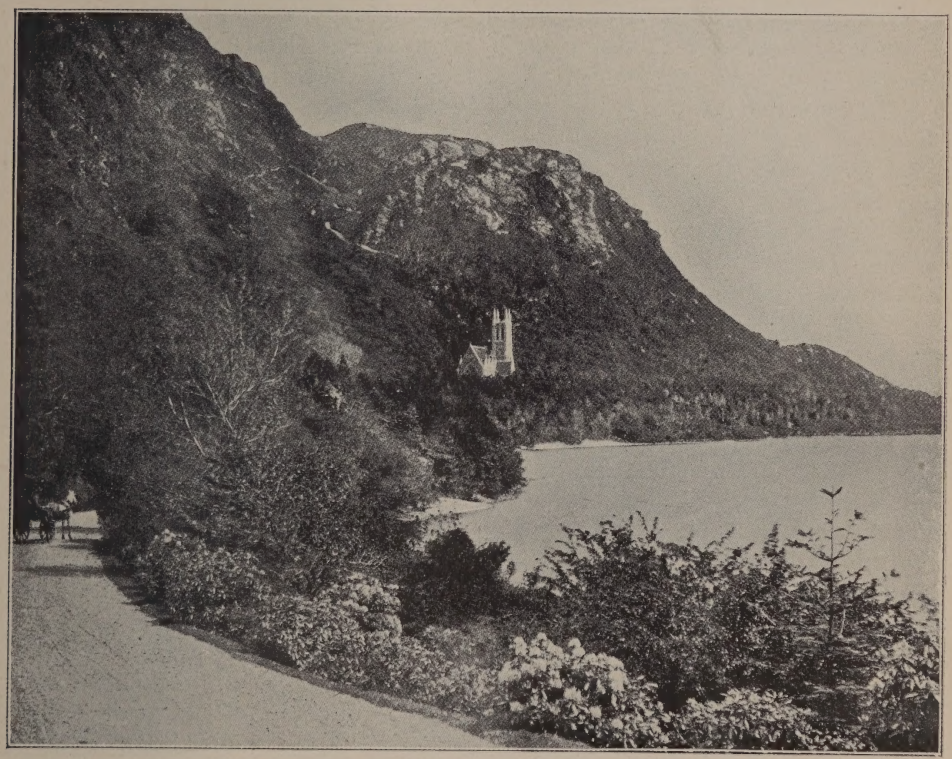
LIKE her fair sister Scotland, Ireland also hath her Highlands, a diversified and extensive panorama of beauty and rugged grandeur. This elevated tableland, which occupies a considerable portion of the counties of Mayo and Galway, is environed on the north by Clew Bay, on the south by Galway Bay, and the ever-pulsating, never-ceasing lull of the Atlantic Ocean laves its western margin. Its mountain peaks are lofty and numerous, its lakes many and charming, its glens and yawning caverns sterile and strangely picturesque, and its general scenery unsurpassed by any country in the world.

In those barren, hilly districts, the soft, expressive language of the Gael, is spoken in all its primitive richness, and is indeed with trivial exception the dialect in vogue. The inhabitants are a warm-hearted, kindly, and extremely hospitable people, generous to a fault and ever sensitive to insult; a people whose errors are invariably brought about by the force of circumstances, and whose virtues are undeniably their own. Between the hills where the soil may have petty pretentions to fertility, agriculture is carried on to some extent, and is indeed the staple industry of the inhabitants. The immensity of mineral wealth in this unexplored realm is unquestionably inconceivable, yet under a compulsory English statute, the impoverished population dare not touch it, and as a consequence must needs flee to other climes to eke out life's sustenance, for though here the bowels of the earth are burthened with immeasurable wealth, under a selfish British law it

is a crime punishable with a very lengthened incarceration to touch it.

From Westport to Louisburg, a distance of thirteen miles, the scenery is very beautiful. Clew Bay shimmers on the right with an extended purple mountain range to the left. Here we pass the base of Croag Patrick ("the Reek"), a graceful and perfectly tapering mountain cone rising to the height of 2,510 feet. It commands a magnificent view of the bay, and also the inland scenery which is varied and grand. Away some thirty miles on the bosom of the Atlantic uprises Clare Island, the home of Connaught's last Queen, Grace O'Malley, or "Granna-uaille" in Celtic phraseology. Here she held direct communication with her numerous strongholds on the mainland, kept a splendid fleet of ships, and swayed supreme control over those boisterous seas. About the year 434, St. Patrick, missionary apostle, preached the Gospel of Christ on those shores.

From Louisburg to Clifden, about forty-five miles, the scenery is indescribably fascinating, gorgeous and ever varying; at times one is absolutely enveloped in weird mountain steeps with huge overhanging bluish brows; then again, the traveller is hurried through tiny green valleys, or past smiling lakes, or murmuring musical streamlets; frequently, the outside world is lost to view in some narrow mountain gorge, then the next moment an arm of the bracing Atlantic unfolds itself to view. In this whirling change of scenes the entire journey is covered. In Leenane there is



KYLEMORE LAKE, GALWAY.

a very comfortable hotel, the menu is good and accommodation excellent, fishing on fresh and salt waters free, and good shooting may be indulged in free also. The sportsman may traverse mile after mile of mountain range without meeting a human soul or human habitation; meet home for the biped and quadruped, miserable trembling targets for the too frequent, unerring crack of the deadly rifle.

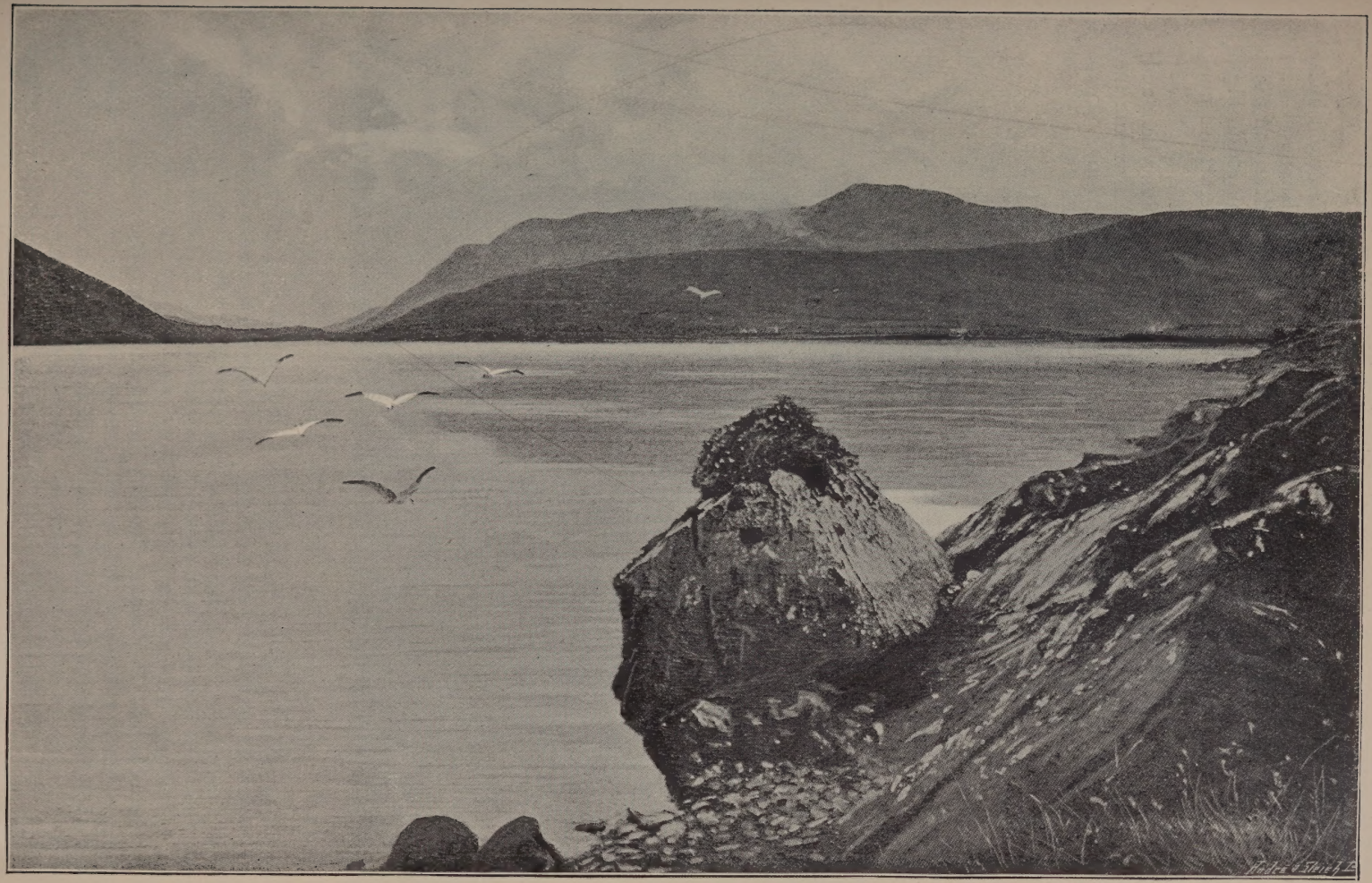
Killery Harbor, which runs nine miles inland, is considered the safest haven for ships in the United Kingdom. It is computed the entire British fleet could ride with safety and shelter here. Portions of the fleet have from time to time visited the bay. Nature has done her lavish share for the "Killeries"; the bay is absolutely surrounded by a high mountain range rising from the water's edge. In the early seventies the late Lord Tennyson (Poet Laureate of England), when visiting here was lost in admiration of this unknown western wild, and pronounced it as strikingly similar to some of the Norwegian Fords.

With the calm proud majesty of a monarch, Muilrea (literally the "Bald King") rears its shapely crest 2,688 feet above the sea level. It is the culminating point of Connaught. When the Old World lies totally enshrouded in darkness, and the sun hastens America-ward to light up the young Western Republic, you should see the loving farewell kiss he reverently bestows on this, the last and dearest of his old-world children, for bear in mind, Muilrea is the last portion of Europe the sun lights each evening. Muilrea's cloud-capped crest at sunset luminously flames up one huge mass of emblazoned fluid gold, while, in strange contrast, the remainder of the continent slumbers one mighty ocean of chaos and darkness; then follows the splendid series of transformations from white fluff to fiery gold, to saffron, to ruby, to opal, and finally to grey.

A few miles distant is situated the famous pass of Doolough. A narrow lake about a mile in length washes the narrow sanded roadway, while on either side the mountains rise abrupt and startling.

The scant herbage which in spots relieves the stern visage of the mountain sides, remains unshorn from age to age, being practically unapproachable; scarce even the mountain cat, whose agility stands undisputed, could climb up these steep rugged sides. In the winter season the water rushes down the slopes with fearful effect and rapidity, carrying in its course many tons of stones, rocks, and loose flinty sand, sometimes varying its course on its descent and eating dangerous cuttings through roadways beneath. The sombre haze which pervades the pass of Doolough makes it singularly weird and sepulchral.

Kylemore is the beauty spot of Connemara. Kylemore Castle, the palatial home of Mitchell Henry, is a veritable gem in a barren prairie—a magnificent pearl in a valley of peace. All other habitations for miles on either side are simple thatched homes of only two rooms. The castle is one which a crowd of workmen took twenty years to complete, and ended by financially ruining the millionaire proprietor. A pretty lake kisses the faultlessly kept grounds, an installation of electricity lights the place at night, the valleys and hillsides to a goodly height are bedecked with trees and shrubs of a soft emerald green, the freshest and loveliest I've ever seen, while the stupendous mountain which overhangs the castle is utterly destitute of herbage on its upper half and grins in peculiar mocking contrast to the soft-smiling valley beneath. It is questionable if Europe



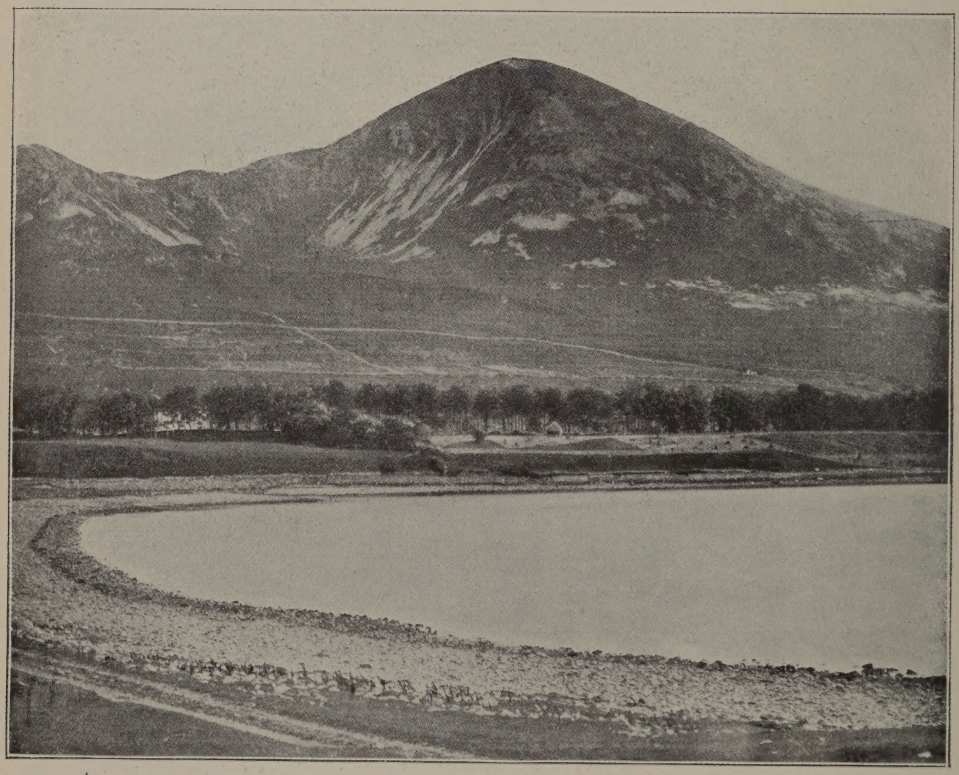
KILLERY BAY AND LEENANE, CONNEMARA.

boasts in so spare a compass another place possessed of such entrancing charms as this sweet Arcadia of Connaught.

It was surely such a scene which fired Montgomery into singing:—

"Here brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night."

Passing Letterfrack, a pretty village



CROAG PATRICK, MAYO.

on the seaside about two miles from Kylemore, we reach Clifden, the capital of Connemara. It is also situated on the seaside and boasts moderately good fishing. A convent, Roman Catholic church, Protestant church, public schools and some fairly good commercial houses are its best efforts at architecture. Some five miles from Clifden are the quarries from which the famous Connemarra marble is extracted. Its color is an emerald hue; it takes a very good polish, and is extensively mounted on silver and gold jewelry, and is also employed in high class architecture, for decorative purposes.

Eastward still more, flung here and there, like giant sentinels, repose the Twelve Pins, ranging from 2,000 to 2,400 feet in height.

The lakes throughout the entire Connaught Highlands are as numerous and grand as the mountain peaks. The fishing in all is very good, particularly in Lough Mask (the largest, having a circumference of about 42 miles), which in this respect occupies a foremost position amongst the lakes of the British Islands.

Recess, twelve miles from Clifden, now prides itself on its magnificent

hotel, constructed by the Midland Great Western Railway at considerable expense. There are suites and tiers of rooms to a wonderful extent; also a "dark" room specially constructed for photographic purposes. It is really an excellent means of opening up tourist traffic into the wild shaggy, untrodden glens and sterile mountain sweeps of this trackless, yet

CLIFDEN HARBOR, GALWAY.

singularly fascinating waste. I have seen and lovingly admired the loveliness of Down and the Antrim glens, the swelling glories of Royal Meath, the concentrated and inimitable sweetness and justly world-famed charms of Killarney; all these are unsurpassable beauties, but Connemara is an extensive trackless chain of contrasting scenic enchantment and glory; it is a priceless gem of rare worth whose gorgeous splendor is flawless and dazzling. And yet in the gloaming of the Nineteenth Century, for want of proper transportation and advertising, all this has been hidden from 99.5 per cent of the human race. Connemara was once the haunt of the wild deer, and is yet the home of the eagle. The traveller may roam for months through its unbeaten wastes without finding a friend of whom he may be in quest.

Veering north from Recess we meet unpretentious Ma'am. It has an hotel, and at some distance glimmers a police barrack, snowy white against the purplish background. If the traveller chooses he may drive northward to Leenane, or move westward along

the pebbly shores of translucent Lough Corrib. Here, we pass the island ruins of Castle Kirk, devastated in 1233 by Phelim O'Connor, King of Connaught, more than 200 years prior to the discovery of America. A remarkable feature in connection with the castle is the singularity of its having been built on such a tiny little island.

In Cong we find a magnificent contrast of ancient and modern architecture. Its old weird abbey-ruins loom up in crumbling splendor. Religion and education spread with such rapidity here that in the ninth Century over 7,000 advanced students studied in this renowned seat of learning. Large numbers flocked from England, Scotland and the Continental countries. At that era of the world's history England was without her Oxford and Cambridge. She was practically wanting in advanced schools or similar institutions, and as a result one of her greatest sovereigns, "Alfred the Great," came to Cong to complete his studies. Today the vast extent of ruins in and around Cong Abbey is a splendid study of its former greatness.

Worn down with years and penitential exercises, Roderick O'Connor, Ireland's last king, here consigned his soul to its Maker. At a short distance and across the pebbly river rises in artistic modern grandeur, Ashford house, the princely home of Lord Ardilaun, one of the Guinnesses of "Guinness' Porter" fame, and purchaser of the Herbert estate in Killarney some six months ago. At stated hours each day there is free access to the beautifully tended grounds around the castle.

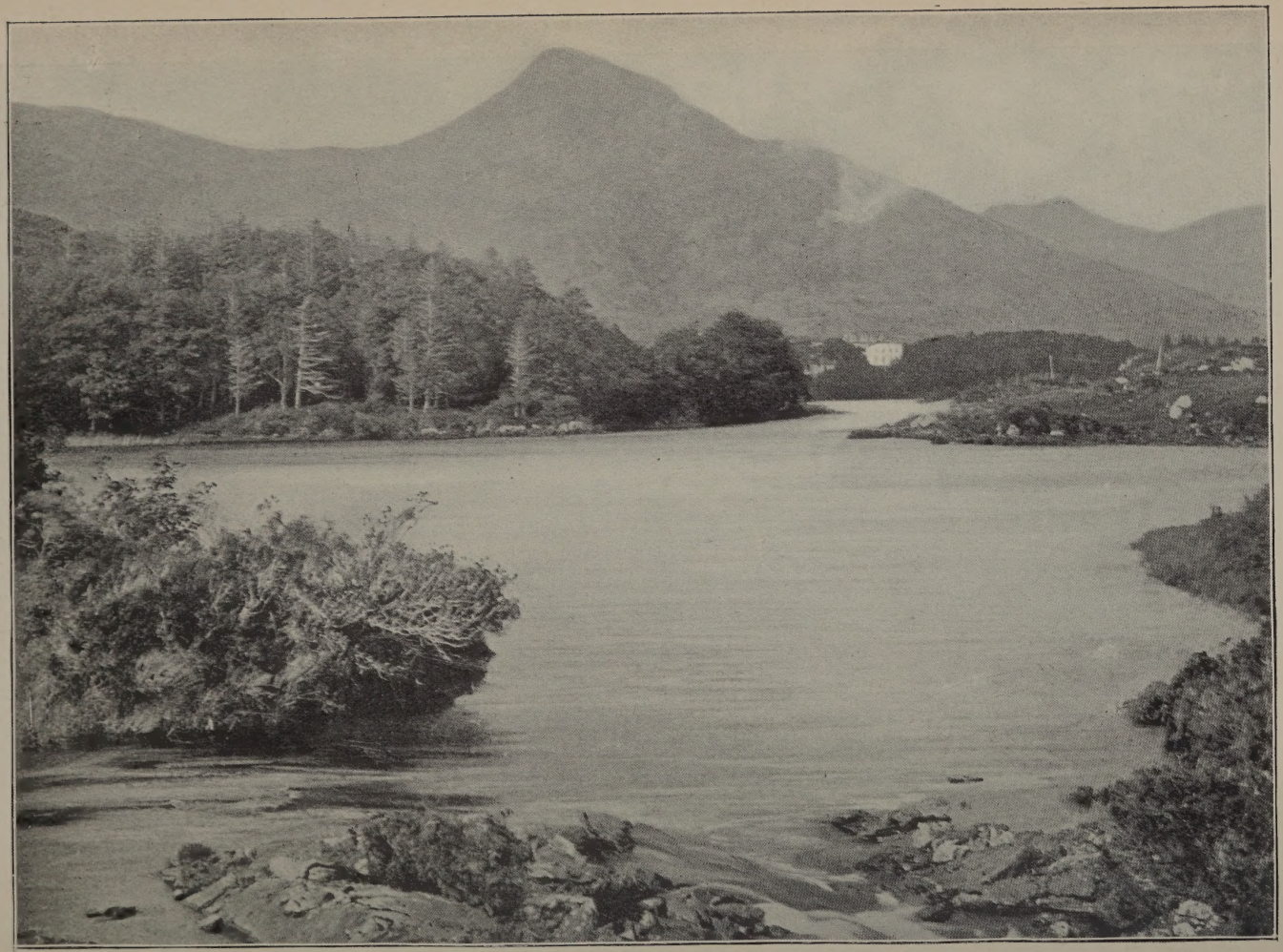
Clonbur lies in a narrow isthmus between loughs Mask and Corrib. The views from here are exceedingly charming, and on either side a noble sheet of water greets the eye.

Bewitching is the scenery which adorns the drive from Clonbur to Kilmilkin via Finney. On each side runs a rugged mountain chain where splendid shooting may be had. Tourmakedy is a very pretty little village on the Western Shore of Lough Mask.

Throughout the entire Connemara country superstition reigns in all its unchallenged power. From nightly experiences and nightly contact with spiritual apparitions the inhabitants of this wild untrammelled region from their very cradle become so inured to superstitious imaginings that they absolutely become as ordinary established facts of every day life. Yes, verily "pookies," elves, ghosts, goblins, mountain sprites, fairies, banshees, will-o-the-wisps and countless other beings of invisible worlds roam freely all over Connemara, sometimes singly and at times in dense columns or regiments thick as flies at Autumn's sunset or as locusts in India's pest-laden air. You may giggle, you may smile sardonically, but whether the smile be cynical or sympathetic the hard fact remains there. Undeniably the Connaught Highlands is peopled fifty fold more densely with ghostly elfin beings of mythological creation than with the visible humans, who claim animation or breathe its sweet heather-scented air.

Should you have sufficient grit to go through the ordeal, simply sit for a few moments on a Connemara hillside in a calm summer's evening, and directly you perceive seated beneath some solitary thorn bush, "cranny," "cromlech" or cairn, the wasted form of the long, white-bearded fiddler filling the vale with sweet melancholy music, or you see a little pigmy hunchback "chappie" some twelve inches in height, blowing a fairy bugle, wak-

GALWAY. A VIEW OF THE CLADDAGH.



BALLYNAHINCH, GALWAY. ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SPOTS IN CONNEMARA.

ing echo after echo in the surrounding hills; immediately you see regiment after regiment file up the valley in countless hordes and then the mystical intricacies of mock warfare ensue till the very atmosphere becomes a thing of elfin creation. Again if you prefer to wait till after the gloaming when the sable wings of night enshroud the valleys, you hear the wailing banshee's cries, or you see the fairies' funeral as dark lines of hundreds of millions of black (for black is the mourning color of the fairies) little creatures file off in battalions to bury their dead. More frequently you see the surrounding valleys and hillsides virtually lighted up with luminous "will-o-the-wisps"; these are ever-changing, dancing fairy lights of great brilliancy.

Should you prefer to sit by some peasant's clean-swept hearth (for the fires in all Connemara shanties are built on the hearths), you shall hear the genuine Irish tales, folklore, Irish wit and yarns, spicy, sparkling, and mirth-provoking; wit and stories brimful of fun sufficient to make one's sides ache with laughter, or one's hair to stand on end. In those respects every family in Connemara is qualified to entertain. About ninety per cent of the older generation being uneducated, books to them were of course unknown, consequently stories, tales and historical legends were handed down from sire to son.

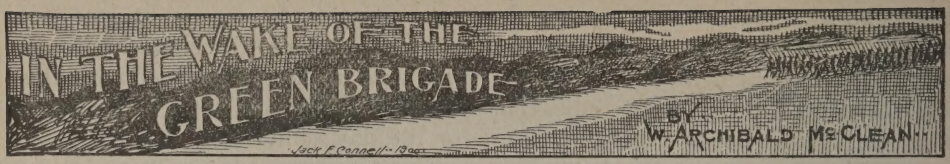
The superstitious belief is so entertained amongst the Connaught peasantry that should one of them on going to a fair, market or other gathering of import meet first with a red-haired woman, a rat, or a magpie crossing the road he would instantly retrace his footsteps and postpone his business to another day; if on the contrary should the rat or magpie not cross his pathway, or should he meet first with a dark-haired woman, this would be deemed a good. lucky omen for the day's undertakings.

The invigorating air in those mountain districts, blended with the Atlantic breezes, is bracing, pure and health-giving, having the advantage of being 200 miles from the pollution of city smoke and indifferent sanitation.

The adaptability of those fine, smoothly-sanded roads for motoring or cycling is simply ideal. Those perfect roads are ever in perfect order and entirely innocent of loose stone or pebbles, a condition due to an absorbent subsoil coupled with a sufficiency of good clayless sand and a lack of traffic.

There is at once a solemnity, a grandeur and a romantic freedom in careering over this vast semi-untenanted waste; the numberless lakes, mountain peaks, streams, glens and chasms constitute it a delightfully enjoyable touring arena. At early morning when a fiery sun lights up the glittering dew-bediamonded landscape, the spell of a delicious quiet reigns paramount; it is fascinating beyond measure, away from the busy haunts of men, to wheel along some precipitous mountain ridge overhanging the sea beneath. In such moments one extends his limbs, or expands his chest, inhaling big draughts of Heaven's glorious oxygen, and asks, is this sweet, undreamt-of sensation reality, or is it only some transitory day dream. Yes, one then keenly appreciates Adam Lindsay Gordon, in:

"On the tall cliff rugged and grey,
With the surf at my feet
And between my teeth,
The stem of the soothing clay."



Timothy Flynn and I were examined for the service on the same day at the recruiting office in Philadelphia. We had never seen each other before that day, nor heard of the other's existence. My name, Timothy Rourke, followed his on the muster roll. He was a big strapping fellow, broad of shoulders, and standing six feet one in his bare feet. I was slender and just tall enough to pass, and not be turned down by Uncle Sam.

We were mustered into the 116th Pennsylvania Regiment, under the command of a loved and intrepid leader, Colonel Mulholland. Our regiment became a part of the famous Irish Brigade under that matchless commander, General Meagher. We were hurried off to camp to be drilled and made soldiers of. From tnat first day it always seemed to me that some destiny or divinity was shaping the course of the lives of the two Timothys to link them together. It happened, as though pre-arranged, that we were assigned the same tent and became mess mates.

I would not have had it otherwise if I could have helped it, for he was a loveable fellow, big-hearted as there ever lived a man, and good-natured under all circumstances. It seemed to me at times as though he felt I was a younger brother he had been put in charge of, so much did he concern himself about me, and to me he was always more than a brother. As we grew inseparable the boys found a way to distinguish us, for they named him Big Tim, and me Little Tim. In time these were the only names we were known by.

By all odds he was the favorite not only of his company but also of the regiment. I didn't have much more than a speaking acquaintance at any time outside of our company. Every one hailed him familiarly as Big Tim. He had in return a happy speech for every one. He was a genius at odd jobs, with the strength of a giant, and his services were to be had for the asking. With them nine times out of ten went a good story, one that many a poor fellow heartily laughed over, in spite of weariness and sickness. Yet there were times when every one gave him a wide berth, when he was in one of his tantrums—in liquor. At such times I have often heard him referred to as that Big Irish Devil.

He was a born soldier. He never knew what it was to be tired. On a forced march he was simply great. When it came to a question of strength there wasn't a man in the regiment that could keep pace with him. He could sleep just any place, wherever we happened to be, in a tent, under the sky, on a rock, or upon wet ground. When it came to a forage for something to eat he always outdid himself. He was liberal, too, to the last mouthful. He never saw the inside of a hospital unless it was to do a turn for some poor fellow, and had never known a day when he could not sleep, eat, drink and be merry, or as merry as he might be allowed to be.

His mirth was frequently the result of his one bad habit—drink. The days were scarce that he did not have a nip of something hot in his canteen. He was a wonderful forager when it came to something to drink. I have often heard the boys say that Big Tim could catch the smell of a still house ten miles away, and given the run his trail would lead there in an air line. I know that others, less fortunate along this line, again and again begrudged him his luck. He was generous with the stuff, but it angered him to have his canteen returned empty. He would express himself to me then that he thought a last swallow might have been left for the owner.

When we were in camp and he had plenty of liquor there was sure to be trouble. He never knew how to gage his capacity. He always took too much. When he was started he kept right at it as long as there was any liquor in sight. His officers have frequently admitted to me that when drunk he could give more trouble and annoyance than a dozen men. When drinking he was merry, witty, noisy, rough, fighting or disagreeable. As long as he was merry or witty his company was sought after. He became the soul of a camp fire in either condition. No one could match him in sallies, or tell a story after him. He always told the last one, and it was the best one. His gift of perpetrating Irish bulls in his speech kept the boys in a roar. Even when he was noisy he was tolerated, for he could do and say the most ridiculous things. But when he was deeper in his cups he was an ugly customer. The boys were more or less afraid of him then. Without warning he would grab a fellow and give him such a terrible hug that when he let go the victim would fall out of his arms limp. Or he would stand off and put a chip on his shoulder and make all manner of mean, contemptible speeches, that at heart he never meant, but doing his utmost to pick a quarrel with anyone. If any of the boys crossed him or gave him a word, he would square off, and he was like lightning when it came to hitting. He would listen to no one, unless it was myself, and always do the things he was told not to do.

He, however, was never rough with me. I have often come upon him when a fight was on, or when he was in a disagreeable or offensive mood. Again and again he has turned upon me fiercely, until he saw who it was. Then his whole manner would change and he would say, soft-like,

"It's you, Little Tim, is it; I ain't doing nothing. What is it you want with me?"

Unless I took charge of him, watching him like a hawk, he was sure to get into some difficulty. He was arrested a number of times, usually after a fight in which the guards came off worse than he did, and handcuffed, taken before the Major. If I could I would plead for him and get him off. But more than once he was put in the guard house and fed on bread and water. Other times he was made to do police duty, all kinds of dirty jobs. This he would do with such obedience and at the same time such an innocent shame-facedness, that the Major laughingly admitted to me one day that it made him feel as though he had added insult to injury in punishing him. When time was up and he was free, another drunk would follow in the due course of time.

I have often heard our Captain plead with him to keep straight, to stop drinking, encouraging him by

telling him that when sober there wasn't a better soldier in the regiment, which was a fact. He would listen quietly and in the end make many promises, all of which he meant for the moment to keep. They would last until he caught the sight or smell of whiskey. It seemed to me often even the thought of a good swag was enough to make him forget his promises and everything else.

We had a long spell of campaigning, marching and counter-marching, crossing and re-crossing the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, during which we not only had many brushes with the enemy, but also fought the battles of Fair Oaks, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, Malvern Hill and Antietam. In all of these Big Tim displayed his great strength and endurance and distinguished himself for his courage and bravery. He could be depended upon for any emergency. He would carry out orders to the letter. He was bold, without fear and indefatigable. When our regiment came out of that awful field of carnage at Fredericksburg with the loss of many men and a number of officers and non-coms, promotions were soon the order of the day. Our captain sent the name of Timothy Flynn to the Colonel as sergeant. He had well earned the chevrons with which he was rewarded. I was made a corporal.

He was as proud of his chevrons as a boy with a new plaything. When alone in our tent he would often pat them lovingly, calling them his darlings. In due time he celebrated his promotion by getting drunk. I was fortunate enough to come upon him before he was deep in his cups and I never let him out of my sight until I had him sober. The captain knowing my influence over him, had privately said to me that among other reasons why he had recommended his promotion was the hope that the chevrons would be the means of keeping him sober. After this drunk I gave him a very serious curtain lecture, warning him what the result would be if he continued his sprees and begging him to keep sober.

He made me most abject promises, which had their effect for some little time. He wasn't the kind, however, that could be restrained or could restrain himself. The time came when he kicked over the traces, when I was least expecting it, and went off on a fearful spree. He was in a devilish humor that day. He made a great noise, quarreled with a number of the boys, tried to strike several, did bump several heads together until they ached, dared the guard to arrest him, telling them he was an officer and if they laid their hands on him he would break open their heads. Drunk, he had become more important in his own eyes and hence was more disagreeable. He was reported to and sent for by the Colonel. That officer spoke to him kindly, cautioning him never to repeat his offence, warning him if he did so he would be compelled to disgrace him.

The next drunk came after a longer interval. I was expecting it and dreading the result. He outwitted me so that it was another public spree worse than the last. The Colonel was as good as his word. Sending for him, he informed him that the chevrons must be stripped from his sleeves and that he must be reduced to the ranks. The poor fellow wanted to argue the matter, saying,

"Indeed, Colonel, I haven't done anything to deserve this. Haven't I always been a good soldier? Haven't I always done my part in every fight?"

"Yes, you have," the Colonel an-

swered. "You have always been one of the best of soldiers in every action, and have done more than your part when there was anything to be done, but that isn't the question."

"Can't ye overlook the other matter, Colonel, just a little for I've been doing me very best."

The Colonel shook his head, saying,

"It can't be done. It can't be done. If you were moderate it would be different. But you are never satisfied until you are drunk. It is demoralizing to the men. We are sorry for you and very sorry that it must be done, but you will have to be reduced to the ranks."

"I'm awfully sorry, Colonel," he concluded, "I don't suppose I could stop drinking, been doing it ever since I can remember; guess I can't get along without what I oughtn't to have."

I will never forget the day he was reduced to the ranks in the sight of the whole regiment. I thought the thing would never be through. It hurt me as much or more than it did him. I feared it would go worse with him afterwards. When they ripped the chevrons from his sleeves he watched them without comment. When it was completed, he held out his hands, saying,

"If I can't keep them, I can have them, can't I, Colonel?"

His bull won them for him and his darlings were turned over to him.

After he was reduced to the ranks there was no change in him for the worse or better. He was the same old fellow as far as I could see. He was the same wonderful soldier when a fight was on, and, whenever he could get it, a drinker of good, bad and indifferent whiskey.

The greatest change I noted was in the feeling of the rank and file toward him. In their eyes he had lost a certain standing. He was disgraced by being reduced to the ranks. When they addressed him there was lacking a certain element of respect. When the least tipsy they quietly guyed him as much as he could stand. I could catch now and then ends of their speeches in which he was more frequently referred to now as that Big Irish Devil—drunkard—reprobate—disgrace—and other like epithets. He heard them, too.

Timothy Flynn had come from the Emerald Isle a year before the breaking out of the war. He hadn't a relative on this side of the water. He always had a soft spot in his heart for women. He never saw a pretty face without having a pleasant word for the owner. I learned, however, soon after we met, in a burst of mutual confidence between us, that there was really only one girl in the world for him, a certain Mary Ruhl, to whom he had wholly given that big heart of his before enlistment. He simply devoured the letters that came from her.

I have since learned that shortly after he was reduced to the ranks, though not a syllable of his disgrace reached her ears, his sweetheart was taken sick. She never wrote him of her illness. She grew weaker and weaker, while her letters continued as cheerful as ever. At length, when too weak to write, a letter came from a friend, telling him of her sickness and telling him that she had confessed that "she would give the world for a sight of his dear old face." The friend added that that would do Polly more good than all the medicine she was taking. Handing me the letter, he said,

"I must go to her."

He had been on several sprees after

being reduced to the ranks, and the letter had come on the heels of one. It came also at a time when there was inaction in the army, when many other men of the regiment had been receiving furloughs, some on account of sickness, others to go home to their families or attend to some pressing business. He believed, however, that he would have no trouble in getting a leave of absence.

At the time he made request of our Captain for a furlough, that officer had been exasperated over a large number of similar requests and was in a bad humor. I had gone with him to speak a word for him. Instead of trying to find the motive for the only request of the kind he had ever made, as the Captain would have done at any other time, he brusquely cut him short, saying,

"I can't recommend giving you a furlough. Furloughs are for men of families, for sick men, men who deserve them, but not for such as you."

He looked his Captain full in the eyes for a moment, as though he could not believe his ears. Then he stepped aside without a word, as though he had been struck. I started to say something for him. He grabbed me roughly by the arm, hissing in my ear, "Not a word." As we turned away I heard the Lieutenant say to the Captain,

"I wonder what that Big Devil wanted a furlough for. He would be so drunk during his whole leave that he wouldn't know at the end that he had had a vacation."

I whispered to him, "Let me tell them," but he fiercely answered me, "No."

He had been too sensitive to give as his excuse the fact that he wanted to see his sweetheart, the only soul in the wide world he loved, and after the refusal he was too proud to have done so.

I knew he was worried as he had never been before. The very thought of his sweetheart being sick had overwhelmed him. When he was refused a furlough I saw a determination glow in his eyes that told me that he would go to her if he had to be shot for it.

That night, without ever telling me a word of his intentions, he laid aside his uniform, put on an old suit of clothes and deserted. I was asleep when he went, and when I awoke in the morning to find him missing he was already many miles on his way. I felt it would be no easy task to capture him, and I feared for the one that might make the attempt. Our Colonel, concluding that he might turn up at the place of his enlistment, sent word to Philadelphia to be on the watch for him. He did not know, however, that his sweetheart had moved away up in New York State and that he was making his way speedily in that direction. No one knew of the existence of the sweetheart but myself, and I would rather have had my tongue torn out by the roots than have dropped one word that would have given him any trouble.

He reached his sweetheart, his Polly, coming in time to take her into his arms, to feel her poor thin arms about his neck, to speak the great love that dwelt in his big heart. One day as he was telling her of the letter that had come from her friend and how he had hastened to her as soon as he received it, something in the telling caused her to ask him with alarm,

"But Tim, dear, you didn't come to see me without a furlough?"

He quieted her in that innocent way he had of answering difficult questions by saying,

"Sure, my Polly, do you think I would do such a thing. They would shoot me."

Another time she playfully called him her sergeant and asked him what he had done with his chevrons. It was then he gave them to her with the remark,

"Here they are, I have brought them back for you. They will look better on your sleeves than they ever did on mine."

He pinned them on her sleeves. There was little time for him to consider his desertion or the consequences that might follow it. His sweetheart was dangerously ill. His sole concern was for her, to give her the loving care she had hungered for. He nursed her like a babe, tenderly as any woman could have done. Strong as he was he could not push back the inevitable. It came closer day by day. In less than three weeks from his coming his Polly passed away, happy in his arms. Poor Tim, broken-hearted, buried her with his chevrons—his dead honor—on her sleeves.

Then for the first time, in a dazed, distracted condition, he seriously considered the fact that he was a deserter. But this did not give him much concern for he did not care what would become of himself. He realized, however, that the only place in the world for him now was his regiment. He made his way quickly to the front and found our regiment on the night of June 30th, '63, a few miles below Taneytown, Maryland. No one knew he was in camp that night but myself. He found me, and lying alongside of me haltingly and between choking sobs, told me as much as he could.

Next day the news arrived of the first day's fight, then in progress at Gettysburg, and at once a forced march in that direction was ordered. It was late in the afternoon as our Colonel rode up along the line that he first noticed Big Tim's presence. It was at a time when the ranks had been thinned a little by tired, exhausted men dropping in the dust of the hot road and crawling into some poor shade by the wayside, and others straggling into the woods here and there skirting the road to rest. Big, tireless Tim had trudged along in the dusty road with the hot, blazing sun overhead, trudged alongside of me, and when I was slightly overcome by the heat, he had put an arm about me, and taking my gun, carried it, as well as his own, in his other hand. When the Colonel recognized him, he reined his horse and called,

"Hello, Big Tim, when did you come?"

"Last night," he answered with a salute toward his cap, with his burdened arm.

"Where have you been?" was the next question.

"Away on the leave of absence I gave meself," he replied.

The Colonel slowly said, "You have been a deserter, in fact are a deserter. We have been hunting for you everywhere. I will have to order you placed under arrest. Not now," as he made a motion of submission, "You can consider yourself paroled until you are wanted. Then we will have to dispose of your case. I can trust you, can't I?"

With much dignity and another attempted salute, he answered,

"I'm a soldier, at your service."

I had been solicitous about him since his return, for I knew what the fate of a deserter was. Yet I told myself when all the facts were known, and I resolved all the facts would be known if I had to tell them myself,

that if all others could not forgive, Father Abraham would.

Ten o'clock that night found us at the end of our march, and during the night the stragglers, who had dropped out in that awful march, came into line, formed and placed near the base of the Round Tops, Little and Big.

July 2nd opened clear, cloudless and hot. There was work for everyone to do. Preparations went on for the great battle we knew would soon be fought. The men were stirred as I had never seen them before. We were on our own northern soil, and were prepared to struggle to the death. Not a word was said that day about the desertion.

About the middle of the afternoon the barking of the artillery began on our front. An hour later the battle was on. General Sickles had advanced the Third Corps, and was holding his line in the shape of a semi-circle from Devil's Den, through the woods and Wheatfield up to the Peach Orchard, and angling there extended along the Emmitsburg road. The Confederate artillery had played with terrible effect upon that line. When the firing ceased brigade after brigade of Longstreet's Division pressed forward until the entire line of Sickles was engaged in a most desperate fight.

The battle raged at the Peach Orchard. The line at Devil's Den was outflanked and in jeopardy. The centre at the Wheatfield was furiously assailed and weakened. The second division of the Third Corps along the Emmitsburg road was given the order to throw back the left of the line and change front from west to south. The order was carried out in splendid style, and the line pressed forward into the fight. This advance was soon checked.

It was then, near five o'clock, reinforcements were ordered from the Fifth and Second Corps. The Irish Brigade belonged to the First Division of the Second Corps. We were hurried forward to the support of the weakened centre in the Wheatfield. The first brigade reached it ahead of us, and rushed into the fight. We followed immediately, and at the head of our brigade rode our gallant commander at that time, Colonel Patrick Kelly.

It was when the Irish Brigade reached the edge of the Wheatfield, that was fast becoming the slaughtering pen of that awful fight, that a halt was called and our line was formed. We were halted within sight of the enemy; halted within range of his guns; halted with roar of battle on all sides of us; halted while biting, stinging bullets sang above our heads, ploughed the ground in front of us, or flattened themselves with a ping against rocks; halted while the color guard in front of us bore aloft our green banner alongside the Stars and Stripes; halted while Father Corby, our loved Chaplain Priest, mounted a rock and spoke to us, saying,

"Boys, I am going to give absolution to all of you who truly repent you of your sins. In the hour of battle remember your great Captain, Christ, and do your duty. Remember the trust the nation has placed in you and be faithful, even unto death. Fight as the valiant and brave men and soldiers ye are, and if it is the will of God be prepared to die for the cause for which you fight."

Stretching his right arm, the men fell on their knees in as perfect alignment as though upon dress parade. Big Tim and I, not ten paces from the rock upon which the priest stood, heard him with his great voice solemnly pronounce,

"May Our Lord Jesus Christ absolve you, and I by His authority absolve you from every tie, excommunication and interdiction, in so much as I am able and you are in need of; therefore I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The amen of the priest was drowned in the order of Colonel Kelly as he thundered "Forward." We sprang to our feet, and with yells as we went, charged over the Wheatfield, driving the enemy before us, driving them from behind rocks, which sheltered them, driving them back through the wheat, with tufts of it here and there not yet crushed to earth, driving them back through dead and wounded men fell out of the ranks at every step, driving them back into the woods beyond, driving them as the Irish Brigade had done in every fight, driving them until our line crushed into their line, and they were ordered to throw down their arms and go to the rear as prisoners.

In a short time Colonel Kelly discovered that all support was gone on either flank. To save the brigade we were compelled to fall back across the Wheatfield. We were caught in this movement by a furious fire from the enemy. We fell back, firing, and fiercely fighting every inch of the way.

It was when the fight was closest that Big Tim stubbornly stood in the front rank fighting like a demon, crushing everything in front of him. It was then I saw him reel. He was hit in the leg. I was beside him. He steadied himself for a moment, then stumbling over the body of a fallen comrade, he fell.

A wounded soldier sometimes cries, sometimes grits his teeth together to endure in silence, and sometimes swears. In a moment I learned what he would do. Raising himself across the dead body beside him and leveling his gun at the enemy, crack! crack! went his rifle while he swore.

A moment later he had re-loaded and struggled to his feet. With another oath he moved forward a few paces. Crack! crack! again went his rifle. A second later one of his hands went up in the air. He had been wounded in the body. Then he went down headlong.

I came up to him almost instantly. He lay quite still. I called to him. He did not answer me. It was all I could do then, as our line began to fall back slowly.

Other troops coming up fought over and over the Wheatfield desperately. Every advance or retreat left rows of dead and wounded in the long wheat. Later the line at the Peach Orchard was forced back under a furious assault and passed over the Wheatfield. Night-fall found the day saved and our army still in possession of the Round Tops.

That night I was placed on picket duty. It was a bright moonlight night. Just as the relief came on duty I saw a great form crawling over the ground towards our line. I called "Halt."

"Thank God, it's you, Little Tim," came the answer.

There was no mistaking the owner of that voice. It was Big Tim, whose wonderful strength had enabled him, when he recovered consciousness, and under the cover of night, to crawl with a shattered leg and an awful wound in his body to our lines.

I went forward to help him. He had reached our lines, but he had overtaxed his strength. He swooned in my arms. As I sat holding his head, I felt his pulse; it beat wildly.

He was flushed with fever born of his wounds and the heat. I poured liquor into his mouth. Even in the condition he was it was not refused. He swallowed it. After a while he stirred. I thought he struggled to speak. I put my head close to his. In broken whispers of a rising delirium came the words,

"Oh, I'm a big Irish Devil—a drunkard—a reprobate—a disgrace to the regiment—a deserter—yes, a deserter—I'm a sinner—a sinner."

Again he lost consciousness. Getting help we carried him to the hospital. Though I anxiously waited a long while by his side, he had not come out of the stupor when I left him.

The third day's fight followed. Next day came the retreat of the Confederates. We lingered that day to bury our dead and those of the enemy and to look after the wounded. It was Sunday afternoon, July 5th, before we were ready to move southward.

Sunday morning, having leave, I went to the town. Many of the wounded had been carried there and lay in all kinds of improvised hospitals and were being cared for by our hospital corps and the people of the town. I searched through them all for Big Tim, and was about giving up my errand, when I found him in one of the churches of Gettysburg, appropriated and used as a hospital.

I was told he had not yet recovered consciousness, hovering all the while between life and death. I found the surgeon in charge. He told me nothing could be done for him. There was no hope. I sat by him a long while, dumb, wretched, that the fight must be given up without some effort being made to save him. While I lingered by his side, he stirred and struggled to open his eyes. I leaned forward over him, crying,

"I have found you, you dear old fellow. It's me, Little Tim, don't you know me."

His eyes opened and rested on me. He smiled. His eyes closed. A few minutes later his lips moved. There was no sound. I put my ear to his lips, from which slowly struggled the words,

"Absolved—from—all—my sins—in the—name—of——."

His lips ceased to move. The surgeon coming up, looked at him and touched him. Then I heard him say,

"It's all over with the big fellow."

"I saw a great form crawling on the ground towards our line."

LITTLE ADÈLE.

BY W. A. M. GOODE.

"The happiest, merriest day of all the glad New Year."

The fisher-folk who live around Bay St. George, which is on the southwest coast of Newfoundland, are not over-religious. But in times of fear and peril they are wont to call lustily upon the Saints to intercede. And no saint is more frequently entreated than little Saint Adele. When the sea lashes against the rocks you will hear women beseeching her to ask God to protect their husbands from its fury; on the schooners, when escape from an ice floe seems impossible or the timbers groan and masts give way, you will see strong men on their knees and her name is heard in the storm; when the catch of cod is bad, when starvation knocks at the door, or, in fact, when any evil thing is dreaded, the good offices of little Saint Adèle are invoked by the simple inhabitants of the French Shore. She was never canonized and her name is hardly known in St. Johns, much less in Rome. She belongs to the fisher-folk who earn their living on the Banks.

Jim Hutchins, the trapper, who lives at Port au Port, can tell you all about little Adele. His first recollection of her is when, many years ago, Monsieur St. Maur arrived at Port au Port in a schooner from St. Johns bringing with him his fair-haired daughter, Adèle. She was only twelve years old then, but her pretty ways and her big blue eyes played havoc with the hearts of the fishermen. Though her father had been a great gentleman of France, and though she had been brought up among little princesses—so the story ran—Adèle was not the least bit proud. She played with the children, talked to their mothers, and sat on the knees of the fishermen, watching the cod dry in the sun and listening to strange stories of the Banks. Hardly a day passed but some cabin was brightened by a present from Adele, some knick-knack from civilization which was received with wonder and awe.

Monsieur St. Maur was a very silent man. He scarcely ever spoke to anyone save Jim Hutchins, who, as everyone knew, had crossed the ocean and been often to Halifax and St. Johns. Why such a fine gentleman should come to Port au Port was a mystery. No explanation, however, was offered by the apparently rich man with the proud face. He continued to stay in the cabin he had hired, his whole existence being centered in his child. And as the months wore on little Adèle won her way into the hearts of these French Shore people, for to them she was like some strange tropical flower in a polar land. Her fame spread even to Channel and Cape Ray, which are miles down the coast.

But even in Port au Port the curiosity of the natives wearied Monsieur St. Maur. He had hunted the world over for peaceful seclusion and failed to find it. So he moved his belongings on dog sledges far up in the country to a desert cabin on the shores of Grand Pond, which is larger and more beautiful than Lake Geneva, and more deserted than the desert of Arabia. After many tedious journeys through almost trackless forest, he

prepared a home for Adèle, whom he had left with the trapper's mother. Then the fine gentleman and his little daughter left Port au Port, taking Jim Hutchins with them. And sorrow reigned all over the settlement. To Grand Pond was a journey few cared to undertake even for another glimpse of the fairy who had brightened their lives. When the trapper returned a month later he was asked many eager questions about the child he had left on the shores of the lake. In fact, the people of Port au Port never tired of asking the same questions.

In view of the golden-hued waters of Grand Pond, Adèle grew up. There were no children to play with, no fishermen to tell her tales, and no birds to sing to her. One day Monsieur St. Maur caught a fawn and brought it home for his child to pet. And Adèle, henceforth, loved the fawn better than anything else in the world, except her father.

Jim Hutchins visited them regularly with supplies, and occasionally a trapper who had lost his way would find their cabin; but this was very seldom. They never went to Port au Port, and in time Adèle forgot the weariness of solitude in her love of her father and of the fawn. Each day, standing outside the cabin, they chanted simple matins and vespers at sunrise and sunset. Of the busy world they knew nothing, and cared less. But when Adele was about twenty a strange thing happened. While on her way one day to the lake for water she almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a young man. With her father's help she carried him to the cabin and for weeks she nursed this unknown patient. Thanks to her care, he won back the life he had well-nigh lost. In his first days of convalescence he told them his story.

He said his name was Richard Marshall and that his father was Sir Robert Marshall, of Gloucester. With another young Englishman he had been making explorations in the Great Valley of the Exploits. He had buried his companion in that desolate country and soon afterwards had been deserted by the guides. For days he had struggled through trackless forests and over steep mountains, half dead with starvation, but striving with desperate determination to reach the sea. The last thing he remembered was falling helpless at the sight of water. Marshall was a good-looking, pleasant-spoken lad, and though Monsieur St. Maur bewailed the intrusion upon his solitude he could not send him away until he was strong enough to stand the strain of travel. Then, too, the old man liked this young stranger, despite his ingenuously outspoken surprise that those two people should live such strange lives. So Marshall stayed with the St. Maurs and grew well.

To tell you exactly how Adèle came to forget the fawn would be merely telling you over again the oldest story in the world. Monsieur St. Maur knew nothing of what the forest trees had been whispering among themselves for days past, until one evening when Marshall came up from the lake with his arm around Adèle's waist. A few minutes previous Adele, now grown beautiful, had first learned the sweetness of a lover's kiss. And when Monsieur St. Maur, sitting on the rude bench in the light of the setting sun, blessed the two heads that were bent at his knee there was no trace of sorrow in his voice. Yet the moment that for years he most dreaded

had come, and life seemed even drearier than when he left his native land with the blood of a false friend on his hands.

While Adèle and Marshall lived halcyon days, Jim Hutchins was on his regular trip. The journey to Grand Pond had never seemed so long to the trapper, and he hurried on, eager with a new purpose. As he swung along the deer trails he sang aloud to the great trees:

"Adèle, Adèle, I love you!"

And he sang this all day long. Sometimes, when the wind came up and murmured through the tree tops he thought he could hear the answering refrain:

"And Jim, Jim, the trapper, I love you!"

But he never could be quite certain, So he hurried on to ask Adèle to be his wife.

When Jim Hutchins finally arrived at Grand Pond it was only Monsieur St. Maur who understood why the trapper was so fond of quiet smokes and lonely strolls. On his other visits he had always been at Adèle's side. And it was only the trapper who noticed that Monsieur St. Maur seemed to have aged ten years in the last three months.

After great persuasion Monsieur St. Maur induced Adèle to consent to accompany the trapper back to Port au Port, where she could probably be married to Marshall by some priest. Then he insisted that the two must take the schooner to St. Johns and proceed to Europe. Marshall had preserved papers as to his own indentity and had money. The night before the trapper was to leave the old man gave Adèle and Marshall a bundle of papers with instructions what to do and whom to see in Europe. And then Marshall discovered for the first that with his bride had come a vast fortune. But Adèle clung to her father, declaring that she would never leave him, and that he must come with them. Gently Monsieur St. Maur explained to her it was for the best that they should go to Europe. She could return afterwards to Grand Pond and then, perhaps, he might leave the cabin for more civilized parts.

The next day the trio left the old man on the shores of the lake, Adèle crying as if her heart would break. Monsieur St. Maur stood erect and waved until they were lost to sight in the forest trail. Then with a wail he flung himself on the sand.

"Oh, God," he cried, "thou hast taken away all I had left! . . . . Her joy and my sorrow. . . . Oh God, let her joy equal my sorrow!"

When Adèle, Marshall and the trapper arrived at Port au Port they were surrounded by a curious throng. Then the story of little Adèle's return under such romantic circumstances was spread far and wide, and when the priest from Channel tied the marriage knot there was rejoicing such as Port au Port never knew before. It was the first real romance the fisher-folk had ever lived to see and they wove all kinds of fairy tales around the little Adèle they loved so well.

When Adèle and her husband had waited three weeks at Port au Port for a schooner to St. Johns, Mrs. Jacquin's baby fell ill with diphtheria. Now Mrs. Jacquin had played with Adèle when they were children together and this was her first child. Adèle made up her mind that the only thing in the world to do was to help to nurse the baby. Her husband was loth to give in to her wishes, but Adèle

had her way. When Mrs. Jacquin, a few days later, was taken with the same ailment Adèle said to her husband, simply:

"It was the Saints who sent me here to help these poor people in their trouble."

From cabin to cabin the epidemic spread until half the people of Port au Port were in their beds. There were no trained nurses. One doctor came over, but he was soon buried. There were only Adèle and her husband. Like an angel of mercy she flitted to and fro saying simple words of comfort to the dying, cheering the sufferers and giving countless injunctions to the few who were well enough to do anything for the sick. The unfamiliar sight of agony and sorrow nerved her to further effort and the worse the epidemic grew the greater were her exertions. She seemed safe from all infection and the healthy country life she had lived made her more able to sustain the strain of sleepless nights and anxious days. A schooner for St. Johns put in, but Adèle and Marshall would not leave the sufferers.

"My little Adèle," said Marshall, as his wife was preparing to go out on one of her early morning visits to the plague-stricken cabins, "you must leave me at home today."

When Adèle wanted to kiss him good-bye, he refused.

"I won't kiss you till you come back," he said laughingly. "Then you'll come back quickly."

And in a minute Adèle knew that the hand of great sickness had fallen upon her husband. In a few days he was dead. Then little Adèle, in her great grief, prayed to God that He would only separate her soul from Marshall's long enough for her to save the sick people at Port au Port. It was only the strength of her belief in the divine mission that saved her from madness. One day this girl widow called the few well people together on the rocky shore and prayed very earnestly that God would have mercy on Port au Port and stop the plague. And in a month, as those who live to tell the tale declare, the pestilence died out.

When it seemed that death had passed away from Port au Port, and when Adèle thought her mission was over, a schooner from Channel came in with word that half of that settlement was sick or dying with diphtheria. There was no one to nurse them, no one to pray with them. They had heard of little Adèle, how she had saved Port au Port. Would she come and save Channel? And Adèle, though her cheeks were sunken and her beauty almost gone through sorrow, heard another divine call in the fishermen's message. When the boat to take her out to the schooner was ready to put off she could scarcely escape from the arms of the women and children who stood on the shore. They filled the bottom of the boat with strange presents that ranged from a carved shell image of the Virgin to a hugh salted codfish. As they kissed her and blessed her, they cried: "Good-bye, our little lady of mercy! Good-bye, our little Saint of Port au Port! Good-bye, little Saint Adèle!"

By himself, behind the women, stood Jim Hutchins, waving farewells. Adèle had nursed him through a serious attack. He had begged for permission to go with her to Channel, but she thought he was not yet strong enough.

Two days after the schooner left Port au Port it foundered in a terrific gale off Cape Ray and all hands were

lost. The body of Adèle was afterward cast up on the shore and buried at Channel. To this day the womenfolk of fishermen can often be seen kneeling by the green mound which is called "little Saint Adèle's grave," praying for the safety of husbands, brothers and sons who are battling with the waves on the foggy banks of Newfoundland.

No one has ever told Monsieur St. Maur of his daughter's fate. The old man is still living in his Grand Pond cabin and knows nothing of the schooner that was lost, or the son-in-law who died in Port au Port. His hair is whiter, there are more wrinkles in his face, and he is growing feeble. When Jim Hutchins made his last trip the old man talked of Adèle until the trapper almost began himself to believe that she still lived. Monsieur St. Maur wondered at the long delay of his daughter's return, but he never uttered a murmur of impatience.

"Something is keeping her," he said. "Something is keeping her. My little Adèle would have been here before had it been possible. But we shall meet soon, very soon!"

And the trapper as he tells you adds, very reverently:

"Yes, please God, in the Kingdom of Heaven."

EVENING AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

BY HENRY O'MEARA.

Pensive Mount Vernon's scenes now sombre pine,
  Seeming to mourn his life's declining day
  Who lit, through war and peace, our primal way—
The century's beams with sunset flame intwine,
Bright visioned in their fire men's souls divine
  The advent dawn of full-orbed Freedom's sway—
  Here Liberty breaks forth in lustral ray,
Lighting her beacon at his radiant shrine.

Here where immortal memories abide,
  Through cycle rounded by this hundredth year
Since eve when ebbed his vital river's tide,
  Far circling peoples blend in patriot tear—
Glory and Grief sit by Potomac's side—
  His Nation's heart aglow throbs grandly here!

SOME CATHOLIC POETS OF AMERICA.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

When great nations make much of a string of platitudes hanging upon the dull refrain, "Lest We Forget"; when college youth shout, and the rhymesters of the daily press imitate a brutal taunt about "The White Man's Burden"; when the leading editors of England and America deem it good journalism to pay the expense of cabling a poor and puerile parody of an Irish ballad, it might be thought an unfortunate time to look for true poetry, or to expect an appreciation of real art in this delightful branch of literature.

Yet, that there is no lack of true poetry today, and that real art of a high order may be found, will appear from even a cursory glance over the field of letters. Whether the work is appreciated or not is of no ultimate importance. That the best work will survive is certain. It is equally sure that doggerel, no matter how popular or remunerative it may be, will sink into merited oblivion.

It is not the purpose of this article, however, to examine the poetic output of the present age; but to take a hasty view of the modest, though excellent work of some of the Catholic writers of America.

It will, perhaps, be generally conceded that John Boyle O'Reilly, for his broad humanity and virile pen, stands easily first among the Catholic poets. It must be admitted that his work is wanting in technique and melody; and that he seldom finds that happy felicity of expression which marks the perfect lyric—the best words in the best order. But sincerity, truth and manly passion impart a living quality to his work. He seemed to have no patience for diamond-cutting. His "carver of cherry stones" was an object of contempt to his strong nature. Most of his verse is oratory rather than poetry; he spoke from the human heart to human hearts; and in using the most direct words to express his thoughts, he frequently speaks in high and noble poetry.

"And I was lost heart-withered in a night
That knew no star and held no ray of hope,
And heard no word but my despairing curse
With lifted hands, at life and Him who gave it!
My graves were all I had—the little mound
Where my hands laid her, with the sweet young grass—
The tiny hill that grew until the sun
Was hid behind it, and I sat below
And gnawed my heart in grief within its shadow."

The following lines from the strong poem entitled "From the Earth, a Cry," are more direct, more telling, and have in them more true philosophy and feeling than Mr. Markham's noble poem written years afterward:—

"Emperors, stand to the bar! Chancellors, halt at the barracks!
Landlords, and law-lords and trade-lords, the spectres you conjured have risen—
Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, rent-rebels, strikers, behold!
They are fruit of the seed you have sown —God has prospered your planting. They come

A LITERARY MOOD. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY IN FATHER TEELING'S SUMMER COTTAGE.

From the earth, like the army of death.
You have sowed the teeth of the dragon!
Hark to the bay of the leader! You shall hear the roar of the pack
As sure as the stream goes seaward. The crust on the crater beneath you
Shall crack and crumble and sink, with your laws and rules
That breed the million to toil for the luxury of the ten."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Where shall we look for words of greater wisdom than these from "The City Streets"?

"Take heed of your progress! Its feet have trod on the souls it slew with its own pollutions:
Submission is good; but the order of God may flame the torch of the revolutions!
Beware of your classes! Men are men, and a cry in the night is a fearful teacher;
When it reaches the heart of the masses, then they need but a sword for a judge and preacher.
Take heed, for your Juggernaut pushes hard: God holds the doom that its day completes;
It will dawn like fire when the track is barred by a barricade in the city streets."

It may be claimed that this is rhetorical rather than poetical. But O'Reilly was not limited to this sort of writing, although it seemed a favorite of his muse. He was gifted with a heart full, not only of real fire, but of a sweetness and music which find expression in poetry of the truest kind. The following, to which he gave the uncouth title, "A Tragedy," is worth quoting in full, not only for the tender, heart-touching thought which it contains, but for its exquisite technique as well:—

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the light-house flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airest wing,
And floated and cried like a love-lorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.
For the flame had its heart afar,—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.

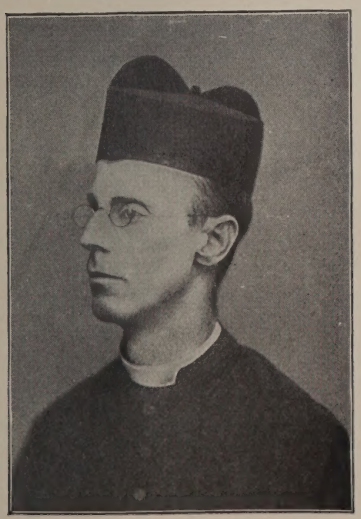
Surely one must seek far before finding a more delicious lyric than this.

The "Cry of the Dreamer" is not without faults, but it lingers in the memory and thrills the soul of the strong man plodding under the burden of life. How like the apples of Sodom are the honors and riches procured by a life of ambitious drudgery —beautiful indeed, to the eye, but dust and ashes to the taste.

"No, no! from the streets' rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day."

I will close this brief notice of the lamented bard, by a few lines from this fine poem, to which I know of nothing superior in American poetry.

"I am gift and I am giver
To the verdured fields below,
As the motherhood of snow
Daily gives the new-born river.
As a watcher on a tower,
Listening to the evening hour,
Sees the roads diverge and blend,
Sees the wandering currents end
Where the moveless waters shine
On the far horizon line—



REV. JOHN B. TABB.
(Courtesy of Small, Maynard & Co.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

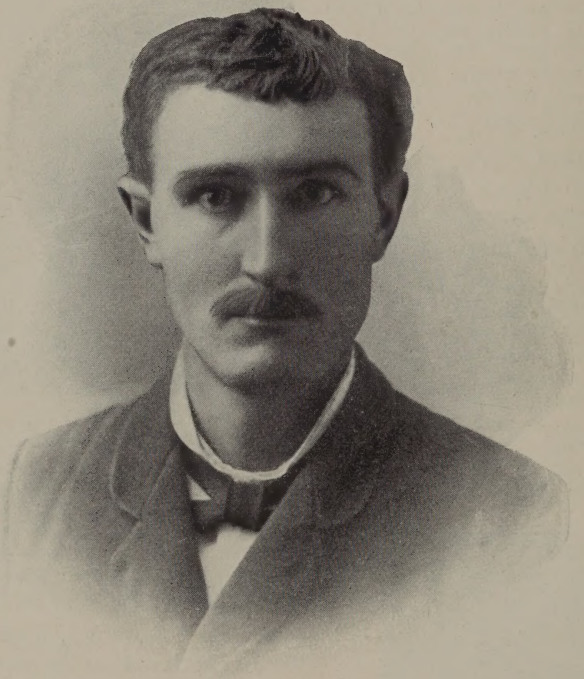
All the storied past is mine;
All its strange beliefs still clinging;
All its singers and their singing;
All the paths that led astray,
All the meteors once called day;
All the stars that rose to shine—
Come to me for all are mine."

Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest of the South, as the people, whose cause he championed in the day of strife, love to call him, was a poet of fine feeling and much melody. The blank verse poem, "Their Story Runneth Thus," is said to reveal a heart history, which may account for the minor key in which much of his verse is written. This poem, though somewhat overwrought, is finely idylic and the sentiment is sweet and pure. The following lines also show idylic grace. They are from the poem "A Laugh—and a Moan."

"The brook that down the valley
So musically drips,

Flowed never half so brightly
As the light laugh from her lips.
Her face was like the lily,
Her heart was like the rose,
Her eyes were like a heaven
Where the sunlight always glows.
She trod the earth so lightly
Her feet touched not a thorn;
Her words wore all the brightness
Of a young life's happy morn."

Perhaps Father Ryan is seen at his best in the "Song of the Mystic." He shows here not only a mastery in the art of versification, but a powerful spiritual grasp and a notable poetic imagination as well. Its length forbids the printing of the entire poem.



CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

There is a strange thought in the following lines from "Nocturne," expressed in Father Ryan's peculiar mood, and seeming to hint of grief which he wills not to reveal:

"To be faithless oft means to be faithful,
To be false often means to be true;
The vale that loves clouds that are golden
Forgets them for skies that are blue.
To forget often means to remember
What we had forgotten too long;
The fragrance is not the bright flower,
The echo is not the sweet song."

The following stanzas have a living quality, clinging to the memory, without effort on the part of the reader, which fact seems to me to be a good test of true poetry:

"In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts overburdened with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

The work of Eleanor C. Donnelly is of a character very different from either of the poets already named. It has neither the rugged strength and virile philosophy of Boyle O'Reilly, nor the minor cadence and strange undertones of Father Ryan. Yet the language is as straight to the point and as free from affected ambiguities as that of the Boston poet, and as rich in melody and spiritual grasp as that of the Southern priest. Miss Donnelly is an artist in music as well as in verse. There is, therefore, a singing cadence to her poetry which makes it welcome to the ear, as its religious color and refinement of sentiment makes it welcome to the heart.

In a study of this poet's work, by Charles J. O'Malley, in the Angelus Magazine some years ago, that accomplished and judicious critic compared his subject to a cathedral. It was certainly a fortunate comparison. There is much in the art displayed in Miss Donnelly's poetry, at its best, in common with the soft colors, the quaint carvings, the hushed and holy quiet, and the sacred associations and memories to be found in a cathedral.

As a specimen of her power to tell a story in simple and effective language, the following lines may be given.

In the Abbey of Whitby, vast and quaint,
Ruled by Hilda, abbess and saint,
Whose blood ran pure from the royal spring
Of her great-grand-sire, Edwin the King.
Hundreds of learned nuns and friars
In separate cloisters kept the rules,
Toiled in the cells and sang in the choirs,
Studied and taught in the ancient schools;
Gentle and simple, all in their way,
Owning the abbess Hilda's sway.

The story goes on, like the Saga of the true Norseman, whose art no American poet but Longfellow understood so well as Miss Donnelly, telling of the good done by the pious people, the labors of the servants, their amusements at night and the passionate desire of Caedman, "dullest of all the dull souls there," to express his soul in minstrelsy,

"Murmuring ever the same sad thing:
If I could but sing; if I could but sing!"

until he fell asleep watching the stars.

"Over him floated a golden cloud,
Rare as the mists of that last bright hour,
When the rainbow tints of the sunset crowd
The western skies with their gorgeous dower;
And out of the cloud an angel came
With flower-like face and wings of flame,
Who cried in a voice, both sweet and strong:
'Caedman, sing me a blessed song!'"

After some hesitation, and the angel's reassurance and suggestion of the subject of creation, "Caedman lifted his voice and sang."

"All, all the beautiful things of earth
In the pristine glow of their sinless birth,
Swelled through the strains of Caedman's song,
A Benedicite grand and strong."

One of the pleasant features of Miss Donnelly's poetry is its ease. There is no effort, no straining for effect, no posing or posturing, or the exploitation of strange words. She is honest, healthy, and womanly always. Her poem, "The Vision of the Monk Gabriel," written in 1863, eight years before Longfellow used the same subject for his Legend Beautiful, is an exquisite piece of art, finely religious and abounding in warm imagery. It is so familiar to most readers that I will make no quotation from it.

For sweetness, music and pure sentiment, I look upon "A Tuscan Magdalen" as the best of Miss Donnelly's poems. I wish I could give it in full. The eery cry of the spirit voice calling through the summer moon to the sinful woman,

"In a robe of trailing silk,
Soft as down and white as milk,
Roses bound about her hair,
Jewels on her bosom bare,"

is represented in a manner deserving much praise. The story proceeds in the same striking way. The woman follows the voice, searches, but finds no one. The dog of her absent lover, whose voice she has heard, comes running to her.

"Drops of blood upon his fur,
Pitiful he looked at her:
Whining, trembling, crouching down,"

the dog induces her to follow him to the place where lay his master's disfigured corpse. This is all told thrillingly, dramatically. But when the dead lips seem to speak to her soul, and accuse her, of his spiritual loss and everlasting punishment,

"In thy beauty and thy bloom
Thou has helped to seal my doom;
Hear me, I am calling thee,
Margherita! come to me;"

the ghostly voice is explained, and we are prepared for the magnificent ending of the poem, which represents the repentance of the stained soul, and another voice calling:

"Margherita! Margherita!
Listen to thy lover true,
Ever ancient, ever new,
Who hath bled and died for thee
On the fatal Calvary tree."

Charles J. O'Malley, the scholarly Editor of the Midland Review of Louisville, Kentucky, is to Catholic letters today what Boyle O'Reilly was in his lifetime. Many a young writer has been helped on by the encouraging words, the tender sympathy, and kindly criticism of this gentle poet. Like O'Reilly, too, he is a staunch friend and a manly opponent. He can strike hard, and when the occasion demands it, his verse has much of the rugged strength and rhetoric that characterized that of the Boston Bard. The poem on Washington, written at the time of the A. P. A. insanity, is a notable example.

"Cry out, O swords of the buried heroes!
Cry up, O blood of the dead from the sod!
Let the knave be torn by avenging thunder,
And the bigot lashed by the wrath of God!

Come back from the dead, O reverend Captain!
Come down from the dawn where the heroes be!
Still flies the banner thy valor gave us—
Only the people have grown less free.

Come down from the past and restore the morning
When all were brothers in hope and deed—
Shiver the shackles of Mammon and splinter
The knave assailing his brother's creed."

The whole poem is a fine specimen of noble wrath, worthy of the hero who castigated the bigots in Boston

when they proposed to insult the Catholic defenders of the colonies, by celebrating the fifth of November. But it is not in Mr. O'Malley's best vein.

The following idyl, called "Noon in Kentucky," is much more poetic, and worthy of a permanent place in the American Parnassus.

All day from the tulip-poplar boughs
The chewink's voice like a gold bell rings,
The meadow-lark pipes to the drowsy cows,
And the oriole, like a red rose swings
And clings and sings,
Shaking the noon from his burning wings.

A flash of purple within the brake
The red-bud burns, where the spicewood blows,
And the brook laughs low where the white dews shake,
Drinking the wild haws' fragrant snows,
And flows, and goes
Under the feet of the wet wood-rose.

Odors of May-apples blossoming,
And violets stirring and bluebells shaken—
Shadows that start from the thrush's wing
And float on the pools and swim and waken—
Unslaken, untaken—
Bronze wood-Naiads that wait forsaken.

All day the lireodendron droops
Cver the thickets her moons of gold;
All day the cumulous dog-wood groups
Flake the mosses with star snows cold.
While gold untold
The oriole pours from his song-thatched hold!

Carol of love all day in the thickets,
Red bird; warble, O thrush, of pain!
Pipe me of pity, O raincrow, hidden
Deep in the wood! and, lo! thy refrain
Of pain, again
Shall out of the bosom of heaven bring rain.

The following song seems to me to be fraught with fine imagination, and shows Mr. O'Malley in his highest reaches:

Out of red, twilight worlds
Come shining Presences on vast, swift wings—
Out of far, sun-down realms where cities flash,
Inhabited by Kings.

Out of red, twilight worlds
Come radiant songs and crystal melodies,
And awful splendors winging through gray dusks
Ascending from dim seas.

Out of red, twilight worlds
Great voices speak in utterance strong and broad,
And living thunders, clothed in flame, fall down
At the white feet of God.

The writer of such verse is a poet to the manner born. Such verse comes from the heart because the heart feels the things that are sung. This little song is a real poet's heart-song, and only a real poet could sing it. It is fashionable among Catholic editors to make light of Catholic poets. I must admit that much of the grist that comes from the mills is poor food for a hungering imagination; but I regret to say, that I have seen very few Catholic journals which displayed the least poetic judgment on the part of the editors. The editor, therefore, is largely to blame for the poetic poverty. I venture to assert that it would be hard for these cock-sure judges upon three-legged stools to find in American contemporary letters, a more poetic bit of verse than the above.

"I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover,
Out of the wayside weeds, out of the meadows about me:
In gleams from the dew-drop's soul—from wings of birds shaken downward."

This is the poetic temperament, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Why does he sing? Alas, Mr. O'Mal-

ley has the poet's answer for you. This also, undoubtedly, comes from his heart.

"Why?" Ask of God: He knows. Profit
to me there is little;
Scorn, sometimes, and hunger—these
are the wages of singing.
Surely I know, who have sat with
poverty in her nightrobe.
The songs of the poet avail when the
multitude pauses to listen,
But dry chaff thrown on the wind are
they in an age that hears not;
Yet like a rain, a flame, a gush of music
curved downward,
They leap from out fountains of Joy and
flow into rhythmical being—
Passionate blossoms of hope that glow
within gardens ideal:
And I, who sing, in my soul am lulled
into infinite quiet."

One of the noblest poems which I have met from Mr. O'Malley's muse appeared some years ago. It was entitled "Dualism." It is too long to quote in full, and a fragment would give no adequate idea of its beauty. Instead, I will close by giving a little Easter song, which holds a striking thought:

The spring renews the earth;
The dews renew the rose,
But Thou, wilt Thou, O God, renew the
soul in me?

Restore life's morning mirth,
Its gladness and repose,
The hope that to the heart made April
melody.

The wild young streams uplift
Their voices to the sun,
The little dew-drops come again in
vesture white;

But age to me no rift
Brings of renewal won,
Lo, Thou, my God! I stand at dawn and
pray for light.

One of the most brilliant pens in American letters is that of James Jeffrey Roche, Editor of the Pilot of Boston. As an editor, his honesty, wit, and judgment have placed him among the ablest journalists of the nation, and the withering sarcasm with which he assails his antagonist is a real terror to evil doers. As a poet Roche is no less brilliant. But the sheen of his muse is the icy glare of the glacier rather than the warm ray of the sun. He loves to cultivate the cheerless flower of the winter frost, in preference to the sweet nurslings of springtime. He is, perhaps, too prone to make a deliberate sacrifice of sweetness and warmth for the sharp glitter of brilliancy. It is not too much to say, that in this line he has no superior in America. But I believe he has a more powerful vein that this. He is almost equal to Campbell at turning a ballad. "Albemarle Cushing" is a distinct addition to American literature. It ought to be read in the schools, and, indeed, one risks little in predicting that it will have as permanent a place in the school reader as has the "Battle of the Baltic." I am aware that in speaking of contemporary literature in this enthusiastic manner, one subjects himself to the stare, if not the smile of the conservative. But the same men, who thus stare or smile, are the first to follow the throng who run after false lights, and bow down, like Caliban, in adoration of what after all prove to be only jesters or sots. They never seem to learn that contemporaneous popularity is as often an indication of weakness as it is of strength. In his heroic ballads Mr. Roche is, I believe, at his best. Such verse as this has a ring to stir the blood:

All the summer lay the ram,
Like a wounded beast at bay,
While the watchful squadron swam
In the harbor night and day,
Till the broken beak was mended, and
the weary vigil ended
And her time was come again to
smite and slay.

Must they die, and die in vain,
Like a flock of shambled sheep?
Then the Yankee grit and brain
Must be dead or gone to sleep,
And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory
Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,
But a sailor thoroughbred,
"With a dozen volunteers
I will sink the ram," he said.
"At the worst 'tis only dying." And the old commander, sighing,
" 'Tis to save the fleet and flag—go ahead!"

Bright the rebel beacons blazed
On the river left and right;
Wide awake their sentries gazed
Through the watches of the night;
Sharp their challenge rang and fiery came the rifle's quick inquiry,
As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;
Ready hands to quarters sprung,
The Albemarle awoke and stirred,
And her howitzers gave tongue;
Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,
When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,
Doubly girt with boom and chain?
Face the shrapnel's iron hail?
Dare the livid leaden rain?
Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yankee's beauty;
See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain.

High the victor's taunting yell
Rings above the battle roar,
And they bid her mock farewell
As she seeks the farther shore,
Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap and springing
Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the southern captain, stirred
By the spirit of his race,
Stops the firing with a word,
Bids them yield and offers grace.
Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! We are here to fight!" and so
Swings the drea- torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled,
With a wounded, gaping side,
But her steady cannon pealed
Ere she settled in the ..de,
And the Roanoke's dull flood ran full red with Yankee blood,
When the fighting Albemarle sank and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the Albemarle fell
And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and well,
Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.
For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!
Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,
And the hero's laurels live on his grave.
Link their Cook's with Cushing's name; proudly call them both our own;
Claim their valor and their fame for America alone—
Joyful mother of the harvest of the brave.

It must be admitted that there are some technical imperfections in this ballad. It might be questioned whether a swordfish would stop an instant to consider whether the whale he was going to attack was "doubly girt with boom and chain," or not, or whether whales are usually so protected. There is good reason for poetic doubt as to whether he would take any thought of the "shrapnel's iron hail" or "the livid leaden rain," but ballads are not expected to be technically correct. Enough if they stir the blood, and the man whose blood is not stirred by the broad and noble patriotism of that last stanza has neither poetic nor patriotic sentiment in him.

Although Rev. John B. Tabb, the Virginia poet priest, published a volume of exquisite poems in 1884, it was not until his second appearance ten years later, that he was discovered as a "New Poet." Since then the public has become so familiar with his pretty little verses, that it is hardly necessary to give any specimens. In the art of chiselling, or the production of glit-

tering trifles, he is unsurpassed in the English language. But while brevity is the soul of wit, it is the bane of poetry. It is impossible to arouse much emotion or to fire the imagination with a quatrain, so it is hardly fair to claim more than perfection of versification for a great deal of Father Tabb's work. The following, entitled "Life," is a good example of his quatrains:

The power that lifts the leaf above
And sends the root below,
Sustains the heart in brother-love
And makes it heavenward grow.

There is no fault with the versification here, but who can read it and claim to be stirred in his feeling, sentiment, imagination? But lest it might be said that this quatrain is philosophic or ethical rather than poetic, I will give one with enough poetic thought for a sonnet, and see if the same lack of fire is not felt:

A boat unmoored, wherein a dreamer lies,
The slumbrous waves low-lisping of a land
Where love, forever with unclouded eyes
Goes, wed with wandering music, hand in hand.

How much better, because more satisfying to the imagination, this sonnet on Poe, which appeared in Father Tabb's first book of verse:

Sad spirit, swathed in brief mortality,
Of late and fervid fantasies the prey,
Till the remorseless demon of dismay
O'erwhelmed thee—lo! thy doleful destiny
Is chanted in the requiem of the sea
And shadowed in the crumbling ruins gray
That beetle o'er the tarn. Here all the day
The Raven broods on solitude and thee:

Here gloats the moon at midnight, while the bells
Tremble, but speak not, lest thy Ulalume
Should startle from her slumber, or Lenore
Harken the love-forbidden tone that tells
The shrouded legend of thy early doom
And blast the bliss of Heaven forevermore.

The following on the mocking bird is equal to anything in Herrick:

O Heart, that cannot sleep for song!
Behold I wake with thee,
And drink as from a fountain strong
Thy midnight melody.
That poured upon the thirsting silence seems
Fresh from the shade of dreams.

My spirit, like the sapless bough
Of some long-withered tree,
Feels suddenly the life that now
Sets all thy passions free,
And flushed as in the wakening strength of wine
Leaps heavenward with thine.

There is a play of fancy in these verses on the mistletoe that might also have been expected from Herrick.

To the cradle-bough of a naked tree,
Benumbed with ice and snow,
A Christmas dream brought suddenly
A birth of mistletoe.

The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud
Strode out on the night to see;
The Herod north wind blustered loud
To rend it from the tree.

But the old year took it for a sign
And blessed it in his heart:
"With prophecy and peace divine
Let now my soul depart."

Far better than this, in finer taste, and in proof of Father Tabb's power to make poetry as well as to carve cherry stones, is the beautiful ode to the wood-robin:

The wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossoms swell
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
When silence, late supreme, foregoes her wonted spell.

Ah, whence in sylvan solitudes remote,
Hast learned the lore
That breeds delight in every echoing note,
The woodlands o'er;
As when, through slanting sun, descends the quickening shower?

Thy heritage is peopled with the dreams
That gladden sleep,
Here fancy dallies with delirious themes
Mid shadows deep,
Till eyes, unused to tears, with wild emotions weep.

We rise alas to find our visions fled!
But thine remain.
Night weaves of golden harmonies the thread,
And fills thy brain
With joys that overflow in love's awakening strain.

Yet thou from mortal influence apart,
Seek'st naught of praise;
The empty plaudits of the emptier heart
Taint not thy lays:
Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways.

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing
Thy rhapsody;
Nor borne on vain ambition's vaunting wing,
But led by thee,
To rise from earthly dreams to hymn Eternity.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has produced some notable verse, highly artistic, finely polished, yet not without considerable lyrical fire and music. One needs but a glance at her work to be assured of the highly cultured intellect behind it. She seems to possess the power of saying gracefully what she wants to say as she wants to say it. She sometimes rises pretty near the regions of the perfect lyric. Witness the revel of sensuous music in the sestette of the following sonnet on sleep. Keats might have been proud to produce it.

O glorious tide, O hospitable tide,
In whose moon-heaving breast my head hath lain,
Lest I, all eased of wounds and washed of stain,
Through holy hours, be yet unsatisfied,
Loose me betimes! for in my soul abide
Urgings of memory, and exile's pain
Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

Often and evermore across the sea
Of dark and dreams, to fatherlands of day,
O speed me like that outworn King erewhile
From kind Phenicia shoreward borne; for me,
Thy loving, healed Greek, thou too shalt lay
Beneath the olive boughs of mine own isle.

The power over the "concord of sweet sounds" is not her only talent. Her verse has sometimes a force and rush, which make us see her images with striking distinctness. "The Wild Ride" is remarkable for this effect:—

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing horses,
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.
We spur to a land of no name, outracing the stormwind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that follow.

One more specimen of this poet's work to show how brilliantly she can express deep and sacred thoughts.

All else for use; one only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee;
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel thou me.

Delight in menace, if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, fame a gathering jeer,
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear,)

Wash me to them, that I may be renewed,
Nor wall in clay mine agonies and joys;
O close my hand upon Beatitude!
Not in her toys.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, whose critical judgment is usually based upon good sense, pronounces this young woman the foremost woman poet now writing in the English language. While Dr. Egan is doubtless right, yet he judges unconsciously from a partisan standpoint; for his own muse was

"Nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill."

They are both classical, both as much in love with the gods and goddesses as the boy Keats, but they possess the good sense not to become over-delirious regarding them. I think Egan has a finer command of the technique of his art than Miss Guiney, but she has more variety and perhaps boldness. It would be a useless and futile task to listen to two of Mendelssohn's songs without words, and tell which was the better and why. So I shall not undertake to say which of these poets is the better and why. Enough for us that they are both good, and both under rather than fully appreciated. The following sonnet, delicate, pathetic and tender, is a good specimen of Dr. Egan's method of clothing in poetic colors a simple myth or fancy:

In the late winter, when the breath of Spring
Had almost softened the great fields of snow,
A mother died, and, wandering to and fro,
Her sad child sought her—frightened little thing!—
Through the drear woodland, as on timid wing,
A young bird flutters; in the bushes low
It sunk in sleep, thus losing all its woe,
With smiling lips her dear name murmuring.

No loving arms were there to hold it fast;
There were no kisses for it, warm and sweet
But snow flakes, pitying, fell like frozen tears.
Then said its Angel: "Snow flakes, ye shall last
Beyond the life of snow flakes. At spring's feet
Bloom ye as flowers through all the coming years.

Here is a delicious little fancy, inimitably expressed:

"I read a book, to which old books are new,
And new books old. A living book is mine—
In age three years; in it I read no lies;
In it to myriad truths I find the clue—
A tender little child; but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes."

Love is a favorite theme of Dr. Egan's. It is pure, holy and noble love. There is never an approach, a hint, at the amorous trivialities which Tom Moore used to revel in throughout his songs. To Egan love is not a mere pastime or pleasure, but an honest business. He has the seriousness of a true poet. Hear him:

"The earth may crumble but our love and we
Shall live forever. This is true!" I cry.
My heart lifts up itself in ecstasy,
"Life were not life if our great love could die!"

Here is another lyric which holds the essence of love, as it is found in the heart of a strong and true man.

Light answers light and scent with perfume meets;
A rosebud opens,—lo! another rose
Lifts up its head and its June sister greets;
We mark a star,—another star quick glows.

A strain of music and an echo sighs;
The sun's fair splendor shineth in the moon;
And sunset's rosy beauty never dies,
Although it seems to fade away so soon.

Love calls for love, and always echo finds;
Love calls from God, in spite of all rebuff;
Love ever, ever from his heart unwinds,—
Love, love, and love! What man can love enough?

It is only lately that Dr. Egan, in one of his letters to the press, ridiculed the great mass of pious verses which appear in Catholic journals. No poet in America today could set a better example of religious poetry than this genial critic. Take these lines for instance:

As flame streams upward, so my longing thought
Flies up to Thee,
Thou God and Saviour Who hast truly wrought
Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought
A fresh, new world, and in thy sweet shrine caught,
And made us free.

As hyacinths make way from out the dark,
My soul awakes
At thought of Thee, like sap beneath the bark:
As little violets in field and park
Rise to the thrilling thrush and meadow-lark
New hope it takes.

Of course such poetry as this is not to be expected to flow in gratis to the average Catholic journal in very large quantities; and, I am sorry to say there are few editors of such journals who seem to have the ability to sense poetry when they see it; so they would not appreciate it at its proper worth. It is after all not the fault of the poet, but of the editor, that we have such a dearth of good verse of a religious color in the Catholic journals; and perhaps the ultimate blame rests on the reader, who, as I intimated at the beginning of this article, as a whole, loves his doggerel, and is glad to accept it in large doses, while for the refinements of true poetry he has a well pronounced disregard. The editor knows what his reader wants, and Catholic, Protestant or Secular, he is usually anxious to serve food to his palate, and leave the education of the public taste to—somebody else. But this is a digression.

On a pleasant May morning as one walks along a lonely country road listening to the grand chorus in the fields and woods about him, he will sometimes have his attention suddenly arrested by a clear note, so different from those he is acquainted with, and perhaps so sweet withal, that he will search through the thickets, or even dive into the dark woods, determined to have a view of the beautiful songster. Such a note is that of Susan L. Emery. It is as distinct in the chorus of American singers, as the curving tones of the veery in the feathered choir of Maytime. Some of her sweet lyrics are familiar to the readers of this Magazine, so it will not be necessary to quote much of her work. There is a holy calm about her poetry, even when she is sounding the very depths of human feeling, which is remarkable. In Harper's Magazine for December, 1899, appeared the magnificent poem, "Fra Angelico's Madonna of the Star," beautifully illustrated. I doubt whether a finer Christmas poem appeared that month in the English language. In it is displayed in a notable manner this strange conjunction of calm and passion, which is

perhaps the most remarkable feature of Miss Emery's poetry.

"Long had I pondered what the prophets told me,—
Yearned for thee,—prayed for thee, —as years went by.
Now to my bosom fondly I enfold thee,
Child of my womb, and Son of God Most High!

Worlds would I give thee, had I them to give thee.
What means the longing in thy wondrous eyes?
Goest thou heart-broken, till Heaven again receive thee?
Lo! my own heart is broken by thy sighs.

Stand I tonight with thee while shadows gather,
Wherein all stars are set, and day is done.
O thou Eternal Word of God the Father!
I am thy Mother. Speak to me, my Son!"

The following lines are worth quoting for their solemnity and tenderness. The religion that appears in them is just, deep, true.

"All his great purpose lies before her vision
In a deep peace that sets her heart at rest.
Though he has come to earth from fields Elysian,
Heaven is still with him on her stainless breast."

I venture to say there is nothing superior to this last line in Wordsworth. "Purer than foam on central ocean tossed," has as fine a sound, but its color is much paler. Notice also the choriambs which add to the solemnity.

"Sees she the cross, the crown of thorns, the dying;
Feels his deep hunger for the souls of men."

With what a beautiful little prayer the poem closes. I will close my brief notice of this charming poet with the prayer:

When the dread chains of sleepless nights have bound us,
When all our hopes have fled from us afar,
When we see only deepest gloom around us,
Shine on us then, Madonna of the Star!

Tell us, when those are gone we held the dearest,
Sweet voices silent, and earths love-lights dim,
Then thy Child Jesus to our hearts is nearest,
Sorrow and silence leading us to him.

Tell us to hush our very hearts before him,
(Lo! he is King of kings, and Lord of lords!)
In that deep stillness, while our souls adore him,
He will speak to us, without noise of words.

The Rev. James B. Dollard of Toronto, Canada, should have prominent place in any just review of American poetry. He has no superior as an Irish ballad writer. His vein is entirely Celtic, more than making up in wit and sweetness for any short-coming in power and finish. He is always Irish rather than American, and even assumed an Irish pseudonym, Sliav-na-Mon, by which name he is still known, probably better than his own. He has more finish, and almost as much fire as Thomas Davis. He is always true to his native land, and no book of Irish ballads will be complete without many of his beautiful productions.

I cannot resist printing one of these ballads entire, as a good sample of Father Dollard's work. The reader will agree with Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who says, in "Book Culture," in which magazine the poem first appeared: "Father Dollard's ringing ballads have all the fire and go of Kipling's, with a finer poetic touch."

Let me anticipate the reader's

pleasure by calling attention to the lyric loveliness of the fourth and fifth stanzas, as well as the touching manner in which the sweet sentiment of the last stanza is expressed; it is the cry of the Irish exile, forced from home and mother by means more cruel than fairy power:

"Mother dear, my mother, they have stolen me away,
And I miss you, mother darling, all the live-long day;
When the dreamy sun is shining, and the fleecy clouds sail by,
You are weeping for me, mother, and I hear your bitter cry.

I wandered by the fairy Rath, I wandered all alone;
I played, nor thought of danger, by the haunted Ogam Stone
Till fairies from Knocsheela came and carried me away,
Where they live within the mountain in their palaces of clay.

Mother dear, oh mother, they have crowned me Fairy Queen,
They have robed me in a vesture of the sunset's wondrous sheen,
They have dowered me with treasure that their fairy castles hold,
But more precious to me, mother, your sweet kiss than shining gold.

When the sun is on the mountain, and the cloud-shades come and go,
And drowsy brooklets downward 'neath the nodding hazels flow,
When the bee is in the fox-glove, and in covert hides the hare,
Oh, look upon the mountain then, for mother I am there.

But when dim night has fallen and the mystic moonlight comes,
And darkly on the valley's breast yon gray-walled castle looms,
Oh then along the river's bank we're skipping near and far,
Till dawn with spears of silver drives away the Morning Star.

'Twas yesternight, oh mother, that we passed the cottage by;
Ah, my famished heart beat eagerly to know that you were nigh.
I saw the tears you shed for me, I heard your troubled prayer,
But the fairy throng bore swift along;—
I could not linger there.

Mother dear, my mother, I am dying day by day,
They may hold my lifeless body, but my spirit will not stay,
It will seek you, mother darling, thro' the sunshine or the rain,
And the Fairies of the mountain cannot steal your child again."

I intended to quote from the writings of several other poets, whose names cannot be overlooked, as they have done and are doing beautiful work; but the space I have already used is so great that I could not do justice to them in this paper. I have room to do no more than mention some of them, much as I would enjoy giving each the full space deserved. The will, therefore, must be taken for the deed.

Miss Katherine E. Conway has a voice distinctly individual and sweet. She is not only a true poet, but a teacher as well, wielding a strong and healthy influence, through her books, on the morals and manners of our young people.

The name of Mary Elizabeth Blake is familiar and dear to lovers of verse of the ringing Celtic character, which captivates the heart. Her poems often display a fire equal to that of the late Fanny Parnell of whom O'Reilly sang so touchingly. This reminds me that one of the most characteristically Celtic elegies ever written was that of Mrs. Blake on the death of Charles Stewart Parnell.

I would like to say something of John James Piatt and his accomplished wife, Sarah M. B. Piatt, who are Catholic, both in their creed and in their verse. They are, however, much better known in secular than in Catholic periodicals. The same is true of the gifted Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and her husband, George Parsons Lathrop, whose lamented death was a distinct loss to American letters.

Henry Coyle, the gentle and able editor of the Bouquet of Boston, has produced a volume of poems, "The Promise of Morning," which contains many sweet and pure lyrics. John P. Sjolander of Texas has a strong voice, and at times displays a remarkable poetic power. James Riley of Boston, author of a volume of poems entitled "Songs of Two Peoples," has the faculty of turning a ballad, and of putting the homely things of life into smooth and taking verse.

A complete list of the men and women who are doing really creditable work would be astonishingly long. And when it is considered that much if not most of this verse is written without other reward than the gratification of the writer's feelings,—songs uttered from the heart for their own sake, simply to express the longing, hope, love, sorrow, or the fine raptures of high-souled natures, no one can look over the field of poetry and remain a pessimist.

THE LYRIC SAINT.

BY BROTHER JUSTIN.

As age on age its course doth take
  Adown the ceaseless flow of time,
Thy name and fame are kept awake,
  O minstrel maid, in ev'ry clime.

Upon thine arm doth rest the lyre,
  Whence gushed the silv'ry liquid pæan,
That led thy soul, with ardent fire,
  On wings of love to God's own fane.

With Christ's pure love thy soul did throb,
  That waked the chords to mellow strain;—
No terrene love might from them rob
  The faintest breathing of refrain.

With scintillating nimbus crowned,
  Fore'er thou'lt chant the subtile plaint,
Hailed by encircling seraphs 'round—
  Musician, Virgin, Martyr, Saint!

A CANADIAN LEGEND.

BY MARY MARGARET CLAPP.

It was Mardi Gras, and Baptistine was putting the finishing touches to her toilet in adjusting a little muslin fichu, utilizing at the same time the bucket of water in the kitchen for a mirror. Looking glasses were in those times an unknown quantity in a Canadian hut. The old woman who was sitting at the window, knitting, looked complacently upon the young girl, while her thoughts probably drifted back to the Mardi Gras festival of her youth. The old man looked anything but satisfied as he prepared to relight his pipe.

"Once more," he said, rising, "you had better not go, Baptistine."

"Ah! That's the way you always are," replied the young woman, with a frown, "when I want to go anywhere. You never want me to have a good time."

The mother, who hitherto had not taken any part in the conversation, took up at this point the girl's cause, and turning to the old man said: "There surely can come no harm of her going. José is coming to call for her and we do not wish to offend him."

The name of José seemed to soften the old man's heart.

"'Tis true, 'tis true," he muttered between his teeth, "but you must promise me that you will not dance after twelve o'clock. Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday, and you know what happened to Rose Latulipe."

"No, no," the young girl and mother replied in chorus, "we don't know, but there's José."

Just then a cariole stopped in front of the door and a young man jumped out and made his way towards the house, thumping the heels of his boots together with a vengeance in his effort to part with some of the snow before he came in.

"I'm afraid," said the old man, greeting the new comer, "that we are going to have a pretty rough night. I think that you had better bury the Mardi Gras with us."

"Why? Are you afraid that the old nag will give out on the way?" said the young man. "She has just drawn thirty cords of maple, but that will only put her in better trim."

Baptistine fastened on her hood and made her way to the cariole. José tucked in the robes, gave Charmante a vigorous cut of the whip, and off the party started at a gallop, soon disappearing in a mist of snow.

"Let us hope that no evil will befall them," sighed the old man, relighting his pipe.

"But do tell me, what there is to fear?" said the wife. "They are going among good people."

"Ah! then," sighed the old man, "you have never heard the story of Rose Latulipe? I never see the young people go out on Mardi Gras, but I think of it. It is an old story but none the less true. My grandfather told it to me, and his great grandfather told it to him, and I will tell it to you the way it was told to me." And he began:

"There was once upon a time one named Latulipe, and he had a daughter

to whom he was very much attached. And naturally enough he should be, for Rose was a very pretty girl, and to say the least she knew it. She also had a lover named Gabriel Lepard who was the apple of her eye, though the neighbors say that Rose was not altogether immune to harmless flattery. They said too that she was wont to take a wicked delight in exciting her lover's envy by openly accepting the adulation of others.

One Mardi Gras, her father gave a large party and there were assembled over fifty guests at the house of the Latulipes. On that evening Rose, much to the edification of everybody, remained throughout the whole evening the inseparable companion of her lover. They were to be married on the following Easter.

The evening passed uneventfully until about eleven o'clock, when a vehicle stopped in front of the door. The guests all made for the window to see who the new comer might be, and when they had scratched off enough snow from the frozen pane to peek through, they beheld a finely-dressed man and a large black horse and elegant equipage. There was a chorus of Ohs! and Ahs! In the meantime, the stranger had entered, and seeking the master of the house begged his permission to remain a short while under his hospitable roof.

"It is too much of an honor that you confer upon us," replied the host, and he begged the stranger to permit him to have his horse unharnessed and put in the stable. The stranger declined on the ground that he would only remain half an hour.

"Monsieur will then take a glass of wine," suggested the delighted host.

The stranger gulped the liquid down with a most awful grimace, for Latulipe, being short of bottles, had sacrilegiously emptied the holy water bottle and refilled it with wine—a bad thing you know.

He was handsome, this stranger, except that the expression of his eyes was peculiar. He advanced toward Rose, took her two hands in his, and said to her: "I hope, my pretty maiden, that you will be mine this evening, and that we will always dance together."

"Certainly," said Rose in an undertone, casting a timid glance at her quondam lover, who sat in a corner biting his lips until they bled.

The stranger sat beside Rose all the hour so that poor Gabriel who sat alone did not have a most enviable lot. In a little cabinet just off the ball room sat a devout old lady, praying very fervently. She had her beads in one hand, and with the other she frequently struck her breast. She ceased her devotions for a few minutes and beckoned Rose to her side.

"Listen, my child," she said. "It was very wicked of you to abandon Gabriel for this newcomer. There is something that is not quite right, for every time that I pronounce the holy name of Jesus he looks at me with an infuriated air. See the way he is looking at us now."

"Tut! Tut!" answered Rose, "keep on with your beads, but let us young people amuse ourselves."

"What did that old virago say to you?" asked the stranger, when Rose rejoined him.

"Bah!" said Rose, "you know that old people are always lecturing young people."

It was midnight and the master of the house wished that the dancing should cease, as it was scarcely proper

he thought to dance on Ash Wednesday.

"Just one more dance," said the stranger.

"O yes, father," pleaded Rose. And the dance continued.

"You promised me, pretty Rose, that you would be mine this evening. Why can you not be mine for all time?"

"It is not right of you to make fun of a poor little country girl," said Rose, coyly.

"I swear," said the stranger, "that there is nothing more serious than what I propose to you. Say yes, and nothing can ever separate us."

"But Gabriel—" and she glanced at the unfortunate Lepard.

"I understand," said the stranger with a haughty air, "that you love this Gabriel; so don't speak of him any more."

"O yes, I love, that is I have loved —But it is all so strange that I—"

"What, pretty Rose; would you think me capable of deceiving you? I swear to you by everything that is sacred—"

"O no, don't swear! I believe you," said the poor girl, "but my father might not give his consent."

"Your father!" said the stranger, ironically. "Say that you are mine, and I will take care of the rest."

"Well then—yes," answered Rose.

"Give me your hand," said he, "to seal your promise."

The unfortunate Rose gave him her hand, but immediately withdrew it with a little cry of pain. Her countenance was as pale as death, and feigning illness she abandoned the dance. At that instant, two of the young guests came in, and with a terrified air called Latulipe aside, and said: "We have just been outside looking at the stranger's horse, and what do you suppose? All the snow is melted from under his feet, and he stands off the ground."

Latulipe confirmed this report, and his anxiety increased as he noticed the sudden pallor of his daughter's face. She partially confessed to her father what had passed between her and the stranger. Consternation became general among the guests, and the house would have been deserted had not Latulipe begged his guests not to abandon him in this terrible moment.

The stranger appeared indifferent to everything that was passing around him, but persisted in his attentions to Rose.

"Take off that glass collar," he said, "pretty Rose, and accept for my sake this one of real pearl which I will give you."

As the glass collar had a cross on it Rose refused to take it off.

. . . . . .

Another scene, vastly different, was being enacted that night at the presbytery where the venerable priest, bent in prayer since nine o'clock in the evening, did not cease to invoke God, begging him to forgive his parishioners for the sins that they would commit that night in the revel of the Mardi Gras.

The holy man had gone to sleep praying, and had been wrapped in slumber for more than an hour when suddenly he awoke, and summoning his faithful servant Ambrose, he cried: "Ambrose, get up quickly, and harness the horse. If you hurry I will make you a present of one, of two, of six months' wages."

"What's the matter, Monsieur le Curé?" cried Ambrose, who knew the zeal of his charitable pastor. "Is there anybody in danger of death?"

"In danger of death!" repeated the good Curé. "Worse than that; there is a soul in danger of eternal damnation. But stop talking, and hurry!"

In five minutes the Curé was on his way to the house of Latulipe, and despite the storm he advanced with great rapidity. Just as he entered, Rose's admirer, who in endeavoring to detach the glass necklace from her neck had broken it, was about to seize her. The Curé intervened.

"What art thou doing here among Christian people?" he asked.

The revellers fell upon their knees at the terrible spectacle of the demon-guest confronted by their venerable pastor, who had always seemed so meek and gentle, but now became suddenly strong and brave in the face of the enemy of God and men.

"Christian people!" repeated Satan with a grin of mockery. "Do you regard as Christian people," he continued, rolling his bloodshot eyes, "those who in contempt of religion pass in dancing and drinking and frivolous amusements the days which according to your accursed precepts are consecrated to penance? Furthermore, this young girl has given herself to me for all time."

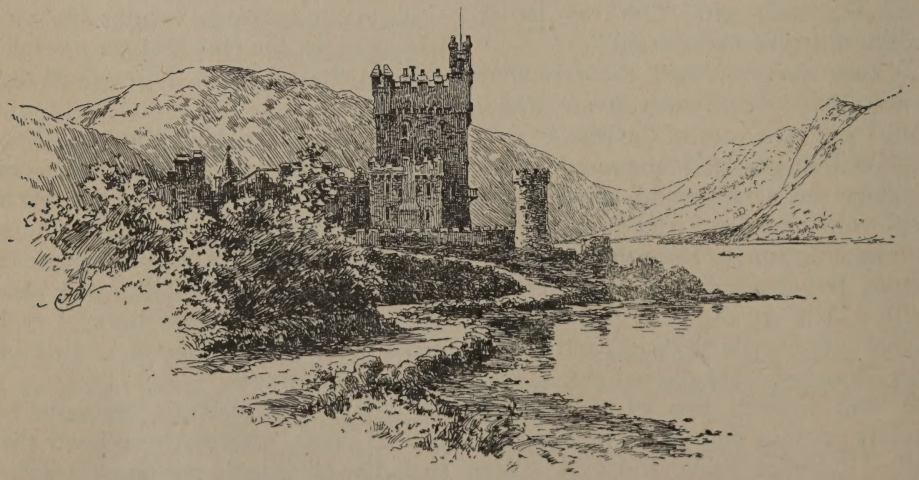
"Begone Satan!" cried the priest, striking him with his stole, and pronouncing some Latin words, at which the devil trembled and disappeared, exhaling an odor of sulphur which almost suffocated the assembly.

The Curé knelt down and uttered a fervent prayer over Rose, who was slowly regaining consciousness.

"Where is he? Where is he?" cried Rose, crouching at the feet of the venerable pastor. "Don't leave me, don't leave me," she pleaded. "I gave myself to him, and I am afraid that he will come back and claim me."

. . . . . .

The bells of the little village which were to have pealed joyously for Gabriel Lepard and his fair bride on the following Easter tolled a funeral dirge. Among those who followed the mournful procession were the aged priest, a bereft father, and Gabriel Lepard, who had come to pay the last tribute of respect to the fated Rose, his former fiancee.



A DOOR OF THE HISTORIC CLUNY.

VACATION DAYS IN PARIS.

BY MARGARET CHILTON.

It is no longer a very unusual, a very shocking thing for women to journey about the country unattended, and even the young ones are finding out every year what a simple affair it is to cross the ocean without the masculine protection that once was considered so necessary,—necessary for two reasons, for propriety's sake and because of that very great lack of independence that was the convincing proof of womanliness fifteen years ago.

We have changed all that. We have gradually acquired the difficult art of deciphering time tables, and have even schooled ourselves in the catching of trains—two important points that seemed far beyond our reach, from the masculine view point—fifteen years ago.

And then, it need not be an expensive way of spending a vacation, this going abroad. Four girls fresh from collegiate constraint, who might be used as a model party, traveled last year over France and saw, too, a bit of the bordering countries, at a cost of two dollars a day apiece, outside of their passage. They were healthy, enthusiastic young mortals, not easily daunted, nor easily upset physically, a fortunate circumstance, as of course they had some discomforts to contend against.

An old traveler—a woman who crosses often—calculates that for five dollars a day she can have com-

forts, and the best of accommodation everywhere.

The four girls traveled second-class, as most Europeans do on all railroads, and while they went to the best hotels, —as unescorted women ought—they lodged themselves on the sixth floor, unless there was a seventh. The older traveler did not need to be "skied" at these same hotels. A daily expenditure of two dollars is a minimum outlay, and I advise it warily with an uncomfortable consciousness that a year from now I may be held responsible for the starvation of some stranded American. With a very little more one would be quite safe, especially in a party of three or four, thereby lessening expenses materially. With all this there is a discomforting certainty that, with an exposition, the prices for everything will increase. Other expositions have proved this to be an inevitable result, and there is no reason to believe that this year will be an exception. Having made your reckoning it is well to have a good bit more to call on in an emergency.

A letter of credit is the most convenient way of carrying over money, a letter on some banking house that has a branch house in Paris. Or we may buy the little check books of the American Express, the checks of which are received at any hotel and almost any shop.

When traveling it is well to have a permanent address, the bankers or the express company, who must be informed of one's movements. By attending to this all mail is forwarded, and the chances of letters straying off into that boundless land that engulfs letters lost are greatly lessened. And then, even if stopping in Paris, such an address has a vast advantage over a careless concierge or porter, who rarely knows how the "Mlle. Jones" or "Mme. Chilton" spells the name that he pronounces after a Gallicized fashion glibly enough, but fails to recognize on the face of an envelope It is a very good plan to have a reliable cable code tucked into the luggage; an adjunct that may save expense and worry, and give one the comfortable assurance that the family on the home side of the ocean has the means to translate a mystic message of one seemingly senseless word into a demand from you of "more cash and quickly."

French money is a bit perplexing, but after a while the scheme of it rights itself if the traveler learns it from its own basis, and not through its American equivalents. This is the first principle of the study, and although it appears difficult at first it simplifies vastly at the end. French money is bulky, both in its paper form and in silver, and the small change the most bulky of all; and the whole scheme is calculated, until you have mastered the language of it, to make you feel just five times richer than you are.

After you have paid for your steamship ticket, put the bulk of your money into a letter of credit, and are quite ready to go abroad, it is well to have the reserve, all but a little change, put into French gold, even if you are to land in Antwerp or some other of the northern ports. There is a popular fallacy that the purser on the boat is quite prepared to turn your American gold into French equivalent, but if he is willing to do so it is merely as a kindness on his part. It is by no means a service that may be demanded of him in his official capacity. He is always ready and willing to offer monetary advice and make the small change that may be necessary in the feeing of the ship's servants, but this is the limit of his duty in this direction.

When you reach the shores of the "other side," if you have been clever

AN INTERESTING PART OF THE SEINE.

and discreet about your packing, you will be able to congratulate yourself on your scarcity of luggage. For a vacation there surely ought not to be more than two pieces, with the dress-suit case or grip in hand. One of those pieces being a steamer trunk, presumably packed with steamer clothes only, it may, if desired, be stored in care of the steamship line, if the return trip is to be made by the same line. Personally it seems to me more desirable to return by way of another port, thereby giving one a glimpse of another country. In such a case the steamer trunk must be taken along.

It is very easy to put yourself into the hands of interpreters when you reach the dock; for a horde of them spring up, zealous and suave, but it is much better to assume the calmest air at your command, and firmly send them to the rightabout. You will find that your most meagre rendering of the foreign tongue will carry you through the bargaining with cabmen and hotel baggage-men better than any so-called interpreter can do it for you. Above all, if the French or Belgian cabby has not the air of understanding your French, do not shout at him in desperate English. He is even more at a loss to understand clearly-enunciated, shrill English than the most stumbling of French whispers. Everywhere on the continent one meets with Britons with nose in air and expressions of contempt on their faces for anything un-English, and this mode of probing the understandings of "these stupid foreigners" is a

favorite one of theirs, a rather dense method to adopt towards a people to whom they stand as aliens. I am happy to say this attitude is confined to the traveling Briton, who is always in a chronic state of protestation. The Americans have a better appreciation of a holiday time and a sufficiently humorous spirit to see fun in it all.

On the railway going to Paris (I

A LITTLE CLUSTER OF INDIGENOUS CABBY.

am taking it for granted that on an economical trip the steamship line has left tourists at a Belgian or French port) one travels in a second-class carriage, and selects also a compartment marked "dame seul"—reserved for ladies—thus avoiding annoyance by smoke from the cigarettes. As you cross the frontier the hand luggage must be taken out on the platform for the cursory examination, which need not cause uneasiness, unless, perchance there are cigars or tobacco tucked away among your veils, an unlikely contingency. The trunks are there, also, and you can identify them and hand over the keys. After all the pieces are chalked you are at liberty to resume your interrupted nap, and will probably find that while you were gone your French fellow travelers have closed the windows tightly and taken the pink cotton out of their ears. The French have a horror of a current of air, and wear cotton in their ears even in summer. A constitutional love for fresh air is a bugaboo to them.

Once in Paris a good hotel for a few nights, until a pension has been found, is safest and most comfortable for ladies. The pension may be found through the agency of the columns of the American papers. There is the

English pension full of Americans and English, where one inevitably gets into the "tourist gait," out of which I am trying with devoted zeal to keep you. The traveler hears no French and sees nothing of French living in such a place, and on the whole might almost as well stop in a New York boarding-house. There are pensions not strictly American which have a more mixed and therefore a more interesting patronage; and lastly there are the opportunities offered by some widow of a "distinguished diplomat" or a countess of ex-exalted position to care for a very limited number of Americans.

The Paris edition of an American paper advertises a half a hundred of all sorts of offers of "distinguished" house room. These institutions are generally kept by people who have seen better days, and if they do not openly offer their alluring title in their advertisement they hint at past circumstances of such absolute grandeur that you dare not appear to haggle at their first price, but meekly accept their terms.

Of those who are prepared to take in only two or three American pensionnaires, one must have a care, for they have a reputation of "taking one in" in an alarming sense;—of teaching one their glorious tongue, but putting into one's mouth little more than a few glib French phrases, while the bill for extras assume gigantic proportions. All this sounds extremely alarming, and perhaps a bit sweeping, but I merely want to warn the unwary against the most charming of countesses unrecommended. However, there are many well recommended pensions that make delightful abodes for the short vacation.

At most pensions a special price may be made if one wishes to take only the early light breakfast, and lunch at the various restaurants, an excellent idea, as it is often a great inconvenience, when sight-seeing, to return to the pension across the river for the table d'hote, or midday meal.

It is more interesting, to my thinking, to live on the rive gauche or the left side of the Seine, but, I beg of you,

A FLOWER MARKET.

do not call yourself a denizen of the Latin quarter simply because you do live on that side of the river. It sounds knowing, of course, but the quartier Latin is really only that district around the Cité—the bit of old Paris that centres about the Sorbonne, and the Jardin du Luxemburg divides the left bank where Americans cluster from the quartier excentrique written of by Murger and DuMaurier. About the Etoile quarter at the opposite end of the city, on the rive droite in fact, there are many charming houses in which to rent rooms, but it is less expensive on the other side.

The American appetite in Paris is a simple thing to cope with. Unless it is an aggressively American appetite, it is well gratified, for the cuisine is one department of France that has not deteriorated, one of the arts that upholds its reputation. It is difficult to suggest just the places for an unescorted woman to patronize unless it be the Establissement de Bouillon Duval, and an uninterrupted diet of several months in these places would be doleful indeed. These restaurants, of an extremely successful and peculiar kind, were founded by a butcher, Duval by name. A worthy soul he must have been, and probably he made money, for the two or three dozen places bearing that well-known name have the stamp of snug prosperity. They are distributed widely over the city, and the traveler can hardly fail to find one. Everything is reasonable, although it seems at first rather startling to pay for the pepper, the bread and the serviette, but there is the comfortable consciousness that it is quite right to dine alone in such a place. If there be difficulty in ordering from a menu, the dinners placed at a prix fixe, as it is called, of two and a half francs, or even at one franc and a half, are sure to be good.

Women must learn to know the res-

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

THE HEART OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

taurants where they may go without the saving masculine presence, and if there be any doubt it is safer to go to the quiet, smaller places. For breakfast, numerous attractive little creameries present themselves, where one may breakfast delightfully on a big bowl of chocolate with as many deliciously crusty crescents as one likes. The traveler soon gets into the continental way of living, and easily dispenses with the heavy first meal that is almost an American institution.

From the first of May until as late as possible, all Paris takes its meals out of doors. This custom seems strange at first, but its charm is appreciated after the first scruples at eating "on the sidewalk" have been overcome, and to strangers the experience seems full of picturesque and curious incident.

The restaurants look bare to an American eye accustomed to over lavish luxury, for it is only in the very expensive restaurants that there is the slightest display, and then it is of a simple sort that is much more elegant than our gorgeously-gilded and be-mirrored dining places.

The rows of little tables guarded by their waiting garcons are very attractive. They are ranged across the sidewalk before the windows of a restaurant, and the sights of the street are an ever-changing joy to watch during the slow progress of the meal. And the delight of it all is in taking it leisurely as the French themselves do. An Englishman meeting our countrymen on the continent cleverly described us as rushing madly about from one strange land to another, with a perpetual cinder in the eye. And he was right. We are in too great a hurry; the American characteristic of

"hustling" appears to be inborn in some of us, and abroad we hurry about as though we had a thirty-minute train wait and everything to do in that time.

To hurry over eating is an unfortunate characteristic of the tourist element. The cafés show an absorbingly interesting side of Parisian life; at five o'clock the little tables outside the doors are crowded with French people, the men drinking their absinthe and the women sipping cool-looking syrups, and all exchanging gossip, passing the day's journals from one table to another, and commenting on the passers-by. In the evening the cafés are gayer. Some of those on the grand boulevards offer very good concerts; ladies are not expected to appear alone, of course, but American women go there with husbands or brothers for their after dinner coffee.

A French middle class family sits about a small table at a favorite brasserie, the children sipping glasses of weak red wine and water, and their elders gesticulating with the gay abandon of their clan over tall glasses of coffee or wee glasses of liqueur.

The boulevardier is a character not to be mistaken, he is a distinct type; generally middle-aged, generally a bit foppish as to dress, and, according to the length of his purse, an habitue of the large, resplendent cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens, or the less expensive ones of the Boulevard St. Michel. He sits for a whole evening over a petit verre and surveys human nature around him with the eyes of a philosopher. Very often, if he ekes out a living with his pen, he has his paper and ink at hand on the table;

A CORNER RATHER DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN.

but whatever his circumstances, and the boulevardier is drawn from every rank of society, his profession seems to be in active exercise at the little inn tables where he spends his days and half his nights.

From the first of May to the first of November, Paris is sadly Americanized; the leisure class of the Parisians have gone to their country houses, fleeing the city just as we do here now. Americans are met everywhere. The cafés on the grand boulevard are crowded with Americans; especially do they flock to the Café de la Paix; it is said that during this season, if one sits half an hour before this café every American in Paris will pass by.

So many women have lived abroad alone, studying or painting or writing, that they have made it possible for the American woman to go about anywhere and be treated with the dignity that her womanhood commands.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood as advocating a young girl's living alone over there. I am talking of the proved, self-reliant young woman of serious purposes and well-poised mind. She would know that she could not walk through the streets at night even though the distance between the theatres and her stopping place were only a few blocks, and she always reckons on the expense of a cab during the evening, even though there be the companionship of another woman. Happily, cab hire is cheap, although it threatens to become less so during the exposition, but even then it will be cheaper than it is at home, and with two or three to divide expenses, it becomes a matter of a few sous. A cab is engaged either for a course or by the hour, the latter being much the better way when a shopping tour is planned. For the course it is a franc and a half or about thirty cents; by the hour the charge is two francs, a tip of five sous or thereabouts.

If the driver is taking you by the hour his horse is liable to develop a serious indisposition to hurry, which Jehu will try with many flourishes of his whip to overcome, but, in spite of his apparent zeal it is well to take it for granted that the man sympathizes heartily with his beast. He is always to be seen with his high glazed beaver hat on the back of his head, with a brilliant waistcoat and green coat, and never without his whip,—his badge of office. He generally has a red and badly-worn face and is inclined towards corpulence. On warm days he endeavors to impart a cool air to his costume by wearing soiled white trousers, and an extremely negligee shirt. There are cabs standing at certain places, about the operas for instance, that have more sedately uniformed drivers, but they, like the automobiles, are double in fare.

As for the omnibuses and tramways of Paris, they are so connected with each other and so well distributed over the city, that riding by them is easy, convenient and cheap, and, on top, delightful. The fares within the city's limits are thirty centimes (six cents) inside, and fifteen centimes (three cents) on top.

All sensible Americans ride on top; French people of dignity never do except from motives of economy, but they have grown accustomed to the sight of the most dignified of Americans joyously surveying their Paris from that height, and, as they even now believe all Americans to be possessed of vast wealth, they consider it only another of our inexplicable eccentricities. The trains afford pleasant transportation to the environs of Paris, but even more delightful are the jolly little boats that ply up and down the river. They start from the bridges and the tourist may sail for a short or long distance with the surety of finding a pleasant little restaurant

where luncheon may be enjoyed beneath the trees, or on a balcony overlooking the river.

Suresnes, one of the prettiest places, is an hour's sail from the Pont d'Alma and is near enough to the Bois de Boulogne to make a walk back through the lovely woods a pleasant exercise.

The trip up the river is charming, one side lined with the outskirting trees of the bois, the pretty country villas close to the water's edge; and on the other side the hills of Mendon and the historic park of St. Cloud. Even at the little places out of the beaten track of the excursionist it is possible to find an appetizing meal served by an obsequious garcon, no matter how primitive the place may be. These little country jauntings appeal to the imagination so vividly over there, in any of the European countries. There are many little excursions outside of Paris, to places that have a religious, historic or sentimental interest attached to them, and the nicest part of the vacation will be in dawdling about unciceroned and with your own congenial little party to just these places.

THE MINUTE MEN.

One of the principal events of Patriots' Day was the service of dedication of the Hayes monument, the minute man (a picture of which appears on the cover of this number), erected at the head of the historic Lexington Common, where the first gun of the great battle for liberty and independence was fired 125 years ago.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere made familiar to all of us, from schooldays' happy times, by Longfellow's poem, it will be remembered, was one of the picturesque incidents of this fight. During the previous weeks of unrest the colonists of Massachusetts had gathered together some scanty munitions of war at Concord. Paul Revere, in response to the prearranged belfry lantern signals of "one by land, two by sea," rode from Boston to Concord, alarming the minute men en route. This was on the night of the 18th of April, 1775.

At daybreak of the next morning, April 19, thirty-eight inspired men, inspired by the burden of their wrongs and their feelings of exalted courage, faced the overwhelming force of six hundred British regulars on the green at Lexington. In obedience to Captain Parker's command, "Don't fire, unless you are fired on, but if they want a war, let it begin here," seven of these intrepid spirits were sacrificed by the first British volley. The colo-

nial's return fire was ineffectual. The supplies, however, were saved, and the American retreat followed. Not for long, though, for with the accession of fresh recruits to their ranks they reformed and followed the British toward Concord, capturing seven stragglers, the first prisoners of the war now begun.

The fight that followed at Concord, and commemorated by the battle monument of the typical minute man, unveiled on the anniversary of the battle, April 19, 1836, resulted in a total British rout.

Harassed by the withering fire of the guerrilla mode of warfare of their invisible foe all along the road from Lexington to Concord, the king's troops became completely demoralized. As best can be determined, there were eighteen hundred British opposed to four hundred and fifty Americans, of which about three hundred were killed and wounded at the close of the day, while the colonists lost ninety-three.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Concord Battle Hymn, sung at the time of the unveiling of the Battle Monument, with the impartiality given by the lapse of sixty years, clearly and beautifully tells the plain, unvarnished tale.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here, once, the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

At the Concord celebration of April 19, 1900, Charles Joseph Bonaparte paid the following tribute to the minute men:

"The minute-man was not an atheist or an agnostic, or an unbeliever of any shade or form. He had not, indeed, seen the reign of terror or the Commune, but, before their day, he knew their lesson. For him it was no matter of doubt that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain; he disowned his king on earth in the name of the King of kings in heaven.

"Finally, let it not be forgotten that the war of the American Revolution was an honest, a truthful war. Our fathers fought for their own welfare and that of their children, for the liberty they inherited from the past and, in duty and honor, should hand on to posterity. They claimed to rule themselves, first, because they had been thus ruled since their country had been the home of white men; secondly, because they could and would be better ruled by themselves than by a king or a parliament beyond the seas; and, since the king and the parliament of Great Britain would not suffer them to do as they would with their own, they shook off king and parliament and Britain itself, and faced the world a free people.

"Demanding this, and only this, they were forced to rely on no misleading generalizations, on no strained and sweeping theories, to ignore no facts, to call to their aid no form of sophistry or insincerity for their justification. They affected nothing, suppressed nothing, concealed nothing, regarding their aims and motives, consciously, or unconsciously, as to others or as to themselves. The utterance of their diplomacy might well be, and in fact, was: 'Yea, yea; nay, nay'; there was no room in this case, and no need for studied reticence, for voluntary obscurity, for artifice or deception in any shape in speech or writing; they knew themselves, they told all men what they asked and why they asked this."

DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER IN STUDENTS.

BY REV. M. P. DOWLING, S. J.,
President of Creighton University, Omaha.

Given at the Second Annual Convention of the Association of Catholic Colleges of the U. S., Chicago, April, 1900.

It is a subject of deep regret that some students go through college without any appreciable development of character. They spend years under conscientious, painstaking and zealous instructors, they learn a certain amount from books, but somehow they fail to strengthen their weak points of character; they may be scholars and students, but they are not men. They come forth from their studies weak, vacillating, uncertain, without energy, promptness or decision. They wait for someone to put them into a suitable niche, for an impossible combination of circumstances which they fondly hope will make everything easy for them. They undertake and accomplish nothing because the difficulties always seem insurmountable; they discuss and deliberate, but never act. The real trouble is that they are constitutionally lazy, do not like to bend their backs and dislike very much to work between meals. Another class have no sense of responsibility, hold no promise sacred and having imbibed no established principles of conduct are untrustworthy and mean spirited; they are easy going and genial, but unreliable; without attention, perseverance or courage; without order, system or practical sense. Others still are rough, uncouth, devoid of tact, gentility or powers of observation; they have no spirit of self-sacrifice, self-respect or self-control, no disposition to take anyone's feelings into consideration. All the book learning in the world will not cure such defects, or enable their victims to wield any influence.

We meet these educational misfits every day and we often hear parents complain that sons on whom they spared no expense and to whom they had given every opportunity have turned out a disgrace to the family, disobedient, ungrateful, worthless. The surprise and disappointment of parents indicate that something more is needed than books, talent, money, application, and successful studies at school. A wealthy scion of a noble house went to Father Kneip for treatment. After detailing all his symptoms and telling what he took for breakfast, how he lunched, the variety of dishes and wines that made up his dinner, what formed his supper, he finally asked the patient priest: "What is the matter with my health; what is wanting to me?" "What you need," said Kneip, "is two stomachs." So too what our students need is something more than study from books; they need development of character in addition to knowledge.

In respect to these failures Catholic colleges do not stand alone, and it is highly probable that other colleges register a higher proportion of students without character. It must be so, for our colleges possess this advantage that the relations between professors and students are closer and kindlier, that there is a stronger personal tie. The young do not avoid those whom they regard as foster parents and not as step-fathers; they do not consider as their natural enemies those who are so deeply interested in their welfare as to take part in their sports, sympathize with them in defeat, counsel them in

trouble, care for them in health and nurse them in sickness. Catholic discipline is seldom irksome, except in the case of a boy unusually mean and self-willed or a teacher strangely lacking in tact and discretion. Under such conditions youthful thoughts are readily turned to nobler ideals, even from no higher motive than desire to please professors whom they respect; and it is gratifying to see that in obedience to religious sentiments the savagery of hazing has never obtained a foothold in Catholic colleges. What can be expected in the way of sympathy when the professor comes to the class-room and teaches a book for an hour; and then withdraws his light for twenty-three hours, without a thought of the soul he is supposed to be unfolding? What if he proves to be a prim, anaemic, statistical person, with a manner marked by a certain acid propriety, with no more red blood in his veins than a shad, with talk and behavior that makes a youth feel as if someone were putting snow down his back! A boy likes a man that understands him, one that is kindly, affable, accessible, helpful, one with a plethoric heartiness that is human, one that can lead and inspire, that can baptize him into manhood with his own strong and loving flow of soul; but he never takes to the book worm, the learned and unpractical pedant. The inability to grasp and understand boy nature explains why it is that gratitude and affection seldom go out to former teachers, and that the nearest approach to interest is contained in the question: what has become of "Old Fifty Lines?" Why is the one time mentor dismissed so lightly? Because he dealt with budding souls as with so many dry sticks; because he was a teacher, not a man or an educator; because he never reached human hearts. He awakened no enthusiasm, communicated no inspiration, did not build up or furnish the mind, left no lasting mark on the character.

How far are we responsible for those life failures we deplore among college bred men? Like persons of every class we are liable to run into ruts and mistake the means for the end. On what other principle can we explain the variety of opinions among educators as to the nature of their calling and what it is in school training that is valuable for the purposes of life?

Some seem to think that they have done all that is required of them when they teach a book, when they dole out so many lines of Cæsar, so many of Xenophon, so many theorems in geometry, so many precepts of composition, all compounded into a mental tonic, much as a pharmacist will make up a prescription out of several chemical ingredients. In their opinion a man is fitted for teaching when he is competent to hear a recitation; and education means cramming into minds the contents of a pile of books, or the ability to answer certain questions from text-books. All this may be necessary, but it is by no means sufficient for intellectual culture, which does not consist merely in the acquisition of knowledge. No book holds within its covers the profound mystery of education.

Other teachers have a weakness for lists, and they are of the opinion that all is well in a college when everything has been reduced to lists; lists of students, absentees and latecomers, good conduct list, premium list and so on to the end of the chapter. Sometimes marks take the place of lists and seem to be the chief end of existence. The business of the student is then not so much to acquire knowledge and character as to obtain marks. His standing, reports, and stay at college depend upon marks.

Marks are the ghosts that haunt him by night and track him by day. Marks rarely tell anything else but ability to recite glibly from a book, but the educator nevertheless becomes a marker. Others are satisfied if ranks are perfect, if students keep step and march with precision, if at the sound of the bell all fall into line like a military company preparing for dress parade. Yet drill is not education; it is not even an elevating process; nay the most exacting drill sergeant never looks upon himself as fulfilling a great moral mission. Others are pleased when no smoking is going on and no talking in the corridors; to offend against either being as bad as breaking the decalogue. If the boys move straight forward, with ghost-like tread, all is well; the college is a success. They resemble the captain who informed the subaltern that he wanted nothing from him but silence and very little of that.

All these elements are helpful, but they do not constitute education. They are never more than means and are often more a hindrance than a help. When reduced to a system or erected into a superstition they dwarf character instead of developing it. Some of the points insisted upon are about as important as if a boy were told that when he reaches a certain place he must wink with the right eye and twenty feet farther on wink with the left, or were obliged to substitute four buttons instead of two on the back of his coat.

If mere acquisition of knowledge, the exercise of memory, or the marshalling of facts is not sufficient, we must consider the factors that go to develop character. Prominent among them are discipline, the dormitory system, honor methods, prizes, supervision, espionage, liberty and athletics. I am rather glad that I must touch upon these briefly, because I approach them with great diffidence and if I make any positive recommendations at all, it is for the sake of eliciting discussion and suggestions.

Plato's experience with young people was evidently far from happy. He gives us an idea what youth is without Christian discipline when he describes boys as "of all beasts the most difficult to manage, crafty, keen and above all things insolent, so that it is necessary to bind them as it were with many chains." There is very little reverence for the child in this sweeping declaration. Most of us understand that the average boy is more taken up with the sweet things he has eaten and the sweet things he hopes to eat than with any very spiritual conceptions. To allow him to grow up without restraint and follow his natural inclinations would be about as sensible as for a physician to say to his patient: "If you will kindly suggest to me what disease you think you have and what kind of treatment you would like, I will do the best I can to carry out your ideas."

Discipline in the minds of some stands for what is rigorous, inflexible, rigid, unyielding. But coercion alone is not discipline, neither is severity, nor stern, unrelenting, absolute exercise of power. Discipline must be in accord with reason and justice, otherwise it degenerates into despotism. An army gives evidence of discipline when at the critical moment it yields instant, trustful, self-sacrificing obedience, and each soldier, because previously trained, knows what to do and how to do it, as soon as a command is given. St. Bernard enumerates the fruits of discipline when he says that "it bows the haughty neck, restrains the wandering eye, bridles the idle tongue, checks the appetite,

moderates laughter, represses anger, gives firmness and modesty to the whole look and gait of a man."

The aim of discipline, then, is to produce a self-governing being, endowed with self-control, imbued with the spirit of obedience to legitimate authority, respect for others, regard for order, and gifted with moderation, patience, discretion, earnestness of purpose; one who knows how to concentrate his powers and is willing to labor conscientiously and devote his energies in behalf of the right and the good. If this be what is meant by the word it is evident that both youth and manhood should obey the scriptural injunction and pray daily for discipline.

In establishing a system which will produce such discipline, what shall be our standard or guide? It is an established law of human action that the knowledge of the end must precede and direct the choice of the means. In accordance with that law the system required at any given period depends on the national character, the social and political development of the people, the duties the citizens will be called on to fulfill. The successful scheme must answer these conditions; its rise, growth, popularity and permanence will depend on how effectually it meets the needs of the time. The practical world, conscious of its wants, can be placated only by practical methods. In accordance with the standard, Persian children, as Herodotus tells us, were taught "to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth." The duty of the educator at any time is to train those under his charge for the work assigned them by their age and country. As an educator it is not his business to be a discoverer or a reformer; he does his duty if he teaches what men of the time most need to know and develops their character so as to prepare them for the actual world in which they are to live; if he gives the world what it asks for, within the limits of sound morality. Now, our political, social, religious and economical conditions are different from anything that ever existed before; the American boy is different from any subject the educator ever had to deal with in times past. He lives in a different atmosphere at home, he determines for himself where he shall go to school and whether he shall go at all, his parents having simply abdicated their authority. And yet whenever I read that passage in the book of Macchabees commending the virtues of the Romans, I instinctively turn to the American and find their counterpart in my own countrymen. It is a noble type of manhood, with its virile intelligence, unconquerable industry, its independence, courage, patience, energy, strong sense of natural justice and love of fair play. The best qualities of the parent are handed down to the children, the noblest traits of the American character are found in embryo in the American boy. He is manly, open, truthful, generous, fearless, self-reliant, as quick to resent injustice and oppression as his fathers were. It is true he does not set much store on submission for its own sake, and some of the most essential Christian virtues, such as humility, meekness, patience and forgiveness, he is apt to look upon with suspicion as indicative of a mean-spirited person. He will not lie, or steal, or cheat, or take an unfair advantage, because these would be dishonorable. Honor, not virtue, is the standard of his conduct; and his sense of honor is not founded on God but on self. Still his natural virtues are an excellent foundation on which to rear a supernatural structure of no mean propor-

tions. In mapping out the proper system of discipline for such a type we ought to proceed on some other theory than a boy's inherent wickedness, his supposed disposition to be wilfully disobedient and culpably careless, his willingness to make trouble whenever he finds he can do it with comparative impunity. He may not be always equally amiable and attractive, but he has excellent traits; he will not be terrified into any half-hearted submission unless it is rooted in justice; and at every turn he will question the right of the stronger to "make him" do a thing because he has the power.

As a rule our boys are too carefully coddled at home, and it is a healthy experience for them to become inured at school to such little hardships as will make them robust and manly, wear off their sharp corners, round their character, sweeten any acerbity of temper and accustom them to bear with patience inconveniences and defects which cannot be corrected. On that account the dormitory system as a disciplinary arrangement is not an unmixed evil. It habituates a boy to respect order, for he goes to bed at a regular time and rises at a seasonable hour, feeling fresh in the morning after proper rest, without dissipation at night or the indulgence of the pernicious habit of lying abed as long as he wishes. If a dormitory is a place to sleep, he gets what he wants when he goes there; and for the specific purpose of sleep the room system offers no special advantages, except in the case of nervous, highstrung or sickly lads.

Yes! but what about private rooms as a place for study? Are comfort and convenience not to be taken into account; health and sanitation; light, heat and ventilation adapted to individual tastes; the enjoyment of a room furnished according to one's means and social standing; improved facilities for serious study, free from the remorseless and vice-like grip of routine, noise and interference, inevitable where many are together? Is there nothing in the approach to home life; the liberty to arrange hours to suit oneself and to dispose of time to the best advantage? Is the developed sense of responsibility and the encouragement of self-reliance of no educational value? Must a boy cut himself off from all individuality and be merged into a machine because he goes in search of an education? Boys love liberty, they do not relish barrack life any more than their elders do; and since their parents allow them to do pretty much as they please, is it not expedient for us to adopt the private room system, so as to retain those who will go elsewhere for the liberty we refused, go where they can get what they consider "superior advantages?" Will this course not prevent the drift to other colleges? In other words we are invited to compare the two systems in their relation to comfort, health, study, home life and popularity.

Under proper restrictions many of these advantages can undoubtedly be gained from the room system; if, for instance, the small boy, the lazy boy, the unruly, self-opiniated, unmannerly boy be ruled out from the enjoyment of privileges regulated by merit rather than by length of purse, privileges granted only to older, steady, reliable and studious young men and withdrawn when a student abuses them or for any reason proves unworthy of confidence. Without such precautions the room system easily lends itself to loss of time, loafing, the useless interchange of visits, staying up to unseasonable hours at night, card playing in secret, and kindred abuses. Even the attempt to maintain its advantages is likely to

be interpreted as espionage. All these considerations leave untouched the important question of expense and ignore the fact that many have graduated under the dormitory system who would have found the additional outlay for a private room a practical bar to a higher education.

Supervision is good and necessary, but if carried to excess it becomes an evil. What is suitable for other countries is not suited for boys in the United States; and these are the ones we have to deal with. While admitting that there should always be proper safeguards for innocence, and protection against bad example and the contagion of wicked companions, I have no patience with a system which watches a boy narrowly from the time he gets up in the morning till he goes to bed at night. Never feeling that any confidence is reposed in him, he naturally becomes a sneak and is imperceptibly transformed from the manly, frank, honest, straightforward boy into a time server, sycophant and hypocrite. What is the result? Deadly haters of religion and Christianity, which in the persons of its representatives cast a blight on youth and tyrannized over their years of growth and took all the freshness and bloom out of life.

Rules that are reasonable and methods of government that are honorable always rest on some sound principle duly weighed and applied. Hence all eavesdropping, needless repression, iron rules hastily framed on the slightest provocation, the imposition of a host of small, exacting and necessarily burdensome regulations, hanging over the young like a pall, inspire no faith in an imaginary being, half detective and half guardian angel, when the being actually in sight seems to be a spy. Whatever fosters suspicion and breeds distrust, whatever resembles espionage, is ruinous to character; whatever destroys mutual confidence is fatal to uprightness and digs the grave of honor.

A young man deeply imbued with principles of honor will not easily do anything mean or deceitful, whether he knows he is watched or not; he will avoid what is underhanded and unmanly. When he is grown up he will consider his fair name a precious possession to be preserved without blemish and he will make an effort to shun whatever may bring disgrace on himself or his family. He may not always be actuated by the highest motives, but he will struggle much before he will descend to what is disreputable and base; and if his natural sense of honor be re-inforced by supernatural motives you can pledge his integrity against any ordinary assault upon virtue. This is to be expected, for honor is rooted in justice, one of the cardinal virtues. What else means the oft repeated appeal for "fair play" among childish companions; the exact and even-handed punishment of those who cheat in games; the nice adjustment of differences of opinion and disputes about the management of sports; the equitable distribution of what is won; the impotent outcry and indignation of the child against unjust accusations and undeserved punishment? Honor is the natural inheritance of ingenuous Christian youth and it needs only to be encouraged to bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

Prizes kept within the limits of moderation are no doubt good, and promote praiseworthy emulation. Moreover, parents like to see their boy come back from college with a medal, to attest that their darling is not a dunce. But the wholesale bestowal of premium books and medals bids fair to run into an abuse. When a premium must be given to almost

every pupil and in the absence of any sufficient reason is dispensed as a reward "for trying to be good"; when parents are directly or indirectly called upon to pay for medals promiscuously awarded with impartial hand to the deserving and the undeserving, their value as an incentive to study is reduced to the minimum. I have often asked myself why prizes in such profusion should be necessary in Catholic colleges. Public high schools and even some private colleges prosper without them. If prizes are not more largely introduced into public schools it is certainly not because the treasury of the school board is empty or the generous tax payer unwilling to encourage application and industry. It seems to me that as an incentive to effort scholarships and purses would be more practical and effective.

Athletics are one of the modern factors calculated to meet the wants of the living age, which requires a sound mind in a sound body. Parents want athletics and their children want them. If they are sometimes accompanied by danger and result in broken limbs, let these who want them take the chances and be responsible for the results. It is trying enough to divide with parents their responsibility with regard to intellectual and moral requirements, without undertaking to be father, mother, aunt, uncle and all the rest of kin to "Tommy," when, with some risk, he insists on developing his muscles. Often enough we are compelled to go against the stream in opposing many educational theories and practices, because there is some principle at stake; but when there is no principle at stake I believe it is wise to do as other colleges do. If people want an education which includes physical culture, give them what they want and they will send their children to you.

Standing opposed to any form of systematic physical culture are those who would be content to see boys hatchet-faced, thin-blooded, scrawny, with spindle shanks, flat chests, narrow shoulders, soft muscles, weak arms and lacking physical courage. All the objections merely prove that while athletics are good servants they are bad masters. They are all right as long as they do not interfere with study. But they do interfere with study, say the objectors; and more than that, valuable time is squandered and what some denominate noble games might more properly be called brutal sport. Everyone will admit that athletics are sometimes cultivated to excess, that they sometimes interfere with serious study; and that the safe return of the college athletes from the field of prowess is often hailed with a devout "Te Deum" as if one more danger were passed and their friends were free to breathe once more. But we must remember, too, that the best athletes are often the best students; backward young men can be barred out by proper authority and the time lost affects comparatively few, while the healthy college spirit engendered, the enthusiasm for excellence aroused more than counterbalance these disadvantages. Recreation need not consist in lounging about door-ways, moping through corridors, creeping along from place to place; something virile ought to be aimed at, the development of a manly spirit. Where is this to be acquired; in the class room? It is a mistake to suppose that men learn only from those appointed to teach them; there is a great deal of useful education to be had from mixing with college companions, and character is developed on the gridiron and in the diamond, on the campus and athletic field as well as in the precincts of the class room. The educational results of

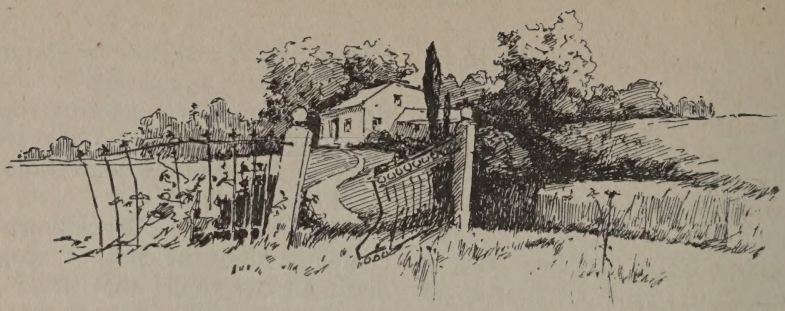
athletics are numerous enough to be overwhelming. The self denial required in training promotes discipline; the struggle for supremacy prepares one to take the hard knocks the world will subsequently give; the moderation and submission required in accepting adverse decisions teaches self control in trying circumstances and under strong provocation; the tense engagement of mind and muscle leaves little place for lewd conversation, drinking habits, and the malignant influence of troublesome coteries. These advantages flow especially from games played in combination, where there is question of courage as well as skill, where the player being of less importance each one learns the necessity of organization, the art of playing together and the need of sacrificing his athletic reputation in a critical emergency, for the common good, particularly where there exists the disposition rather to lose a game than win it unfairly. There is undoubted generalship in many of these games and a practical lesson in administration. Quickness is needed, decision, courage, determination to win, ability to give and take; these qualities are all of the highest moment for the battle of life.

Education, the development of character and the proper scope of discipline are topics that never grow old; they are subjects contemporaneous with every age and generation; they are questions continually receiving different answers; they are problems ever meeting new solutions, according to the changing ideas of epochs and of men. Even when disputants agree upon the major premise they will part company at the minor proposition and find themselves hopelessly estranged when they have evolved their antagonistic conclusions. I have not the presumption to believe that this paper will settle any of the disputed points or lead to substantial agreement; all that I can hope for is that it may lead to some profitable discussion.

COME HOME.

BY O. P.

O homeless brother-soul that cravest e'er
  A life-work and a fellowship divine;
  Longing to guide thy kind, to heal, refine—
Thy very self, with them that need, to share!
Whither, poor waif! wilt thou thy fellows lead?
  To what end wilt thou help them build their years
  On drifting sands, or mend their wrecks with tears?
What food hast thou to help soul-hunger's need?
Come to the Rock, the sheltering homestead wide—
  Thy mother calls thee to a nobler birth
  Nerved by her life-blood; if thou list,
With thine, her treasures thine, her weapon tried,
  Thou shalt go forth to heal the tribes of earth,—
  Apostle, martyr, yea, another Christ!



EASTER AT THE FARM.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

I saw the gentle Spirit of the Spring
Pass through the woods and breathe on everything;
The tinkling ice-bolts backward slid,
And prisoned waters long time hid,
Came tumbling out of crystal doors,
Ran romping over rocky floors,
Filling the listening woods with echoes of delight,
And as the dimpling wavelets danced along,
"Oh Love! oh Life!" the echo of their song.

At the soft singing of the springtime floods
A wakening thrill went through the sleeping buds,
And strange, sweet things that lay beneath,
Enfolding husk and guarding sheath,
Through the long Winter's dark and cold,
Felt their brown tomb doors backward rolled,
And lo, the woods were full of incense-breathing life,
"Oh Love! oh Life!" the tones exultant ring,
From all the myriad choristers of Spring.

Oh Love! Oh Life! Thy touch immortal thrills,
And all the vast depth of earth's longing fills,
From cerements of fear and doubt
Long prisoned souls spring joyous out,
And crouch no more in hopeless gloom,
'Neath the dark shadows of the tomb;
"We are immortal," thrills a listening world;
From Earth to Heaven swells the exulting cry,
"Oh Love! oh Life! oh Immortality."

Patience my soul, God's springtime waits for thee,
The opening gates of death will set thee free—
Backward thy mortal husk shall from thee roll;
Thou hast forever for thine own, my soul;
The treasures of all ages are for thee,
The "was, and is, and evermore shall be."
Through the linked centuries reach thy development,
And growing so, the meaning thou shalt see,
Of Love, of Life, of Immortality.

GLEANINGS FROM BOSSUET.

THE "EAGLE OF MEAUX" ON FALSE DEVOTION TO OUR LADY AND THE SAINTS.

BY F. M. CAPES.

In those two powerful books of the English Jesuit, Father George Tyrrell —"Hard Sayings" and "External Religion, Its Use and Abuse"—there is one subject treated in various forms, with especially striking force, and which is the more impressive from the fact of its being a subject on which few writers take the trouble to speak forcibly. We refer to the many passages in which Father Tyrrell condemns the habit of mind, so lamentably common amongst Catholics, of slothfully continuing to wear the "childish clothes" of their religion after they have become grown men and women; and to his severe strictures on our general propensity to an unreal or superficial view of our obligations as Christians, and love of contenting ourselves with mere outside devotions and practices—often pursued from nothing better than habit—without any effort to grasp the true meaning or tendency of what we are doing.

The special reference to fallacious devotion is of course only one aspect of this author's broad and comprehensive treatment of the whole subject of slothful and unreal religion, from both intellectual and spiritual points of view; but it is an aspect that presents itself to one's mind with peculiar vividness when considered in the light of some words uttered more than two hundred years ago by the great "Eagle" of Meaux, and which have in many ways a strange correspondence with the words of our late nineteenth century monitor. Bossuet, in one of his sermons, has given a magnificent exposition of what true devotion (founded solely on the worship of God Himself) to Our Lady and the Saints consists in, when he proceeds to an earnest exhortation against false devotion which in most respects might apply as well to the "worldly devotees" of London, Paris, or New York, in our own day, as they doubtless did to the people whom he was addressing with such evident personal knowledge of their characters, and of the weak, self-interested and superficial nature of their religion.

This exhortation having never, as far as we know, appeared before in English, we feel that we cannot do better than present it in extenso to our readers, forming as it does but a short passage for consideration. We shall thus give to those who may not have the original within reach an opportunity of making acquaintance with the great preacher's own impressive words; while we shall enable those who may happen to know Father Tyrrell's writings, and who are interested in comparisons, to see for

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That the influence of Bossuet is felt today with undiminished force is proven by the recent public profession of M. Ferdinand Brunetiere (the eminent academician, recently received into the Church), on the occasion of a religious and literary festival at Besancon. In the presence of the Archbishop of Besancon, Archbishop of Sens, the Bishops of Monaco and Quimper, and many others representing the most intellectual element M. Brunetiere discoursed on "What do we learn at the School of Bossuet?" After telling what had been learned there, he told of what he himself had learned—to become a Catholic.

themselves how nearly those teachers who have minds to go to the root of things, and who speak plain language to the world without fear or favor—whether in the pulpit or by the pen—coincide in their utterances on such a subject, notwithstanding the distance of more than two centuries of time that separate them.*

Here, then, is Bossuet's eloquent peroration exactly as he gave it:—

"The grounds and the nature of true devotion to our Lady and the Saints being now well defined, we may proceed to describe and condemn false devotion. This is unfortunately very often practiced, and is a real disgrace to Christianity.

"First, then, what corrupts our devotions to the very root is that, instead of practising them to promote our salvation, we constantly presume to make them serve only our temporal interests. No one can honestly deny the truth of this. How many people think of offering their vows or asking help of the Saints against their faults and vices; of begging prayers for their own conversion? What are the important matters usually recommended on all hands to the Saints but worldly concerns? We even see passions that are deadly reigning within us and never ask God's servants to help in delivering us from them; whilst if any sickness, or a family trouble, overtakes us, we begin making novenas at all the altars and to all the Saints, and verily burden Heaven with our petitions; for what can weary or burden it more than mean, self-interested prayers and devotions? When we are suffering ourselves we perhaps suddenly remember that some one else is suffering too; and then, charitable from self-love and pitiful perforce, we give a little to God in the persons of His poor or unfortunate only that we may have much; that is, we promise some saint, that if he or she gets the favor we want for us, we will "give an alms"; one, probably, that we shall never miss and that in any case it was our simple duty to give.

"I am not saying that we are entirely forbidden to make use of the Saints' prayers for temporal needs, as Jesus Christ Himself taught us to beg our food of His Father, and His Mother did not disdain to remind her Son that wine was failing at the marriage of Cana. Let us ask by all means, and with confidence, for our daily bread; let us even understand by this—since we are weak—some comforts as well as actual necessities; this must be allowed. Only, let us not forget that we are Christians and that we look for a better life. Just consider what rank this request for 'daily bread' holds in the 'Lord's Prayer.' It is placed in the middle, and is the centre one of seven petitions, six of which are spiritual. It is absorbed, as it were, in the petitions for gifts of the Spirit. Moreover, the daily bread that we ask for here has a double meaning. It signifies not only the food of the body, but the nourishment of the soul in the Holy Eucharist; which is the true 'bread' of the children of God. Our Lord was so fearful lest the cares of this mortal body and this wretched life should occupy us solely even for a moment, that He carefully arranged His own prayer so as to give them as small a place as possible. Yet we, regardless of His view of things, come to pray chiefly when mere human needs press us to it; and by dint of

*Bossuet's sermons on purely spiritual subjects, from one of which this extract is taken, seem to have been chiefly preached from the year 1681, onwards, but not in quite the latter years of his life. Hence, though he actually lived to the year 1704, we may accurately speak of his utterances as belonging to over two centuries ago.

persistently laying our petty affairs before Heaven, and trying to interest its inhabitants in our worldly matters, we strengthen ourselves in attachment to these very things instead of becoming more calmly resigned to the Will of God, and more zealous for His holy law.

"This improper use of prayer unfortunately obtains with many people, even in the case of their direct petitions to God; but it is in a special manner the defect of requests for the Saints' intercession. We let our own carnal natures so get the upper hand as to make us imagine that, in matters where we should blush at trying to bend God Himself to our unmortified and rebellious wills, we may perhaps move the Blessed Virgin and the Saints to take our side and raise their powerful voices in our behalf. It is a fact, disgraceful though it may be, that we sometimes treat with the Saints just as we might with very vain and worldly men, whom we know to be easily won by assiduity in flattering and doing small services. We sound their praises—promise offerings at their shrine—in short, to use plain language, try to bribe them to use their influence with God;—and all this mostly to get rid of some purifying cross, or to gain some temporal advantage that we feel in our hearts we are not meant to have!

"Why, in such cases, do we forget that the Saints we are thus importuning are holy men, 'who have entered,' as David says, 'into the powers of God'; that is, into the interests of His glory, into the views of His justice and jealously against sinners, as well as into those of His goodness and mercy?

"And as to the Blessed Virgin herself, what sort of devotion is most commonly practised towards her? Usually, one that stops short at exterior and quite self-imposed practices of piety, to which we are perhaps slavishly faithful; whilst the real honor of imitation by doing unpleasant duties is kept quite out of sight. People think they have paid all the homage to Mary when they have raised her glory above all the choirs of angels, and carried her sanctity back to the moment of her conception. But if the original stain causes them such horror that they cannot bear to think of it in the Mother of God, why do they not fight against the avarice, sensuality and ambition in themselves which are the unfortunate remains of it? Such a one is uneasy because he has not said his rosary and his usual prayers, or because he has left an Ave out of his decade. Far be it from me to blame exactness in religious observances; but what can we think when we see the holiest duties of his own state neglected, or perhaps some of God's own commandments frequently set aside without hesitation, by this same scrupulous person?

"This sort of thing is in fact a mere delusion of the enemy of our race. He does not expect to eradicate the principle of religion from our hearts, as he knows it to be too deeply rooted there; so he contrives to turn it away from its rightful use to the pursuit of trivial amusements, so to speak; and persuades us to fancy that we have fulfilled our serious religious obligations by the exact performance of small pious practices.

"But, some weak-minded Christian may ask, 'What are you driving us to? Are we to give up all prayers till we have resolved on turning entirely to God, and meanwhile to live as unbelievers?' By no means; it is better to use imperfect devotions than to despise all and forget that we are Christians. Such slight practices may perhaps hinder the worse misfortune of actual infidelity and manifest con-

tempt of God, by keeping us in mind that He exists: and that is why they are borne with in the Catholic Church. Be sure, however, that they in no wise advance the real sanctification of souls, but, if relied on as supports, are more likely to be perpetual obstacles to it.

"'There is none that calleth upon justice, neither is there anyone that judgeth truly; but they trust in a mere nothing and speak vanities. They have conceived labor, and brought forth iniquity. Their webs shall not be for clothing, neither shall they cover themselves with their works. . . Their thoughts are unprofitable thoughts; wasting and destruction are in their ways.' Thus speaks the Holy Ghost of those who, while practising feeble devotions (if I may be allowed the expression), neglect to bring forth those 'fruits worthy of penanee' required by the Gospel Their superficial piety will not shelter them when the day of account comes; their iniquity will be revealed and their poverty will shame them. They will be judged out of their own mouth as bad servants, the very saints they have praised will condemn them by their example. But does a man wish to be devout to the Blessed Virgin in such a way that his devotion may profit him? Let him be chaste, upright, charitable; let him do justice to the widow and the orphan, protect the oppressed, comfort and help the poor and miserable. In doing works of supererogation let him take care not to forget those that are of obligation. Let him cling to the law and follow the precepts of his Saviour: let him do what Christ commands, that he may obtain what he promises."

The holy bishop then concludes by reminding his hearers that the constant petition of the Church is, "Pray for us, O holy Mother of God"; but to show why, he emphasizes the completion of the prayer:—"that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ." Yes! as now, so then, and so for all time;—the teachers to whom we should hearken ever remind us that worthy and intelligent prayer to the Saints can be offered only in one spirit—that of a desire to follow in the footsteps of Christ as they did till we come where they now are, no matter at what cost of mental or spiritual labor and sacrifice.

Did the Church ever canonize one who had not realized to the full in some form, the stern hardness of life and the terrible reality of his obligations? Has one soul yet reached eternal bliss without being compelled to realize them sooner or later? True, the Church ever encourages us to the fullest hope in God's mercy to many a slothful Christian by the grace of final contrition, but never to a belief in the possibility of escaping the consequences of sloth and misused gifts altogether. Here or there every talent must be accounted for; either the sharp Christian fight waged to the bitter end on earth, or its equivalent in a terrible purgatory, for every man who is saved! Such, it would appear, is the lesson that Bossuet and the modern Jesuit alike would have us lay to heart, when they treat each in his own way of the dangers that lurk in false or empty practices of devotion.

This earnest appeal for strength and reality in the "devout life" is, however, but one of many instances in which this great prelate's sayings may be applied to the spiritual or mental—nay, even sometimes to the social—conditions of our own time, or in which they supply interesting subjects for thought at least by way of comparison.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

MOST REV. W. H. ELDER, D.D.

Most Rev. William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, the oldest member of the American hierarchy, has just completed his 81st year. In spite of his advanced age Archbishop Elder is hale and hearty and to all appearances does not seem to be a day more than sixty. His voice is still firm and clear, his step still light and buoyant, and his mind still active and alert. Although now long past the age when prelates are permitted to choose an auxiliary, Archbishop Elder has always found himself able to administer to the wants of his large diocese, unaided.

MOST REV. W. J. WALSH, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Archbishop Walsh's prompt action in reprimanding the Lord Mayor of Dublin for "impertinence" in making unauthorized use of His Grace's name on the reception committee is another proof of the ability of the Irish prelates to meet and satisfactorily settle public questions.

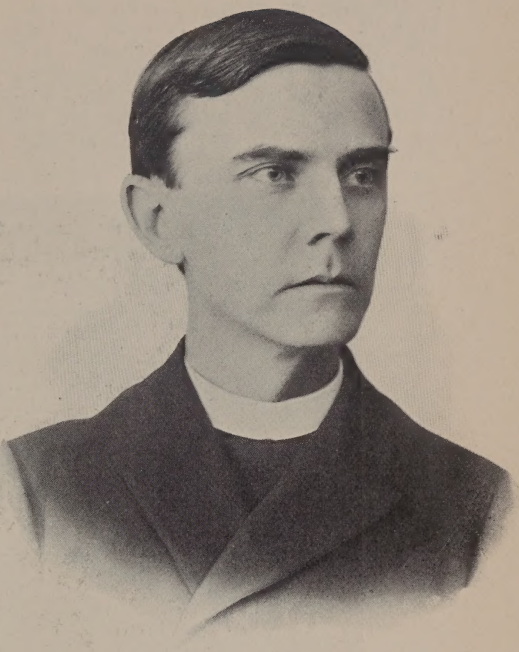
Commenting on Mayor Pile's inexcusable act, The Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, says: "In the case of a less able and more impulsive ecclesiastic than His Grace of Dublin it could hardly fail to place him in an awkward position between the sovereign on the one side and the people on the other. But Dr. Walsh is not exactly the sort of man to be placed in a dilemma by the action of either malevolent liars or flunkeys who are too stupid to perceive the lines of honesty or good manners. He lost not a moment about set-

ting the matter right. A brief but indignant telegram to Dublin declaring that his name had been placed on the committee list without his authority was a sufficiently scathing reproof to the audacity of the flunkey Lord Mayor."

Rev. Lawrence William Mulhane was born in Berlin, Massachusetts, February 21st, 1856. While he was quite young his parents moved to Ohio, locating at Marietta. He attended the schools of that place until twelve years of age, when he entered Marietta Academy to prepare for admission to Marietta College. At the age of fourteen, he entered that institution, remaining there for two years, until he had finished the course of the sophomore class. September, 1872, he entered St. Aloysius' Seminary, Columbus, Ohio. Here he remained four years, pursuing a course of philosophy and theology. In 1876 he became a member of Bishop Rosecrans' household, and began to prepare by private study for admission to the Propaganda College, Rome. The death of the bishop changed his plans, and not being yet of the required age for ordination, he remained at the cathedral until November 7th, 1879, when he was ordained by the late Archbishop Purcell, in St. Francis church, Cincinnati, Ohio. He was at once assigned by the Very Rev. Administrator of the diocese to duty as assistant at the cathedral, Columbus. The following year, 1880, when Bishop Watterson was appointed bishop of Columbus, he was chosen by him as secretary of the diocese. He held this office until October 1st, 1885, when he was appointed rector of St. Vincent de Paul's, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, which position he has occupied for the past fifteen years.

He has found time to write much—he is the author of "Leprosy and the Charity of the Church,"—"Life of General Rosecrans,"—"Memorial of Hon. Frank Hurd,"—"Parish History of Mt. Vernon," and has been for many years a constant weekly contributor to the columns of that popular western Catholic paper—The Catholic Columbian—under the nom de plume of R. C. Gleaner.

Rev. Father Mulhane is deeply interested in the leper question. His book upon "Leprosy and the Charity of the Church," has done much to enlighten the world upon this serious subject. The reverend author has just returned from a journey through the West Indies, pursuing the study of the leper problem.

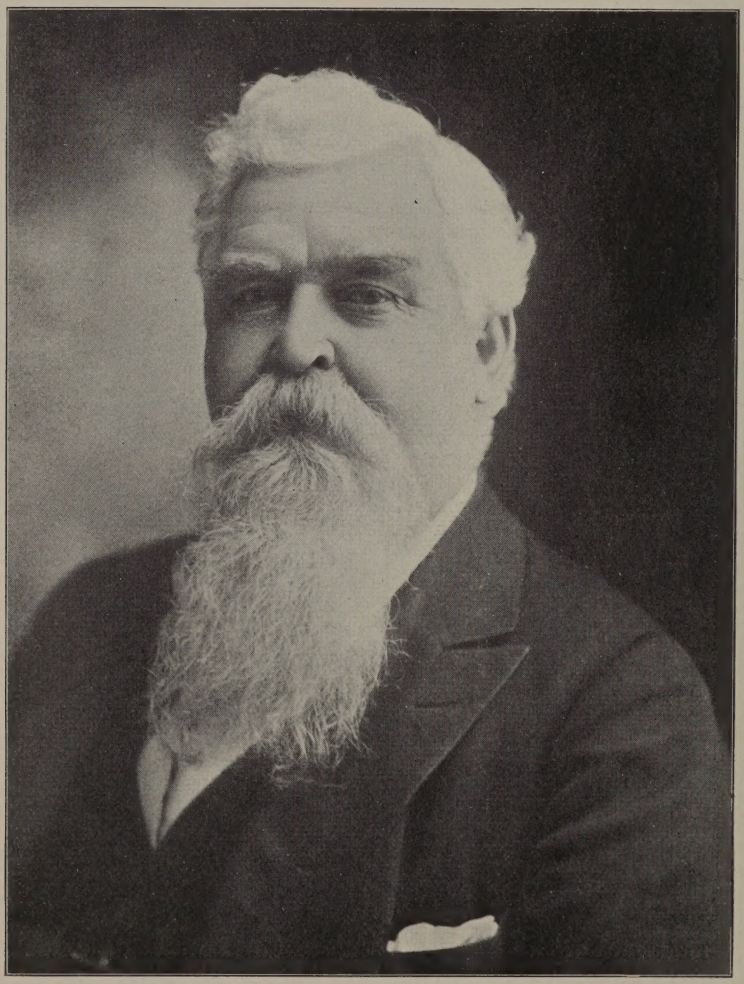


REV. L. W. MULHANE.

Father Mulhane has done more than this. He has been instrumental in the drafting of a national leper law for the suppression and prevention of leprosy in the United States. This bill, after calling attention to the evident spread of leprosy in every country where isolation is not practised, provides for a square mile to be set aside for a national leper home, either in Yellowstone park or in some other dry climate. Buildings are provided for in the bill for the use of the patients, and provision is made only for voluntary submission to the care of the government. The bill also makes provision, among other things, to prevent lepers from entering the United States in the future.

John A. Creighton, this year's recipient of the Laetare medal, from the University of Notre Dame, is one of the pioneers of Omaha. He has been identified with the business interests of that city from its foundation, and is one of its most honored citizens. Creighton University, the first endowed Catholic university in the United States, was founded by the late Edward Creighton. It has been enlarged and developed

by the gifts of John A. Creighton. St. Joseph's hospital was founded by the wife of John A. Creighton, and her bequest was increased fourfold by her husband to make the hospital a fitting monument to his deceased wife. The medical college that bears his name was established by his gifts and made a part of Creighton university, and numerous other charities in the city of Omaha attest the liberality and benevolence of the man that Notre Dame honors with this medal, its highest mark of appreciation. Edward Creighton built the first line of telegraph that reached the Pacific coast before the construction of any railroad. The Creighton brothers were employed in the construction of the Union Pacific railroad and other large enterprises. Edward Creighton had one ideal in life and that was to found a free institution of learning to be under Catholic auspices, but he died intestate and the plans he had outlined were left unprovided for. His wife, Mrs. Mary Lucretia Creighton, inherited his entire fortune. She knew her husband's plans and determined to put them into execution. In her will she bequeathed $150,000 to the



JOHN A. CREIGHTON.

Courtesy of Notre Dame University.

founding of a college that should bear her husband's name, and Creighton College was erected in the city of Omaha and given over to the Jesuit order. One condition of the gift and endowment was that the college should forever be free to the students of the state of Nebraska. To this endowment fund John A. Creighton has added liberal donations. St. Joseph's hospital was built by him at a cost of $250,000. When it was completed he again directed his attention to education and founded the John A. Creighton medical college in connection with the hospital. This medical college became a part of the Creighton university. He gave largely to the building of St. John's church, nearby the college, one of the handsomest churches in the city. The convent of the Poor Clares was built by him upon land that he donated, and a fund was set aside for the maintenance of the convent. His liberality toward charity and education received recognition some years ago by his appointment to the title and distinction of a Roman Count by Pope Leo XIII.

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, editor of Harper's Bazar, is a writer of unusual force, vividness and charm. The publication, a year or so ago, of a collection of her stories, "Tales of the City Room," won for her immediate recognition as one of the young authors who had ceased to be "coming"—who had arrived.

But what all the reading public does not know is that Miss Jordan is no less remarkable in an editorial sense than in a purely literary one.

Ten years ago she came to New York from her home in Milwaukee, Wis., where she was educated in Notre Dame Academy. From the first she has held positions of great responsibility, and has displayed all the characteristics that make a successful executive. She knew, first and most important of all, what was interesting; she knew how it should be obtained and how it should be presented, and was undoubtedly one of the most successful newspaper women in New York.

Miss Jordan's presence on Harper's Bazar is a guarantee to those who know her and who know her work of its long, vigorous and conspicuously successful life. The Harpers are to be congratulated on their happy selection of this gifted young editor.

ELIZABETH G. JORDAN, EDITOR HARPER'S BAZAR.

KING LEAR.

BY REV. JAMES H. COTTER.

King Lear is the Mount Blanc of poetic art; towering in its triumph, inaccessible in its heights sublime, right royal with white head and crystal crown.

In this drama, a very wonderland peopled with marvels of our master's magic, the mysteries of life and death meet us, "not in single files but in battalions" and, mystifying us with silence set and solemn, leave us with tears, not thoughts. Life's facts and not their solutions make us sympathetic with our kind and so pity prepares us in this masterpiece for belief in Tennyson's sad thought on man:—

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

The forked lightning that seems, with its points, to spell the word Lear across the sky, the dark storm cloud that accentuates the letters of fire, the thunder rumbling, as if in recognition of human catastrophe;—all these fittingly remind us of the mysteries in the drama by pronouncing the Heavens (above us but not against us) that alone can solve the problem of human destiny.

Safe from the vulgar crowd of actors who "tear a passion to tatters," King Lear is enthroned, responsive only in an epoch, to a blood-royal of genius that makes him who is "every inch a king" respond to kingly power. So I do not agree with some eminent critics who hold that King Lear cannot be represented. Is not this a poor compliment to the masterly art of Shakespeare? If King Lear, in the composite sense, be perfectly human, why can he not be personated? All of Shakespeare's characters are as true as if born of a mother and not parented by a mind. What, then, Shakespeare's man does, Nature's man can certainly imitate. Sinning neither by defect nor excess, the master's art is virtuous as Nature herself is virtuous. Never bespeaking sublime passion without a proportionate motive and impulse, Shakespeare's creatures are as truly natural as if he himself sculptured on the lintel of Delphi's temple the immortal advice given to Greek artists: "Nothing too much." In art the moderate is the true and Shakespeare is another name for Truth. King Lear, then, can be acted since an eminent judge, the author, so purposed. Sublime art, doubtless, needs a sublime actor to personate it; and the very rarity of this personating power only proves the unique sublimity of our author's embodiment, just as the impossibility of presentation would reflect alike on Lear's naturalness and Shakespeare's truth. Only princely power, however, can dare to brave the probability of the outraged critic's full stop to the actor; that would, doubtless, be given in the words of Lear to Kent,—

> "On thy life, no more!"

The most entrancing contrast in all of Shakespeare's plays quickly interests us at the outset of this drama; where a royal family typifies all the virtue and vice of this round world. Lear is old, Cordelia young; one with the bilious breath of rashness, the other silent in truth that an empire could

KING LEAR. ACT III, SCENE II.

not buy; the one, deceived with protestations, false as extravagant; the other scorning to voice her deep devotion in air tainted with her sisters' studied perfidy. Lear is fiery and demonstrative as the jewel's haughty sparkle in the crown's golden peak; Cordelia is calm and unpretentious as the purple velvet cap hidden within the dazzling circle. Goneril and Regan, sisters of Cordelia! Mystery of Nature! If, at the birth of this impious pair, demons howled to the world their repelling names, and were a seraph to sing the name Cordelia; that enshrines such an exalted sense of duty, enriched with truth of mind and constancy of thoughtful affec-

CORDELIA.

tion, they could not be in character greater opposites. Nevertheless, they were of the same parents and were reared in the same palace. The lives of Goneril and Regan are living lies, with only the thin appearance of truth in their promise, but never in the fulfillment. The promise is the snowflake, glittering, in its fall, but with beauty and trivial essence gone the next moment, in a putrid pool. Cordelia, like the perfect ideal of womanhood, the Holy Mary of Scripture, from whom, doubtless, Shake-

speare learned much, says as little as is written of her; but that little tells of a heart so grand that it ever swells beyond its utterance and betokens a mind that does not mock its worth in efforts to disclose, in speech, its treasures. Action best bespeaks excellence; and so the angelic deed hides with its dazzling the gracious Cordelia, its cause.

Not unnaturally, Lear desired his abdication, in the late evening of his long and royal day, to flash brightly; and so we pity the weakness of age that craves the dearly-bought meteoric nothings that, for a false hour, kindled the setting of his power. His age proved its weakness in wishing for weak words; just as his past fine manhood, evidenced in his choice of councillor and preference of daughter, showed its truest strength in dealing with deeds. His generosity should beget love's smallest fruit, gratitude; and yet the daughters of his blood and benefaction were changed to pelicans. Aye, worse than pelicans; for they not only took his mindful gift, but robbed him of mind;—not only drank his life blood but ruthlessly devoured his heart, the fountain of favor.

How little do we know of Life's possibilities! What looked to Lear, in the disposal of his kingdom, as the end, was a woful beginning; what appeared as rest was in reality ruin; what presented itself as peace had the shivering heart of pain—"unburthened," he wished to "crawl toward death," little dreaming that his wearied feet would yet, with heels winged with pardonable fury, betake themselves to heights of horror.

We will follow Lear, and note on the way the golden milestones that mark the march of his madness.

Indiscretion, the result of the self-sufficiency of age, and wrath, the darkling of ingratitude, so befogged Lear's day that we, with difficulty, can trace the beginning of insanity. This very indistinctness, however, is the best proof of the naturalness of the growth; for in true art as in Nature, we do not, as we pass, see things grow.

His crushing curse on Goneril, his pitiful hesitancy in believing Regan kindred in character to her impious sister, and his dismay in finding her still more sterile of heart, foreshadow a despair, dark as the night in which it was groaned, solemn as the thunder, that with terrible basso seemed to mercilessly argue against him;—the while wind and rain hounded him to the hovel. Before entering the wretched hut his mind, like his foot, faltered. His bitter sense of wrong merges him in a denunciation of all criminals "unwhipped of justice," to be ended in tender pity for his fool. This blending of justice and compassion, so befitting a ruler, makes us quickly revert to the throne, now vacant; that he, but late, so graced. Still more do we feel for him when his feeling for others comes to us in his prayer for the poor, ending:—

> "Take physic, pomp,
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just."

Here glorious charity triumphs over thought of his own miseries and pronounces him a kind old King. In strange contrast to this, is the next moment when; in a desperate state, he begrudges Nature anything and, crying out, "Off, off, you lendings," would make himself a miserable, unclothed beggar. How wofully near are glory and want in earth's uncertain day! In the hovel he becomes certainly insane. What a group of weird men is there!

the fool; a professional wit, Edgar, with logic like his body, disguised, and poor Lear, staggering through incoherences and ever tripping on the miseries of memory. The hovel, where folly waits on want, may well typify the human mind wherein are harbored little knowledge and less wisdom;—knowledge, with its thousand contending contradictions and contrarieties and wisdom, ever like "poor Tom," "a-cold," and both knowledge and wisdom; the blighted offspring of hapless human effort.

The mania that fires the old king in the farm-house at the mere fancy of Regan's presence, tells us best of the fiendish character of her who had, besides the immorality and ingratitude of Goneril, the cruelty of Cornwall, and the contemptible meanness of Oswald, to make us, from the beginning, curious about the death she would die. This outburst of madness which shows the king's mind, what Byron would call "a whirling gulf of fantasy and flame," lapses in a pathetic memory of past fondlings of his care: "The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me." This thrice-tender touch not only profoundly pronounces the fact that only kind natures feel unkindness, but it also measures the crafty cruelty that forced curses from a heart, naturally fashioned to be blessed in itself and blessing in its influence.

The meeting of the two miserable old men, Lear and Gloster, both of whom felt "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," both subjects of deception, the one having deceived himself with Cordelia's virtue, the other being deceived by Edmund's vice; one without the sight of his "mind's eye," the other with only the case of his physical eyes, —both penniless, despite the fact that one gave away his kingdom, and the other had stolen from him a dukedom, —all overpower thought; so that it vanishes in the darkness of feeling. If Lear's meeting Gloster draws us with sad curiosity, arising from the comparison of their misfortunes, what can be said of Lear coming "out of the darkness into the light" of Cordelia's presence? What crown-jewels lost equal in value her tears of pitying love found? What palace comparable to a prison with her, its light? What sacrifice sweeter than hers, upon which "the gods themselves throw incense?" Ah, the sacred character of the meeting is "too pure for the touch of a word." Let us leave them, then, gaoled indeed, yet prisoned in happiness.

Lear is not only a king, but a prophet of our immortality. Calvary ever looks to Thabor. The greater earth's sorrows, the more does man miss life's purpose, and the more argument is there for the existence of a hereafter; where the unsatisfied longings of our little earthly day are gratified and so perpetuated. The sun from whose rays man today makes a golden net to hold his brilliant purposes, will not eventually prove more than man and, outliving him, throw its living light upon him; a frozen nothing. The art that kindles rapture will not survive the cunning hand and daring mind that traced or modelled the glowing thought; for the thought itself lives because of its undying source. Lear has an immortal soul; for certainly there is more of life than the bitter ending of the chapter where a father, drooping in dismay, with love's wondrous words withering in woe, appears with the incarnation of devotion, all rigid on his nerveless

arm. With the facts, then, that end the drama we are not satisfied, but our satisfaction is well supplied with their suggestion of immortality. The greater Lear does not die. Our fancy, dating from the pregnant periods of the drama, transcends it and cheerfully learns the truth that death itself is infinitely more a form of life than earthly life is a phase of death.

Lear's anguish would be, to us, too terrible, were there not besides the gentle Cordelia at his right hand, the strong Kent at his left. Of Kent what would I not wish to say! What a comforting study is this grand character! What a model to emulate in a world where falsehood and selfishness only pronounce the exquisite charm of their absence from his lordly life! Truly he "redeems nature from the general curse." Disgraced by his master in the day of royalty, Kent, harboring no wrath for the wrong, but feeling kindly pity for the error, disguises himself and gives from out the abundance of pure devotion, generous service. Through the dark night and the day, blinded with disaster, he, persevering in loyalty, remains unthanked because unknown, is unbent because of his toil, unchecked because of no hope of recompense, unbiased by the memory of wrong, and twice brave he, without a sword, dares danger for his king, without a crown. How beautiful is sacrifice! Ever since the Divine Martyr made selfishness abominable, they who rise to high purposes are lifted to them on a cross. True nobility is born of suffering and reared in misapprehension. Everything on earth that is to Heaven a joy, has its birth in the throes of some human misery. Great natures are perfected in disaster. Great art is baptized great with the artists' blood and sweat. Genius, in fine, does not compass the full gamut of mind, until Care's bony finger makes its every heartstring resinous. So with Kent, the glory of whose devotion was born one dark morning, of royal displeasure.

From Kent we turn to discuss the selfish, false, hypocritical, cruel, and envious Edmund, who; like our modern infidel, introduces himself with the words, "Thou, Nature, art my goddess." Edmund, in respect to the claims of the direct subjects of his villainy, is more intolerable than Iago and, in the circle of the great, is his compeer. Of course, noble blood halts the perverse will, so that not all forms of mean deviltry are possible to a nature, even though wrongly derived from "a hundred earls." Edmund's ending is also quite different, in the penitential retraction of the ordered execution of his royal prisoners, from Iago, whose awful silence left his horrible life unqualified in his death. Edmund rightly met his Nemesis in the wronged and faithful Edgar.

Edgar's conduct embodies the truth that Right has not so much to strive for its own jurisdiction, as to patiently abide its day; for its apparent failure is not change or destruction but delayed efficacy,—not light extinguished but light intensifying in eclipse. The creature, cringing in straw, with visage defiled and word like mumbling idiocy, with name, "by treason's tooth bare-knawn and canker-bit," is the self-same dutiful Edgar, who with princely port answered the herald's call; to clip the bays of victory from the brow of Edmund, to cut his false title down, to end his villainous course with a sword that lanced rancorous injustice, that flamed for a father's lost light and bled for the tears of a king.

Of the other characters, the Fool

is the greatest artistic necessity, as the aurora-borealis of his flashing wit makes tolerable the more than Northern Night of the unhappy king and relieves with its levity the leaden heaviness of terror that, otherwise, would weigh the drama down. Considered as a masterpiece of literary art, "King Lear" is unrivalled. As in drawing, a double line accentuates the form, so in this mighty display of mind, two kindred characters emphasize the force of the drama's lessons;—Lear and Gloster; wronged fathers—Kent and Edgar, faithful ministers—Regan and Goneril, Furies of Aeschylus, as daughters, sisters and wives;—all are double strokes intensifying the drama's high purposes. Shakespeare's countrymen, who having laid their unhallowed hands upon this glorious work of art, changed its conclusion, only proved how they could deform the masterpiece; for they who would value crown and sceptre to the extent of placing one on the aching head, and the other in the shivering hand of the aged and broken Lear, had never learned the "Royal Highness" of this drama's lesson;—that it is far more kingly to live to right a wrong than to rule an empire.

Such is King Lear; a drama that teaches a thousand morals, mostly by the old king himself, whose gigantic truths, unrestrained in expression by diplomacy, are given to the winds of Heaven, as his depths of disturbed heart and mind are heaved into utterance. Such is the greatest of all dramas, wherein Shakespeare freely rides his Pegasus, unchecked by even Minerva's golden bridle, through the many winding ways of human passion, until, exhausted, it can no more.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY EDITH M. SMITH.

Aye, thou art welcome, harbinger of Spring!
While Nature still lies hid in Death's embrace
And even early violets hide their face
Dreading the wintry blasts that March may bring—
Thou peep'st forth from out thy leafy bed
And creeping onward with rose-petalled bloom
Shinest amid the leaves all sere and dead,
Like evening's star in twilight's gathering gloom.
What use to hide when reckless to the breeze
With bounteous hand thy perfume sweet is flung?
Thinkest to pass useen thy days among
The whispering pines and waving chestnut trees?
Vain dream, fair floweret, for thy fragrance sweet
Doth of itself betray thy shy retreat!

BOSCOBEL.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHET OF THE REVOLUTION.

A May day in the Old Dominion, the woods bright with the green mistiness of leafing trees and full of the fragrance of violets and the elusive scent of azalia. Through the forest, mingling with the chattering of many birds, comes the voice of the James River as it rushes on to join the spacious Chesapeake in its passage to the sea. On the hill above stands Boscobel, the manor house of the Barringtons, a great rambling home, a story and a half high, with a chimney planted against every gable and a grotesque cupola half covered by bushy ivy in the centre of the slanting roof. It is here the birds bring their mates to nest and teach their young to fly, unmolested by the fear of the white man's fowling piece or the Indians' flint-headed arrows; for ever since the year 1651, when the first Barrington landed upon the shores of America and built his rough log hut with his own gentlemanly hands, the "Boscobel bird cage" has been one of the curiosities as well as one of the landmarks of the county. In after years, when the log hut was supplanted by the present pile of good Virginia birch, the bird cage was placed on top of the more modern structure, for there was a tradition in the family that blessings went with the birds, and that the fierce old Marquis of Barrington would rise from his grave if his feathered friends were disturbed in this, their peaceful ambuscade.

And if history be true, the Marquis of Barrington was a man to be dreaded, whether living or dead, for his was not a gentle spirit; his temper was quick, he preferred war to peace, and he never forgot nor forgave an enemy. But his loyalty was as true as his sword, for he loved the king and espoused his cause with a courage born of despair. It is said that after the battle of Naseby, when Charles was obliged to retreat to Oxford, he stayed with Prince Rupert at Bristol, and when he found out that the impatient Prince, after a few days' siege, was about to surrender the castle, he was so enraged that he drew his sword and would have run the Prince through, had not a guard restrained him.

When the poor, gentle king was beheaded at Whitehall, the faithful Marquis, dressed in ministerial garb, pushed his way to the scaffold and stood by him to the end, and when the Marquis muttered a few prayers to keep up his clerical character, it is said that the unfortunate King smiled, for the stern old warrior had never been taught a religious truth in his life, and his prayers, intermingled with oaths, were the strangest ever recorded. But it was to him that the King gave the blue ribbon and jewel of the Order of the Garter, trusting him to carry it to his oldest son, and when the royal head was bent and the axe had fallen, the Marquis, sickened by the sight, turned and fled through the crowd, carrying with him a bit of the blood-stained hair which had once been weighted down by a diadem.

When the merry son of the murdered King left Paris to go and reign over the grim, stiff-necked Covenant-

ers, it was the Marquis who persuaded him to lead the Scots into England while he, with a number of Cavaliers, advanced to Worcester and proclaimed him King, and when the little army was entirely routed by Cromwell and his men the Marquis stood by the royal standard and saved the King from death by cutting down some resolute Roundheads who pursued him in his flight. And in the dark days that followed the old soldier's vigilance never relaxed; he guarded the lively young monarch's hiding place with fatherly solicitude, suggested new disguises, and never rested until he had seen him safe upon a ship at Brighton on his way to St. Germain's. Then it was that he remembered that a price had been set upon his own head, that his fortune had been expended in the long and useless war, and that all that was left to him was a kingly grant of five thousand acres lying in shadowy America, and that his only hope of safety was there. So, with frowning fortitude, he had turned his back upon friends and foes alike and hewed out a home for himself in the wilderness, undismayed by the noise of wolves or the prowling forms of savages.

Here the family of Barrington had flourished for more than one hundred years, for the daughters were fair, the sons were strong, and the land, untilled before by human hand, yielded a plenteous harvest. But though the ships which bore the crops to England returned freighted with many luxuries from an older world the younger sons of the descendants of the Marquis grew restless and tired of the calm of the plantation, and robbed of their rights by the law of entail, they scattered.

Thomas Barrington and his sister Betty found themselves in possession of Boscobel. And here Thomas Barrington had lived in a state of rare contentment for thirty years, if we except a few terms passed at Oxford and a short time spent in travelling upon the continent, and here he expected to die, for he had no thirst for adventure; his affection for his home was real; his sister Betty adored him, and his power was equal to a feudal lord's; his ambition was that of a man of letters.

The spring of 1774 had been one of wild turmoil in the House of Burgesses. Thomas Barrington was untroubled by affairs of State. He was a Royalist because he followed the convictions of his ancestors. Personally, he was indifferent to republics and empires alike.

On the May day in which our story opens Thomas Barrington stood leaning against one of the white pillars of the portico, idly beating the honeysuckle vines with the end of his riding crop. A crowd of small black picaninnies, who had been turning somersaults in the sunshine, stopped their fun, and perching upon the topmost rail of a fence, sat watching him with grave admiration. They were proud of his height, and of his strength, of his clothes and of his peruke, for was he not their master? To them he possessed the wisdom and riches of a god, and their little heathen souls rejoiced if he spoke in passing by.

This afternoon there was some delay at the stables, for when a horse was brought the master of Boscobel had taken his lace-bordered handkerchief and rubbed it on the horse's back, and seeing a streak of black upon the soft white cambric, had sent the groom, trembling, away to get another mount.

At last he went galloping down the road and the little blacks strained their eyes to pierce the cloud of yellow dust that hid him from their view. When they found their efforts useless they returned to their play, while the master of Boscobel rode on into the forest.

He had come out to shoot wild turkeys, but he seemed indifferent to the sport, for he gave no heed when a lost bird flapped quite close to him and disappeared beneath the underbrush; he was thinking deeply, a frown had gathered between his well-arched brows and his black eyes were fixed upon the pommel of his saddle, though it was plain that his mind was far away. At last he seemed to have found a solution to the question that was puzzling him, for he roused himself, and taking a hollow bone from his pocket he began to feign the turkey's cry. It was answered from a neighboring thicket and Barrington raised his gun and fired at the small black object that rose at that moment above a fallen tree trunk.

"A good shot," cried a voice, and a man wearing a coarse cloth coat and leather breeches strode out of the bushes. "You see the bullet passed through my hat."

Barrington pulled up his horse, aghast at the man's coolness.

"It was an unpardonable mistake upon my part," he said apologetically. "I could have sworn I heard the turkey's cry."

"And so you did," replied the other, his blue eyes twinkling. "I answered your call. I held out my hat to test your aim. I did not trust my head in the hat you see. I was anxious to discover what sort of marksmen we find in the woods of Virginia."

Barrington threw back his head and laughed good-naturedly. "I did not know that I could be so easily fooled," he said. "I thought I had heard the cry of a turkey too often to be duped by the voice of man."

"My voice is my only possession," returned the other half sadly. "Do you come from Williamsburg? Is there any further news?"

"News," repeated Barrington, wondering who this tall, stooping figure before him might be. "I have no news. I come from Boscobel, but I go to Williamsburg tonight."

"To Lady Dunmore's ball?"

"Yes—"

"I have been cooking some venison," continued the stranger, changing the subject with startling rapidity. "I thought that you were travelling far, and that you might join me in my repast. It was for that reason I held up my hat. My fire is over yonder. I wonder you did not see the smoke. This way, you will have to dismount."

Barrington had ridden far; he was hungry; the invitation sounded alluring and it was given with such gracious frankness that a refusal would have seemed a rebuff, so jumping from his horse he slipped the reins under his arm and prepared to follow his guide, determined to see more of this strange gaunt-faced man who stopped travellers in such an unusual manner. It occurred to him that his companion might be a highwayman, but the reflection caused him no uneasiness for he carried nothing of particular value, and he did not stop to consider his personal safety, for he had never experienced fear in his life, and the sensation of danger was rare enough to be enjoyed.

A few minutes' walk brought them to an open space, where a horse was picketted and a feeble fire burned; a blanket was thrown upon the ground

in the shadow of an oak, and at the foot of the tree lay a copy of the Virginia Gazette, its corners weighted down by stones to keep it from blowing away.

"I was reading and cooking at the same time when I heard your horse's hoofs," explained the host, piling more wood upon the fire. "Doubtless you will find something of interest in that paper. Lord Dunmore has dissolved the House of Burgesses."

"I see," said Barrington, indifferently stretching himself upon the blanket and reading aloud, "the Right Honorable, the Earl of Dunmore, sent a messenger to the Honorable, the House of Burgesses, by the Clerk of the Council, requiring their immediate attendance in the Council Chamber when his Excellency spoke to them as follows: 'Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses—I have in my hand a paper, published by order of your House, conceived in such tones as reflect highly upon his Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary for me to dissolve you.' "

"Hm," said Barrington, laughing, "Lord Dunmore amuses me. What led to such a tempest?"

"You have not been in Williamsburg of late," said the other seriously, "You have not heard—the Port of Boston is to be closed by an armed force on June the first; that day will be one of prayer, mourning and fasting in Williamsburg."

"Ah! I see, the King wishes to regulate the devotions of the colonists. Like many another worse sinner he objects to manifestations of piety."

His host smiled. "Then you are a traitor too?"

Barrington's eyes flashed fire, he jumped to his feet and seized his gun.

"A traitor!" he cried.

"I meant no offense," returned the other turning the piece of meat he was cooking upon a pointed stick. "Treason is the fashion of the hour; it is talked openly in the market place. In these days a man must be false to the King to be true to his country. You are a Royalist?"

"I believe in the King," said Barrington, sinking down again upon the blanket; calmed by his companion's indifference; "but I do not admire the man; he is incapable of understanding the true welfare of his country; his will is firm, but his mind is narrow; he knows human nature but he is ignorant of history; he would surround himself by men of mediocrity rather than by men of genius; but the King is King and I am still his loyal subject."

"I find your sentiments difficult to understand, but I appreciate your candor though I fail to see the gist of your argument. When a country groans beneath its weight of wrongs and petitions, remonstrates, supplicates with its King in vain, what is the result, abject submission or—heroic resistance?"

"The country has gone mad," said Barrington, accepting the bread and meat which his host held out to him. "There are some men I believe who would stir up a revolution when we have no army, no guns, no navy; their strength is that of a puling babe."

"And when shall we be stronger, sir? Rouse three million people, arm them in the holy cause of liberty and they shall not stand alone to cope with so powerful a nation. Where is France?—Where is Spain?—Where is Holland?—the natural enemies of Great Britain,—where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will

stand by idle and indifferent spectators to this contest?"

Barrington stared at the man before him in astonishment; the slouching figure had become erect, commanding, a new light shone on his ugly features, his gestures were graceful, his whole attitude strong, dramatic.

"Pray go on," he said lightly, "such treason were well worth listening to."

But the man only laughed, and pillowing his head against a moss-grown rock, he began to eat his venison with leisurely enjoyment.

"I have come to the woods to rid myself of care," he went on calmly, after a long silence. "Idleness is my profession. I have failed in other walks of life."

"Then the way must have been beset by difficulties insurmountable by genius," said Barrington politely.

"I thank you for the kindly solution, but I fear I failed from other causes; when I was a shop-keeper I credited my customers until I had nothing left for which they wished to promise to pay; then I tried farming and have gone deeply in debt; for a while I kept an ordinary, but I have an aversion to systematic labor; I love idleness for its own sake. At present I am a deficient lawyer, for common law requires an exactness of which I am incapable. That in short is my autobiography."

"Your interest me," said Barrington bluntly. "I recognize in you a kindred spirit. I trust that you will visit me at Boscobel."

"Some time I will avail myself of your hospitality. We are both students of human nature, but I judge that the similarity ends there, for I take you for a man of letters, a scholar, while I know little of books, and am but an indifferent reader. You are the descendant of a nobleman; I spring from a race of yeomen; I reverence the strength of the people; you bow to his Majesty the King."

"I care not for your ancestors," cried Barrington. "I am not seeking ghostly company, but yours."

"But our paths lie far apart," returned his host, idly throwing acorns into the dying fire, "for in the struggle that is to be we will stand arrayed one against the other."

"A dire prophecy," laughed Barrington, refusing to look at the matter seriously. "You will at least have won the respect of your enemy. You see my brain does not tingle at the thought of battle and blood-shed. I think that men have nobler work to do."

The other regarded him curiously. "There is no greater cause than that of liberty," he cried.

The liberty of the spirit? "No," replied Barrington. "The liberty of the body? What matters it? the body soon dies."

His auditor moved uncomfortably. "I do not know to what school of philosophy you belong," he said, "but you would find few disciples in Williamsburg today."

"Let them fight," said Barrington, rising and brushing the crumbs from his flowered waist-coat. "I believe all men have the privilege of their prejudice. This world would be but a stupid place if we all agreed with one another. Come to see me and we can talk politics at length. If in the meantime I can serve you in any way, call upon me."

"Then I will impose upon your generosity," said his host, taking a packet from his pocket, "by asking you to deliver this letter to Mr. Richard Lee. He will be at Lady Dunmore's ball to-

night. If you could give it to him there I would be grateful. It is of personal, not political import. It would save me the journey and allow me to prolong my holiday."

"I would be most pleased to be your messenger," said Barrington, buttoning the packet in his coat, "and it is but scant return for your hospitality, for the pleasant hour which I will not soon forget. Is there any verbal message? Shall I mention the name of the sender?"

The man got up and stretched himself. "If you tell Mr. Lee you found me lying loose in the woods he will recognize the representative from Louisa. My name is—Patrick Henry."

Barrington's only expression of surprise was a glance of wonderment. "And mine is Thomas Barrington," he said, and lifting his hat he turned quickly and led his horse back into the open roadway.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE ROAD.

Barrington mounted his horse and rode away in a state of sore perplexity. His chance acquaintance of the wood had charmed, bewildered and irritated him by suggested wrongs which, he believed, would never be righted, and rights, which to him, seemed wrongs. He had heard Mr. Henry spoken of in Williamsburg as the most daring speaker in the colonies; he felt a keen sense of disappointment in finding that he, whom he had hoped to aid as a friend, was a revolutionary leader with whom he could have little sympathy. And then, upon mature reflection, he found something amusing in the situation, and he smiled grimly to himself as he remembered that he had just insisted that every man had a right to his own opinion, and here he was, half angry with Mr. Henry because he chose to differ from him on a question that could never vitally concern a Barrington.

The stories told of his warrior ancestors had not inspired him to like deeds of valor; he had always paled at the sight of blood, for he possessed the sensibility and artistic temperament of his mother who had died when he was a boy. But before she left him she taught him how to appreciate the wonders of the world around him, and she told him that true happiness was no parasite, but that it fixed its roots in the soil of the soul and that it needed but the dew of idealism to make it grow and flower.

And thinking of these things Barrington let the reins fall from his hands. He had turned his horse into a by-path with the intention of making a short cut through the woods, but he paid no attention to the way over which he was travelling, until his horse, wading through a small stream, roused him from his reverie by spattering some water in his cleanly-shaven face; then it was that Barrington looking vainly around for some familiar landmarks suddenly realized he was lost. The horse he rode was a new one, bought only a day or two before; he could not trust to its instinct to find the way home; he must hunt out the road for himself or spend the night in the forest. The prospect of sleeping on the ground and having his rest disturbed by bugs and bats and other denizens of the woods was not alluring, and as he pulled up his horse and tried to get his bearings he cursed himself for his stupidity, for the day was already far spent, the shadows were deepening, the sun glowed a dull

red fire just above the horizon, and the only sound he heard was the drowsy call of the whip-o-wills mocking him as he stood surrounded by the imprisoning walls of green.

For an hour or more he wandered vaguely in the labyrinth of trees, every turn he made but added to his confusion; some vagrant fire-flies, precursers of the darkness, glowed like strange blossoms in the tangled undergrowth, and through the spiked branches of the pines some timid stars looked furtively down upon him. He thought of his sister Betty's distress if he were not home in time to accompany her to Lady Dunmore's ball, and a picture of his own cosey library and his closets of books rose up before him, adding to his eagerness to reach Boscobel before nightfall. The path he had been following became narrower and ended abruptly in a shiny pool; again he turned, and straining his ears, he listened for the murmuring of the river, but the wind rustling the leaves silenced all other sound, and at last, chilled by the damp, cold air, he reluctantly dismounted and prepared to build a fire determined to make the best of an unpleasant predicament.

He gathered one armful of wood, deposited it in a heap, and started for more, when he was surprised by the voice of some one singing. For a moment he stood awe-struck, startled into believing that it came from some supernatural source, but the familiar words of "Mary of Tweed" reassured him,

"It rains, it rains my fair,
Come drive your white sheep past,
Let's to my shed repair
Haste Shepherdess, make haste."

The music was faint, the words indistinct, but he welcomed it with joy just then. It would direct him out of his difficulty, and getting on his horse he pushed his way through the bushes, lured by the unknown voice, which grew sweeter and louder as the distance between them decreased.

But the last surprise in store for Barrington was greater than any he had experienced that day. He had expected to reach a clearing owned by some rough-bearded trapper who doubtless had a daughter whose singing charmed the solitude. What was his astonishment when he found himself upon the road he had so long sought in vain and, in the dim light of the stars, he discerned a high-bodied coach standing still in the middle of the highway. Five horses were contentedly munching grass close by, while in the driver's place sat a man with a gun in his hands, intent upon guarding the inmates of the carriage.

As Barrington's horse's hoofs touched the hard-packed road the man raised his gun, while the door of the coach opened and a frail girlish figure jumped out, crying,

"John, what kept you all this time?"

"I have lost my way," said Barrington, riding forward.

"Put down your gun," he said to the man upon the box. "Do you take me for a highwayman?"

"A highwayman!" shrieked someone inside the coach. "I knew they would come, Katherine! I knew they would come. Oh! try to parley with the creature—Give him my purse, Katherine. Give him my purse!"

"I beg of you not to alarm yourself," said Barrington, coming close to the coach window and facing an ugly old lady whose eyes were starting out of their sockets in fright. "I am anxious to serve you; my house is not far distant—"

"God have mercy!" she cried. "Be good enough to leave us, sir. My purse holds but a few pounds—take it. Take the horses, the carriage—take everything—but spare our lives, good sir! Our lives are but poor things at best."

Barrington drew back in some embarrassment, fearing that any further civility would produce another tirade. Just at that moment there was a shot and a bullet whizzed by him; his gallantry had nearly cost him his life. He saw that the man on the box was standing up preparatory to taking better aim, when the girl, who had first addressed Barrington, threw up her arms and stood between him and her would-be protector. The man straightway lowered his gun; the woman in the coach began to scream hysterically.

"Put up your pistol, my good sir,—we make no resistance,—put up your pistol. Be merciful as you are strong—we are but two weak women. Our coach has broken down, as you see, and we are helpless in your hands. Katherine, my child Katherine, are—are you dead?"

"Hush, aunt, hush," said the girl, soothingly. "It was Gilpin, who, in his stupidity, fired that shot. We owe the gentleman an apology."

"Then apologize to him, Katherine, for I know not how to address a highwayman. Plead with him—threaten him—but pray him to let us go."

In spite of the terror he had caused the affair appeared so ludicrous that Barrington smiled in spite of himself, while the girl leaning against the broken wheel of the carriage laughed right merrily, and in this change of aspect Barrington found time to introduce himself. "My home, Boscobel, is only five miles distant," he added. "If you could ride so far I will send my servants to repair the coach. I would not leave you here alone."

The old lady, who had been piously muttering a prayer of thanksgiving, stopped in the midst of her fervor and cried commandingly,

"No, no, do not leave us, Mr. Barrington. I know Boscobel well. I visited there years ago. Doubtless you have heard your mother speak of her friend, Hortense Paget?"

"My mother died when I was a boy," replied Barrington, "but the memory of her friends has ever been treasured in our house, and a picture of Madame Paget hangs above the mantel in my mother's chamber, and I have ever regarded its great beauty with deepest admiration."

Madame Paget leaned far out of the coach window and showed her toothless gums in a benign smile.

"And to think I should have mistaken you for a highwayman," she said with a cackling laugh. "This is my niece, Katherine Murry, Mr. Barrington. She has but lately come to America with Lady Dunmore. She was on her way to the ball in Williamsburg, but we have met with a series of misfortunes and I fear we shall not reach the palace in time for Katherine to change her gown."

"Do not worry about me," said the girl, holding out to Barrington a soft plump hand. "The ball is of little moment. Doubtless I shall live to dance at many more."

"Then we will spend the night at Boscobel," said Madame Paget, "for I cannot travel further."

"Your decision gives me great happiness," said Barrington, cordially. "Will you take my horse, or shall I bring one belonging to the coach?"

"But I cannot ride a horse," cried Madame Paget. "My back is weak. It

is for this reason that you find us waiting here. Katherine has been trying to cheer me by singing woeful ballads; the child has little judgment. When we left home this morning one of the outriders was taken ill before we had gone half a mile, and we had to send him back by a wagon that was passing. When the wheel of our coach broke down we had but two servants with us—Gilpin, who is both deaf and dumb, and our driver, John, whom we sent in search of assistance."

"Why did you not send Gilpin?" said Barrington. "Surely a deaf and dumb man is a poor sort of protector."

"And a poorer sort of messenger," laughed Katherine, "for we had nothing wherewith to write and Gilpin cannot make a sound. It is a pity that such a fine-looking man should be so sore afflicted."

"A strong, well-built man," said Barrington, viewing critically the broad figure silhouetted against the star-lit sky, "I thank heaven he is not a better marksman."

"And so do I," said Katherine, gaily," for a live man is far pleasanter than a dead one, even though he be a highwayman or a mute. Poor Gilpin meant to help us I am sure, and I am sorry for him, for he has been treated cruelly in the past. He was an indented servant; he ran away when a boy and his master branded him upon the face by way of punishment. I am grateful that it was not my grandfather who ordered such cruelty to be practiced."

"Sh!" interrupted her aunt, "your tongue leads you too far at times. Gilpin is a sulky fellow, Mr. Barrington; my father-in-law bought him from your father more than twenty years ago because at the same time he purchased a horse from the Boscobel stables that no other groom could manage."

"I did not know that he had belonged to your family, Mr. Barrington," said Katherine, putting her hand over her pretty lips. "I find that while visiting in Virginia it is wise not to have an opinion. Why should we discuss Gilpin further? His days of servitude were over yesterday; he was to ride as far as Williamsburg with us and then he was to seek employment elsewhere. Do you not hear the rumble of wheels? I think that John has come at last."

For a moment a silence fell upon the group while they listened expectantly. Madame Paget craned her long neck out of the coach window. Wheels were certainly approaching, the yellow light of a lantern pierced the gloom, and through the darkness rolled Barrington's own cumbrous carriage with its armorial bearings, while astride of one of the horses sat Barrington's body servant, old Ephram, sent by his mistress, Betty, to offer the hospitality of the house to the wayfarers.

Behind the coach rode three more servants, a blacksmith, a wheelwright and a carpenter, each leading a horse which had been brought to drag the broken coach to Boscobel if the break proved too serious to be repaired on the road.

Madame Paget breathed a sigh of relief when she found herself safely ensconced among the cushions of Barrington's satin-lined carriage, and she begged them to hasten to Boscobel. Her fright, the chill night air, and the long journey had so exhausted her that she leaned heavily upon Katherine's shoulder and declared she was about to faint. Katherine, with sweet patience, administered some medicine which she had thoughtfully brought

with her, while Barrington, leaving his horse in Ephram's charge, jumped into the coach, slammed the door, and ordered the driver to return to Boscobel with all possible speed. It was a pleasant ending to an unfortunate adventure, for Katherine, undisturbed by her aunt's croaking and grumbling, enlivened the way with her merry prattle until even Barrington, who had never had a liking for woman's society, except his sister Betty's, found himself listening to her with increasing interest and regretting that the five miles were so quickly passed over.

Through the high arched gate the horses dashed, up the long avenue of oaks to the pillared porch, and there stood pretty Miss Betty in her ball gown waiting to welcome the strangers at her door.

(To be continued.)

MISDIRECTED.

BY JOSEPH P. LOUGHRY.

Fair in the meadow's verdant lap she lay,
A gem uncut, and all her grandeur shone
About her, like the crimson tinted ray
That gilds the western vales when day is gone.

A neighb'ring flower, less fortunate of birth
In all that lends to beauty and to grace,
But ruggeder in strength, of sterling worth,
Soon loved the treasure of that lonely place.

His one resolve, to cherish and protect
The pure, sweet floweret, delicate and frail,
Impelled his growth and urged him to elect
Himself her champion in that distant vale.

He loving, grew, and in his might o'ertopped
And overspread her in his eagerness
To guard her, and his towering body stopped
The sun, and made her heav'n a wilderness.

'Tis often thus; a misdirected zeal
Employed with all sincerity, may lead
To dire results, and balk the cherished weal
That justly merits an eternal meed.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

BY REV. JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

It is perhaps characteristic of republics to be ungrateful. Such is the thought which occurs to us when we read in these latter days of the attitude of France toward the Christian Brothers. Certainly the sons of the saintly de la Salle have served their country with credit. Laying aside the measure of their work in education, the spirit of sacrifice, of patriotism, of brotherly charity, shown by them during that period of disaster which culminated in Sedan, entitles them to be held in the deepest respect. On the breaking out of hostilities, Brother Philippe, the Superior of the Order, dispatched word at once to the government and stated that every house and school in the charge of the Christian Brothers, from St. Omer and Thionville in the north, to Marseilles and Toulouse in the south, and including the mother-house in the Rue Oudinot, Paris, were at the service of the army for ambulance and hospital needs. The Brothers themselves, although just then winding up the fatiguing labors of the school year, volunteered without delay for the hardships of the ambulance corps. Their splendid efficiency in this department was phenomenal. Brother Philippe was known universally as a man of high mind; every government since that of the July Monarchy had offered him the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but only to meet with persistent refusal. After the ambulance work of the Brothers on the fields of Gravelotte and Champigny, the government sent the red ribbon once more with the following statement which left him no scope for resistance:—"In decorating Brother Philippe as a member of the Legion of Honor, France wishes to do honor to the Christian Brothers by this expression of the nation's appreciation."

The Opinion Nationale, a passionate and implacable adversary of religious congregations, thus speaks with reference to their intrepid heroism:—"We have indeed often in this journal combated to our best powers against religious corporations, especially when we saw the government showering favors upon them. It is a duty for us to render today our homage to the zeal shown by the Religious toward our sick, and particularly to commend the courageous devotion with which the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes are seen to venture out and pick up the wounded right under the very shells and bullets, rivalling thus by their stoicism, the admirable personnel of the army physicians."

Another Parisian journal (Le Soir) which had usually in those days or since those days very little to say in favor of the Church, thus comments:—

"One of the main subjects of conversation among the soldiers is the behavior of the Christian Brothers. These dark-robed men, who calm and unconcerned amid the falling bullets move along carrying the wounded, fill the soldiers with admiration. It must be admitted that these Brothers have given the example of genuine courage. Ten times over our generals have been obliged to tell them to

wait until the fusilade is over before going out to pick up those who have fallen."

It has been our pleasure, too, to peruse the reports of many of the doctors connected with the medical bureau. Therein indeed we find rich encomiums which were hardly to be looked for when one considered the usual antipathy shown to religious brotherhoods by the free-thinking members of the medical profession of France. Dr. Behier, professor of the Faculte de Medicine, was at that time chief of the ambulance corps of St. Maurice. His testimony therefore is worth quoting on this subject. In a letter to a friend he thus speaks:

"I shall all my life retain the memory of the evening of the first day of Champigny. They had just thrown open an establishment in the Rue Oudinot for hospital purposes; and right off Dr. Fournier and I were obliged to attend 88 wounded men whom the Brothers had picked up on the skirmish ground. The gas supply had been cut off that day so that the long halls or dormitories where the wounded were set were almost without light. Those young men of the Brothers, clad in their long black robes, kept themselves busily occupied, helping us to their very best; and we, of course, had plenty to do, with our hands actually bathing in the blood so bravely but uselessly shed. And not a complaint or a murmur from the poor wounded fellows, although we could see that they were suffering most terrible anguish. And on the part of the Brothers—silence, absence of all the bustle and stir so usual to such a place and occasion.

"What touched me most in regard to these young men was the simplicity and the good humor with which they rendered their service in a work so painful and distressing. It was the same simplicity that we observed in them that very morning when they ranged themselves in squads and marched out across the battlefield to pick up the fallen.

"Not once did I remark an indiscreet religious zeal on their part. I would not have tolerated anything of the kind. I need say but one thing on this point; whatever they did in a religious way was entirely proper and accompanied with discretion." And in this satisfied tone the letter proceeds.

Another eminent physician associated with the army of France in those days bears similar testimony to the extraordinary attention manifested by the Brothers of the ambulance service. This is no less than Dr. Horteloup, père, who was formerly chief physician of the Hospitals. In the course of his recollections on the war he thus speaks in part:—

"My work with the soldiers kept me at the Mother-house of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. For seven months I was in contact with a personnel which often changed; but no matter who the Brothers were that came to look after my sick, I can only bestow praise on all alike. It is impossible to display more care, more devotion, more self-sacrifice:—why, even the young novice brothers who I do not suppose had ever been near a sick couch, contended for the very dangerous honor of remaining day and night in our wards.

"One should have seen those Brothers transformed into stretcher-bearers hurrying over the battlefield while shells were bursting; should have seen them picking up the poor lads who had been hit; and this, mind

you, without any ostentation or bravado, just as it was, too, without any semblance of fear. They all seemed to think it a favor to be sent to that part of the work, and even the death and the wounding of several of their own number did not seem to paralyze either their courage or their activity."

One more witness from the medical fraternity may be quoted in regard to the good work of the Brothers during that struggle. It is Dr. Demarquay who in a public address to the dignitaries of the hospital department said:—

"The devotion evinced by the Christian Brothers during the war ought to linger in the memory of the generations present and future. Yes, gentlemen, I dare repeat it, for I was associated with them, I saw what they did as simple but brave stretcher-bearers, exciting the admiration of the army. Their courage, their discipline, their prompt action on the field of carnage, have been glorious. Thanks to them, more than 5,000 wounded have been attended, and had their wounds dressed in my department alone. Thanks to them, during the war 1,000 poor sick soldiers whom the army arrangements could with difficulty have provided for were gathered in, protected from the cold of those wintry days, and treated with the kindest hospitality."

All through the battles which reddened the fields of Champigny, the Brothers remained devotedly with the decimated battalions of France, performing prodigies of charity. They not only attended the wounded, but at Champigny and Buzenval in the bitterly cold days of that hard December and January, the Brothers went out and buried the dead. On several occasions many of their own number were hit by Prussian bullets; and at Le Bourget on the 21st of December, Frere Nethelme, one of the favorite professors of the school of St. Nicholas at Paris, was among the mortally wounded of the Army of the Loire. When his funeral took place in the church of St. Sulpice, the Provisional Government sent its official representatives, the loss of Brother Nethelme being looked upon as an event of national significance. Jules Ferry took care also to have the world notice how little regard the Prussian generals were inclined to show for the rules of international law.

DESPAIR.

BY REV. M. T. SLATTERY.

The sunlight fades from out his life,
And darkness dense
Entombs him; whilst beckoning shadows
Draw him hence,
On, on, into the night.

A KNIGHTLY RECORD.

BY JAMES T. GALLAGHER.

From a poem to be read at the National Convention of the A. O. H. of America, to be held in Faneuil Hall, May 9th, 1900.

Long years before the Star of God
Columbus led o'er darkened seas,
Long ages ere this strand was trod
By the immortal Genoese,

And ages long ere Freedom tore
The starry garment of the sky,
And flung it, streaming, round this shore,
The sign of hope and triumph high;

When Teuton, Norseman, Briton, Dane,
Were groping in primeval night,
Their law and rule on land and main,
A painted king and savage might;

The order of Hibernian Knights
The torch of truth and learning bore,
And bravely guarded Erin's rights
While sages penned the "Senchus More."*

And through the ages that have seen
The dawn and noon of Christian day,
They battled for their island green
And fondly kept the faith alway.

The brutal wrongs of foreign foe,
The flame, the pitchcap and the sword,
Could never force them to forego
The Creed and Country they adored.

But ah! they fell on evil days,
And they are scattered wide and far;
They may not change their Irish ways,
But Freedom is their morning star.

They fought and bled for every land,
Their sun of glory never set;
Columbia knows their ready hand,
And Saxon foes shall feel it yet.

*"Senchus More" or Great Law, the title of the Psalter of Tara or Brehon laws translated by O'Donovan and O'Curry. The Psalter of Tara was compiled in the time of Ollamh Tola, who reigned 900 years B. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have read with the deepest interest the latest production from the pen of William Samuel Lilly, which has for its title, "First Principles in Politics." It is a timely and well-reasoned work on questions of supreme interest at the present day, written in clear, incisive English, and revealing an admirable grasp of the principles which form the only solid ground work of the whole political structure. Mr. Lilly possesses in a remarkable degree the faculty of stating philosophical truths with force and precision and of deducing therefrom the legitimate consequences, while his versatile mind, well stored with the literature of his subject, enables him to use the comparative method with singular success, and to separate the wheat from the chaff. We know of no English writer who has a firmer grasp of the principles of the schoolman and, who, by translating them from the formal Latin to which they have been wedded, into idiomatic English, is able to state them with such lucidity and power. In the present volume he discusses questions of the deepest import to all who are interested in the establishment and perpetuation of good government. A glance at the chapter headings is enough to convince us of the importance of his work. The Foundation of the State, the Origin of the State, the Object of the State, the Functions of the State, the Mechanism of the State, the Corruption of the State, the Sanctions of the State, are the topical headings under which he discusses questions of the gravest import, the correct solution of which furnishes the key for the settlement of many social problems and the true foundation on which to rear the political structure. Probably the most interesting chapter, the one which might be called the constructive chapter of the book, is the one on the Functions of the State, in which the author with admirable philosophic temper discusses the attitude of the State towards education, religion, morality, public hygiene, contract, the land and social order. It may be at once seen how practical must be a well-reasoned treatise on these important points, which include, it may be said, the whole category of modern social problems. Mr. Lilly is no sentimentalist. He has hard practical common sense. No one can read his chapter on the Sanctions of the State in which, among other things, he discusses the well-worn question of capital punishment without being struck by his great good sense, and the justness of his views. His reading on the subject-matter of his discussion has been extensive and varied. He has a thorough acquaintance with the writers of different schools of political principles, and his analysis of their principles is always just and comprehensive. American readers may not agree with all his conclusions concerning the political life of the United States, and may think his picture of present conditions obtaining among us too pessimistic. The justness of many of his observations, however, cannot be doubted: and, if blame be attached to him for apparent prejudice toward things American it must be shared by Mr. Bryce also, the author of "The American Commonwealth," from whom Mr. Lilly seems to have taken his information about American political affairs, and from whose work many quotations are given. We should like to see this work of Mr. Lilly's in the hands of every American politician. It is worth their study. It deals with questions of first importance to all who have at heart the welfare of their country. A grasp of the principles which this book enunciates and their application to present conditions will go far in settling in the right way many social problems and political issues which are clamoring for solution.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, NewYork. $2.50.

An admirable handbook of Christian Philosophy, a fit successor to his first book—"The Human Soul," is Rev. J. T. Driscoll's latest work, entitled "God." It deals with the all-important question of Theism, the existence and attributes of God and His relation with the world, questions which have been widely and bitterly discussed during these last years, and is an able, scholarly contribution to the literature of this subject. The author uses the comparative method. Such a treatment requires a wide knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the various philosophic systems which have grown up around the question at issue: it presupposes a wide and varied course of reading: and there is ample evidence in the volume before us that the author has come to his work fully equipped. The numerous citations and footnote references eloquently testify to the thoroughness of the author's preparation for his task. There is scarcely a modern philosopher of any note whose name may not be found in these scholarly pages, and all the mod-

ern systems such as Agnosticism, Idealism, Pessimism, Pantheism and others of like nature are subjected to critical analysis and the cardinal defects in their line of reasoning briefly but forcefully pointed out. The author builds his own argument for the existence of God on the nature of the content of human consciousness, an argument put forth by St. Augustine, and one which has received a good share of attention in these later days. Besides he gives us the old, legitimate proofs drawn from the contingency and motion of things, from the order which is apprehended in the world, from the necessity of admitting an adequate universal cause for all things which have been produced. There is also an argument drawn from the moral order as attested by the human conscience. But the critical portion of the author's work is the one which most engages our attention and elicits our admiration for the interesting and effective way in which, using the cross-examination system of Socrates, he dissects the different false systems of modern philosophy and exposes the confusion of ideas which is at the basis of all their reasonings. The closing chapters on prayer, pessimism, the origin of evil and the distinction between the natural and the supernatural are of great practical value. The tone of the author in his discussion of these weighty questions is admirable. He has the philosophic temperament. He is able to recognize the gleams of truth in many false systems and to give due credit to the motives of the writers whom he is compelled to criticise and refute. An instance in point is his treatment of Professor Royce of Harvard University, whose illogical reasoning he is forced to point out, but which he does in a way that scarcely leaves room for irritation or bad feeling. Such a work as this deserves to be encouraged. It is a hopeful sign of what the future may have in store for Catholic literature. Written in a kindly spirit, this volume ought to reach non-Catholics as well as Catholics, and its scholarly presentment of the problem at issue will do much to secure a favorable hearing of the Catholic side of these great philosophical questions among those who may have but little sympathy with what Catholics have done in the field of philosophic research.

New York: Benziger Bros.: Cincinnati, Chicago. $1.25.

We welcome another volume from the pen of Bishop Spalding, the foremost American essayist. It bears the title, "Opportunity and Other Essays." It contains lectures delivered on various occasions, and two essays on Goethe as an Educator. Many of these lectures are of vital importance, especially those on the Higher Education of Woman, the University: a Nursery of the Higher Life, and the one on Republic or Empire. The latter, delivered before the Anti-Imperialist League at Chicago is, probably, the best pronouncement on the burning question of the present day. The opening address on Opportunity is singularly beautiful and portrays with wealth of illustration and felicity of language what life holds in store for all who are watchful to lay hold of and make use of opportunities. The great beauty of Bishop Spalding's style is vividly felt in all these lectures and essays. Not for many decades has any one appeared, who has the power to translate his thoughts into such chaste, terse and soul-awakening English as may be found in almost every page of "Opportunity." Happy turns of phrase greet us at every moment, surprising us by their aptness and beauty and impressing the truth upon our soul with singular sweetness and power. The lecture on Empire or Republic should be read and pondered by every lover of his country.

Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.

"Meditations for Retreats" is a book of spiritual thoughts culled from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, arranged by St. Jane Frances Fremiot de Chantal, his spiritual child, and translated from the French by a Visitandine of Baltimore. These short meditations reflect the spirit, the gentleness and piety of St. Francis de Sales and in a peculiarly winning way, characteristic of the saint, set forth the great truths of the Christian life and the mysteries of the Saviour's life upon the earth.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

"Mission Tracts," by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., is the second series of well-written, well-reasoned tracts which the reverend author is publishing to popularize Catholic doctrines and practices. There are four tracts in the present pamphlet: Purgatory, Confession of Sins, Christian Marriage, and The First Pope.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 5 cents; 45 cents per dozen.

A carefully compiled book of devotional exercises is "The Stations of the Cross," according to the method of St. Alphonsus Liguori, the method of St.

Francis Assisi, and the Eucharistic method. Neat, strong binding, good half-tone illustrations, and clear print are further recommendations to the favor of the reader. Benziger Bros., New York, 50 cents.

"Organizers and Their First Steps," by the Rev. G. E. Quin, S. J., is an humorous and practical booklet (the pioneer of a proposed series) which promises to accomplish its mission of inspiring many to undertake the all important work of organizing city boys. The author, writing after his years of successful work in Troy, N. Y., proposes only tried expedients. His fundamental view that the care of boys, from 13 to 18 years of age, is groundlessly relegated to rare individuals possessed of special natural gifts, and, that by devotion to method, persons of ordinary make (especially if priests or religious) can become organizers, is well sustained, and ought to command wide attention.

The "Rougher Element," too often abandoned as hopelessly bad, receives most kindly treatment from Father Quin, who makes a special plea for leniency and patience in dealing with this trying class.

"Prize a boy's friendship and confidence less for the good you see in him than for the evil you can take out of him," says this friend of all boys. "Rejoice, as one possessed of apostolic fitness, if your heart beats all the warmer welcome to a youngster's advances, because he has a dirty face, ragged clothes, drunken parents, an irreligious home, and is reputed "a good hand at swearing."

Nevertheless, since zeal should always be tempered by discretion, it must be admitted that societies under lay direction cannot usually maintain an "open door" for all the young terrors of the town. To be sure, through the free and easy operation of well-equipped clubs, seculars can accomplish much for wayward lads; but, at present writing, there is no question of clubs; and in societies gotten up chiefly for religious meetings, a recklessly inclined element will hardly be restrained and guided, save by the authority of priestly or religious control. Granting, however, that "toughs" must be excluded, lay zeal will always find, at least in sanctuary societies, *select* library associations, total abstinence unions, sodalities, etc., ample field for the improvement of youngsters who are already of the better moral class. Moreover, as regards labor independent of regular organizations, I unhesitatingly affirm that the preparation of neglected boys for the Holy Table can be conducted along such lines as will permit lay apostles to confer untold benefits on the most degraded and troublesome specimens of city youth."

Library of the Sacred Heart, No. 27 W. 16th street, New York City. Price, 25 cents.

From the Ave Maria press we have an attractive little booklet of "Helpful Thoughts," dedicated "To You," and consisting of pregnant bits of wisdom and philosophy gathered from many sources. There is a limited edition in cloth for twenty-five cents, and an edition in paper that sells three for ten cents.

A long poem, written in epic style by Henry N. Dodge, bears the appropriate title, "Christus Victor." Dr. Dodge shows great felicity of diction and true poetic temperament in his smoothly flowing lines, but we cannot give our assent to his theological teaching. He seems to hold the doctrine of universal salvation, of a period of probation beyond the present life, and to such a degree that somehow or other all will be finally saved. It is a very consoling doctrine, but scarcely in accord with Catholic teaching. The book is handsomely gotten out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Songs of the Glens of Antrim," a volume of poems by Moira O'Neill, written in the dialect of the Antrim Glens, are singularly simple and touching. All the poems are short, and without any straining after effect, have a simple appealing force of their own that draws us towards the Glens and its people by the sweet and tender bond of sympathy.

Macmillan Co., New York.$1.00.

"The Rose of the Room" is the title of a volume of short stories by the lamented Sara Trainer Smith. The simple, heartfelt tales, told with a simplicity and grace that captivate us at once, reveal the uncommon power which the lamented author possessed in this field of literary work. An excellent book to put into the hands of children, and one which will interest and move older readers also.

Philadelphia: John J. McVey. $1.25.

A volume of poems, "At the Gates of Noon," by James T. Gallagher, contains many deeply patriotic verses breathing love of country, and telling in simple language the story of that country's wrongs. Among these the following are particularly strong, dealing as they do with people and events that have a permanent place in Ireland's history, "Father Murphy in '98"; "Emmett"; "Allan, Larkin and O'Brien"; "A picture of Irish History"; and "Men of Ireland."

While the greater part of the book is devoted to such subjects, some stirring poems commemorating great events in American history tell of the sterling quality of the author's Americanism. "What Catholics Have Done for America" is a poem with a value beyond its pleasing rhythm. It presents an array of facts and names that should be stored in the memory.

Several tender little verses telling of home joys and the interests that centre around the domestic hearth show the wide range of the writer's sympathies, and will find many attentive readers among those who would ask with the poet—

"Oh! who on earth has ever heard,
From human lips or singing bird,
A sweeter tone, a dearer word,
Than home?

More love, more joy, more bliss is found,
Than earth contains within its round,
In that sweet, simple little sound—
My home.

The book is handsomely bound in green and gold and in its general make-up reflects much credit on the publishers, the Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

INCIDENT OF THE BOURGOGNE.

Readers of Donahoe's Magazine remember no doubt the terrible tragedy off Nova Scotia July 4th, 1898, when the French liner Bourgogne, as the result of a collision, went down with five hundred of her passengers and crew, which stands as the most overwhelming catastrophe that has occurred for many years. In fact, we know of none attended by such horrors of brutality and unchivalric conduct toward the women and children as were shown in this case. Not a single first-cabin passenger saved, only a bare few of the second-cabin passengers, and among the many women and children only a single woman tells its own tale of inefficiency and utter lack of discipline, and the large number of the crew who escaped is not needed to strengthen the fact.

Among the lost was the Rev. Anthony Kessler of Harlem, who, in the half-hour of terrible confusion and panic, went among the passengers and sailors, encouraging and helping all in their dire need and danger, without a selfish thought of himself; in fact when the vessel was sinking the good priest could be seen with outstretched arms pronouncing benediction while many of those on board were kneeling around him. It was Father Kessler's first vacation in thirty years when he met with this sad ending. Few possibly of the lost carried insurance. On Saturday, July 2nd, Father Kessler sent a check for twenty-five dollars to the Travelers Insurance Company for a combination policy on five thousand dollars ($5,000) which entitled the policy holder to double that amount in case the holder lost his life at sea. The Travelers' office being closed on Monday, July 4th (National holiday), the check was not received until Tuesday, July 5th, the day after the accident occurred. While the Company were familiar with the facts in the case they issued the policy and paid the claim, all at the same time. This is only an example of the honorable business methods conducted by the Management of the Travelers, which has placed them in the front rank of the leading Life and Accident Companies of the world.

AN EAGLE BRAND BABY.

A mother in Kirkville, Mo., writes: "My little daughter, Miriam, is an Eagle Brand Baby. At four months of age she was thin and white and I realize now she was slowly starving, because Nature's food and other foods did not nourish her. I then began to give her EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK which she drank with eagerness and soon began to grow fat and well. During the period of seven months (she is now eleven months old), she has taken twelve dozen cans and has never been sick a day."

4. Are there any laws or special regulations whereby a Catholic can join the Masonic Fraternity? In explanation of the above question, I will state, that I am employed by a very large corporation, and hold a responsible position. Lately, two members of the company tried to discharge me and place another man in my position, for no apparent reason whatever. I count other officials of the same company as my friends, and I think it is through their influence I am still here. I have studied and worked hard to obtain my present position, and if I were put out it would take some time before I could find another, and I could not afford to be idle, as I have people dependent upon me. There will shortly be a position of much more responsibility vacant, and my friends have asked me to make application for it. But in doing so, they told me that I ought to be made one of them. All hands connected with the company are Masons, and, as I am a Catholic, I told them I could not join their organization. They told me there were plenty of men of the same religion as myself who belonged to their lodge. They also told me that so and so (mentioning the officials' names who tried to displace me) would not bother me any more.

SUBSCRIBER.

Subscriber is in a position, to say the least, where he merits much sympathy. And yet, sympathy will not carry him through the ordeal he has to face. His own courageous conviction that fidelity to conscience is his paramount duty will make him steadfast. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, your faith." There is no regulation by which he may be allowed to become a Freemason. To become a member of this forbidden society, he must cease to be a Catholic. The law is very precise and absolute in this matter. We have at different times set forth in these pages the reasons why the Church has been obliged to take this attitude. In the case of "Subscriber," the immediate results to him personally may be unpleasant and even harsh. But even so. Life is all a warfare, and we must never step aside from the contest, never put down our arms, until the great Decider, Death, proclaims his summons of surrender, or rather of appearance before the Commander of all life's forces, who alone, too, is the upright and wise Judge. In that day it will make an eternity of difference as to whether we have confessed Christ before men, or have denied Him before men. As we long for His recognition and praise at the end, we must without shame or fear prove true soldiers of His cross now. "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." One man bears the cross in one way, another differently. Each has his own trial, his own tempter. "Subscriber" has an insidious and a powerful temptation. But like St. Paul, he should say: "I know in whom I have trusted, and I am sure." Come what may of material disappointment, the immortal soul and its interests must not be sacrificed." What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

And how contemptible is the spirit of an organization where merit and worth of a faithful employee are to be set aside on the mere pretext that he is not a Mason! Surely "Subscriber" can have no desire to associate himself in the secrecy of a lodge meeting with men of such low standards. To do his work is one thing; to be their "brother," to share their secrets, to plot with them against the right due to his fellow-man, is quite different.

The statement then that many Catholics are Masons is not true. The entrance of a Catholic into a Masonic Lodge is so rare as to cause great surprise. There are, indeed, a few men, here and there, who have sacrificed their religion for material prosperity. They, in most cases, ceased to be practical or believing Catholics before becoming Masons. There are a few who years ago entered in ignorance, not knowing they were in opposition to the Church. If any one of these is still found in the ranks of Masonry, he is there still in ignorance of the Church's law. Be the result what it may, "Subscriber" cannot become a Mason without ceasing to be a Catholic. It would be as easy to turn Mohammedan, and hope at the same time to remain a Christian. The position of the Church to Masonry is of absolute condemnation. And this for the preservation of both Church and State.

5. Have the Popes always lived at the Vatican? Describe the Vatican.

During the 300 years following the establishment of Christianity the Church suffered much from persecution. The Pope, as Head of the Church, was then, as now, Bishop of Rome, and lived in that city. His residence and his

cathedral church seem to be quite authentically located. Cardinal Wiseman, an authority on such matters, and one who had been long a resident at Rome, discourses at some length on this question, in his beautiful and instructive historical novel, Fabiola. He says that the family of the Cornelii lived on the street of that name, Vicus Corneliorum. The centurion whose conversion by St. Peter is recorded in Acts X. was a member of this family. And when Peter came to Rome he became acquainted with the head of the Cornelii, the senator Cornelius Pudens, and his wife Claudia. In their house Peter lived. St. Paul speaks of these as among his friends: "Eubulus and Pudens, and Linus and Claudia, and all the brethren salute thee," he writes to Timothy (2. Tim. IV. 21). From this house, Peter sent forth the bishops who were to teach and to die for the faith of Christ. When Pudens died his house became the property of his two children, or grandchildren, two sons and two daughters. The names of the two daughters are found in the general calendar of the Church; and are associated with two of the most illustrious churches of Rome, St. Praxedes and St. Pudentiana. This latter, the Church of St. Pudentiana, was the house of Pudens in the Vicus Patricius, or Vicus Cornelii (being known by both names), and is the most ancient church in the world. Here then were the residence and the church of the Popes during 300 years.

When Constantine the Great had conquered Maxentius, and had become a Christian, he protected Christianity. No longer obliged to worship in secret and hidden places, the believers in Christ erected everywhere splendid churches. Constantine gave himself an example of zeal and munificence in the building of churches. Among others, he built in Rome, the Church of Our Saviour, or as it is commonly called, St. John Lateran, and the Church of St. Peter. The Popes established their residence at St. John Lateran, and remained there until Gregory IX. transferred his residence to St. Peter's, or the Vatican. Here his successors have also resided. The present St. Peter's is not the one constructed by Constantine. The present one was begun in 1450 and dedicated in 1626.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the palace or residence of the Holy Father. This is called the Vatican, as it is built on the Vatican Mount, one of the seven hills of Rome. This palace was begun by Innocent III. (1198-1216) and enlarged by Nicholas III. (1277-1281), and became the permanent residence of the Popes, after their return from Avignon, in 1377.

The palace is not one regular edifice, but is rather a group of buildings erected at different times. It covers a space of 1,151 by 767 feet; has 200 staircases, 20 courts, and 4,422 rooms. Its Museum has the finest collection in the world. Its picture gallery possesses the richest and rarest of art treasures. Its library, founded in 1378, contains 105,000 volumes and 25,500 manuscripts.

6. Is there any special dispensation for St. Patrick's Day in regard to abstinence or permission to hold dances?

Why should there be? Coming as it does in the holy season of Lent, the spirit of the feast and of the saint are not in opposition to the time of penance, but rather in conformity thereto. As to abstinence, considering how little is required of us now in this country, no one can feel that a hardship. As to dances, surely they are entirely out of place during the penitential season.

7. What indulgences are attached to the wearing of the Sacred Heart Badge?

For Associates who wear it constantly, 100 days each time for the ejaculation: Thy Kingdom Come! For Associates who wear it externally at public prayers, in pious processions, or before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, 7 years and 7 quarantines.

8. Is it true that widows are exempt from publication of banns when they are to contract a second marriage? Why are parties to be married called three times in church. How ancient is this custom?

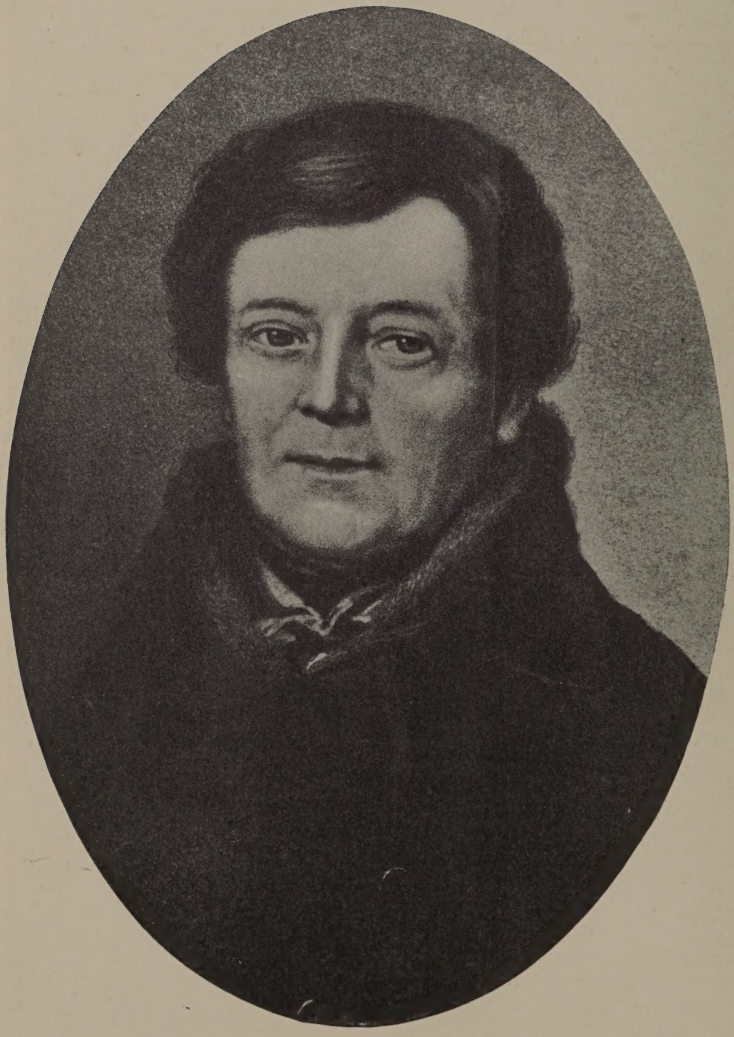
Widows are not exempt from the general law that parties to be married shall have their names called in the church three times. Whoever does not wish to be called must consult a priest of the parish and submit his or her reasons. If these are considered sufficient, a dispensation from the publication of banns will be obtained. This triple proclamation of the name is intended to prevent the marriage of persons who may have no right to marry, by reason of some impediment or obstacle. It becomes the duty of any one knowing the existence of such impediment to tell it to the priests. This custom of publication was already much in vogue in the Church, when in 1215, the Fourth Lateran Council made it a law for the whole Church. There had been many abuses from secret marriages, as parties at times separated and contracted new engagements. The Council of Trent (1542 and 1564) confirmed the impediments established from time to time, and enacted that all marriages must be contracted before the pastor of one of the two parties, in the presence of two witnesses.

DANIEL O'CONNELL WHEN NINE YEARS OLD.

It is said on one occasion when the merits of Burke and Grattan were discussed in the presence of the child he became very thoughtful.

"What are you thinking of, my dear," asked a lady, who wondered at his silence.

"I'll make a stir in the world yet," was the characteristic reply of the Liberator.



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLIII. JUNE, 1900. No. 6.

THE FOUR COURTS.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

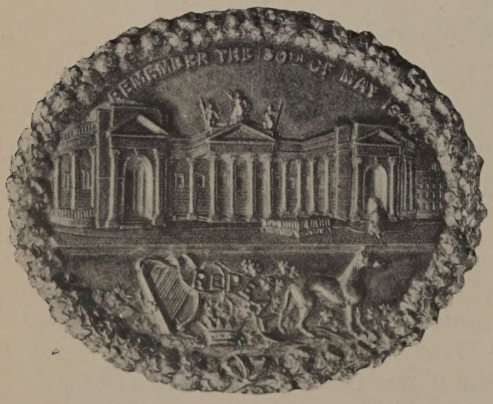
BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER,
ALICE O'CONNELL.

So many biographies and sketches of that central figure in the past political life of Great Britain, Daniel O'Connell, have appeared in print from time to time, that it is merely intended in this article to touch upon the private family life of this Irish patriot, "The Liberator," as he is still affectionately called in the native land he loved so well, the "Emancipator of his Catholic Fellow-Subjects," as is recorded as one of his titles upon a scroll placed over his marble tomb.

The father of the present writer, John O'Connell, was, it is universally known, O'Connell's favorite son. There was every reason why it should be so, for from the very dawn of manhood John took up, con amore, the soul-stirring work to which "The Lib-

A DINNER PARTY IN THE RICHMOND BRIDEWELL PRISON.

erator" had devoted his every energy, and yielding to his illustrious parent neither in patriotism, nor in its attendant virtue, self-denial, he abandoned the practice of his profession as a barrister, in order to give himself more fully to the requirements of the great cause. Father and son being thus intimately thrown together became pretty nearly as inseparable as the Siamese twins, and when in the fullness of time John took unto himself a wife it would have caused quite a domestic revolution had she set her face, as many women might have done, against her husband's selection of what was, in a monetary sense, an unprofitable career. The fact was, however, that being a woman of vigorous intellect, large mind, and wide sympathies, Mrs. John O'Connell did not interfere between these fellow-workers in a noble cause, but as time went on became a third partner in this firm of affection, bestowing the love of a daughter upon her illustrious father-in-law, and receiving in return a full measure of love from his great and noble heart.



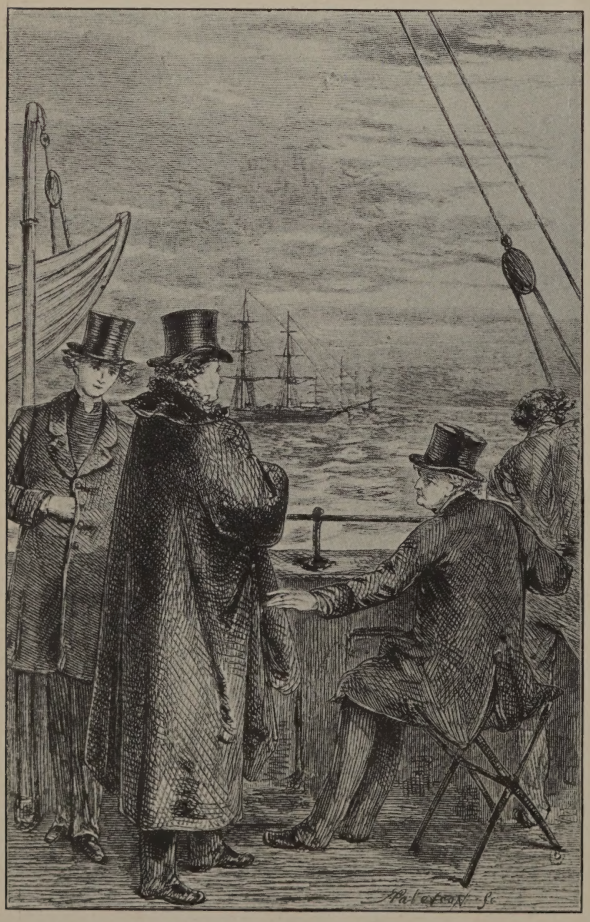
MEDALLION STRUCK OFF IN COMMEMORATION OF O'CONNELL'S RELEASE FROM PRISON.

This lady, the writer's honored mother, is introduced thus prominently, as it was from her lips that the following records of O'Connell's inner life have been mainly gathered, "the dear Liberator," as she invariably called him, continuing to form

DARRYNANE ABBEY, O'CONNELL'S ANCESTRAL HOME.

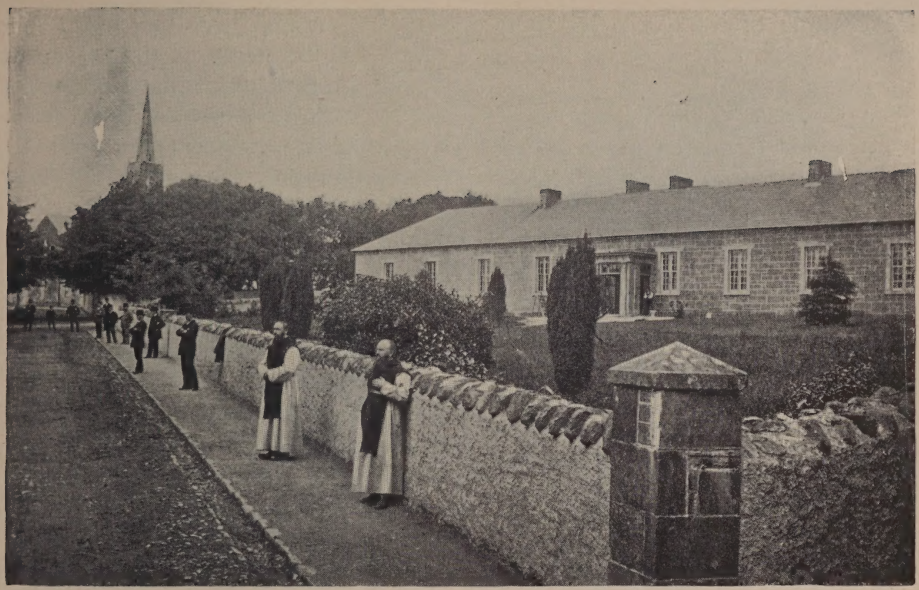
the subject of her thoughts and conversation to the very end of her existence. Thus she would tell her children how very sweet he always was to her, insisting upon her occupying the chair on his right hand at the dinner table, so that while he sustained the burden of the general conversation as only he could do with well-told anecdote, sparkling jest or brilliant repartee, she would unfailingly come in for many an interesting, amusing or instructive aside intended for her ears only. Upon one of these occasions he told her that she was dearer to him than any daughter he had, adding, as he glanced nervously down the table at the various positions occupied by the ladies of the family, "take care would you let that out, now!"

O'Connell's sons and their wives lived with him in his handsome town residence in Merrion Square, Dublin. Though formed of so many distinct elements it was a most harmonious household, the married ladies, Mrs. Morgan O'Connell and Mrs. John O'Connell (both endowed with an amiable temperament) not only agreeing well together, but starting therein a close friendship which lasted their lives, and the sweet, loving spirit of the Liberator influenced all. The balcony to the second floor windows of this house is historic, as it was from there that the Liberator frequently addressed the people assembled in the square to listen to his discourse after having followed him home in a multitude from the Law Courts, or some other haunt of public business.



O'CONNELL ON HIS WAY TO ROME.

His few holidays were spent at Darrynane Abbey, the home of his ancestors, in the County Kerry. This charming and most interesting abode is situated upon the extreme south coast of Ireland, the sea beach lying about fifty yards from the house. Here he loved to retire upon the rare occasions when the service of his country could spare him a rest from his labors. Here,



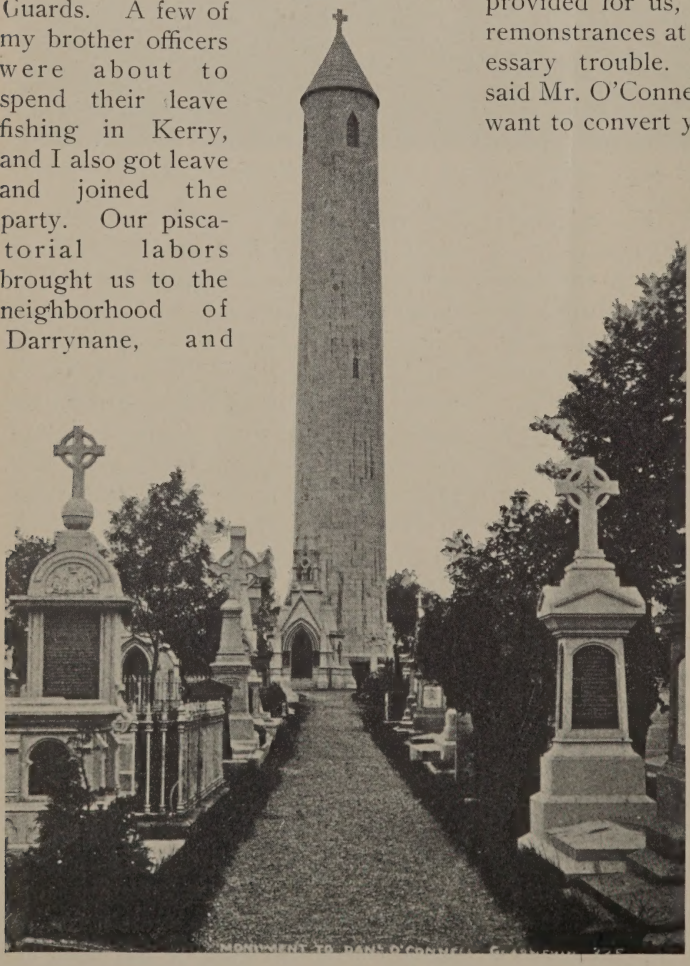
MT. MELLERAY ABBEY, WHERE O'CONNELL MADE A RETREAT IN 1837.

still surrounded by the members of his family and a large circle of chosen friends, he luxuriated in the freedom of country life, now with the intense enjoyment of the thorough sportsman hunting a pack of harriers up the steep mountain side, now taking exercise by the wild sea shore, drinking in the ozone of the boisterous billows, and boasting in his laughing, jesting, truly Irish way that "the nearest parish to him was New York," across the boundless Atlantic ocean.

But his time at Darrynane was not altogether consumed in pleasure or in rest. His "study" here supplied the place of the handsome library in his Dublin residence, in which apartment Richard Lalor Shiel describes him in graphic terms as engaged at early dawn with a vast accumulation of papers, his desk standing beneath a large, beautifully-carved crucifix, before which he had already performed lengthened matutinal devotions. At Darrynane he would appear to have devoted the night hours principally to business. After being the life and soul of his crowded, well-appointed dinner table he would retire to his private "sanctum" or study while the rest of the family with their guests thronged upstairs to the long drawing room to enjoy the pleasures of the evening. Montalembert — coming to visit O'Connell in his country home—was much struck and considerably offended at this mode of procedure. The Count, a dapper young politician, cherishing the hope that the veteran patriot would discuss with him at length the burning questions of the hour, was rather taken aback by the Liberator's good-naturedly intended remarks as the gentlemen came out of the dining room,—"Now, my dear Count, I must not detain you longer from the music and dancing upstairs. You are at the age to enjoy such things instead of being immured in my study." To this episode has been attributed Montalembert's somewhat se-

vere critique of the great Irishman, written a short time after his visit to Darrynane.

The present writer remembers meeting in Rome some ten years ago an aged Irish baronet, one Sir William O'Malley, since deceased, who upon discovering her relationship to O'Connell, introduced himself as having known her illustrious grandfather. "I was his guest at Darrynane," said he, "and never had such a delightful time in my life. I was quite a young fellow at the time, and had just got into the Guards. A few of my brother officers were about to spend their leave fishing in Kerry, and I also got leave and joined the party. Our piscatorial labors brought us to the neighborhood of Darrynane, and Mr. O'Connell, hearing that some young Englishmen were putting up at the sheebeen or small inn hard by his gate at once invited us to his house. Needless to say we accepted the invitation, thinking ourselves in luck to exchange for the elegance and comfort of Darrynane the dirt and discomfort of the sheebeen. We arrived upon a Friday and the other guests being all Catholics a handsome fish dinner had been ordered, but directly it was known that we were Protestants an equally plenteous meat dinner was provided for us, notwithstanding our remonstrances at causing such unnecessary trouble. 'My dear friends,' said Mr. O'Connell in reply, 'We don't want to convert you by your appetite. At the same time,' he added to me to whom he was specially kind and attentive as being a very young fellow and perhaps a bit shy, 'at the same time I strongly recommend that salmon as being good for anybody, from a queen to a heathen.' That dinner passed like a moment, for it was indeed a privilege to sit at table with that man. Although he most decidedly possessed a very healthy appetite, which he duly appeased, he meanwhile kept the table in a roar with good stories inimitably told and of most



THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN.

amusing yet refined character. It was altogether a liberal education to listen to him, and a privilege never to be forgotten to have been a guest under his roof. He never appeared in the drawing room after dinner, but there were plenty of young people in the house, and one had very enjoyable evenings while there."

It is not our intention to in any unnecessary way touch upon O'Connell's public life, the story of which has been so often written and described even to the most trivial minutiae, yet we now unavoidably come to a very important event therein, namely his imprisonment for so called "Sedition and Conspiracy." The indictment included eight persons, O'Connell, his son John and six of his followers. The Richmond Bridewell Prison was the place of their incarceration, and here they duly arrived under a heavy escort of police and military, on the evening of the 30th of May, 1844. Before leaving his home that morning, being well aware of the unjust verdict that awaited him and anticipating the sentence that would probably follow, O'Connell assembled his family around him, and addressing them in tones of the deepest and most heartfelt affection expressed his ardent desire that when he and they should again meet, even though it should be at the prison gate there would be no outward manifestation of sorrow or dismay. "Let us," he said, "have neither tears nor lamentations, but meet this evening as cheerfully as heretofore, each one controlling his or her feelings for the benefit of all." His word being absolute law among the members of his family, this request was complied with to the letter, so that when he arrived with his escort at the prison and was given over to the authorities there, nothing but cheerful faces and pleasant greetings awaited him from the concourse of his kinsfolk and acquaintances who thronged the entrance. John O'Connell being, as before stated, also a prisoner, having been convicted upon the same charge as his father, Mrs. John O'Connell, the writer's mother, took up her abode in the prison, of which she afterwards gave her children many amusing reminiscences. Some of the other prisoners' wives following the conjugal example and establishing themselves likewise in the Bridewell (presumably through the courtesy of the officials) a plethora of ladies' bonnet boxes kept tripping everybody up for the first two or three days, but gradually the newcomers got shaken down into their places, and the Governor having kindly placed his own quarters at the disposal of O'Connell, matters were not by any means as uncomfortable as might have been expected.

As illustrative of the bright, cheerful, unconquerable spirit with which the Liberator met this episode in his life we mention the following trivial incident. A lady of his family was occasionally afflicted with a most uncompromising fit of sneezing. Once she began to sneeze she could not stop. Sneeze after sneeze would come ringing out for quite the space of a minute. Upon the very first evening of his imprisonment one of these phenomenal fits of sneezing occurred, whereupon the illustrious prisoner with a funny twinkle in his eye, that already heralded a joke, exclaimed with affected petulance: "By Jove, if that is to go on I won't be able to bear my imprisonment."

The number of visitors received by O'Connell during his imprisonment is absolutely incalculable. It was like a well beloved monarch holding an en-

thusiastic levee of his subjects. All day he held court as it were within his prison walls, receiving not alone his personal friends and followers, but many strangers who were presented to him as a great honor by those who already possessed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The road to the prison, never one upon which there was much traffic, became a perfect "road to the Derby," while the Liberator lived at the other end of it. Cars and carriages passed over its pavement all day and up to a late hour at night, for the great-hearted prisoner maintained in his retirement the same lavish hospitality which had distinguished his handsome house in Merrion square. Every evening saw a gathering of his family and followers at his dinner table in the prison, which being a round table of great size and adaptability caused the prisoners to entitle themselves "The Knights of the Round Table." Here there never failed to be "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," the most renowned talent of Ireland being assembled at that plentiful board, headed and controlled by the unrivalled intellect and the unparalleled wit and humor of Daniel O'Connell. The present writer remembers many years ago dining at the house of a professional man in Dublin, and being taken in to dinner by the host, an elderly gentleman of high standing who, recalling the days of his youth, when he was a struggling solicitor, told how he had been taken to dine with the Liberator in prison by a friend who had the entree therein. "It was a high favor," he said, "and I fully appreciated the honor and glory of it. I was quite a young fellow, but I would rather have gone there than to the best ball or theatre in the city." It was thus that even the youth of the country regarded the privilege of O'Connell's acquaintance and society.

There was a famous character who frequented these festive meetings and was the special delight and amusement of the Liberator. He was a "hanger-on," as they say in Ireland, of the O'Connell family. All old Irish families have such followers, though few members thereof can say with precision who they are or how they originally became connected with the old clan. Thus it is that the writer has quite forgotten the real name of the individual, an unimportant fact, however, as he was a native of the town of Kilmallock in the County Limerick, and the Liberator nick-named him "Lord Kilmallock," a soubriquet by which he was ever afterwards known in the family. Many are the funny stories related of "Lord Kilmallock," whom O'Connell could never resist "drawing," and who invariably came out in most amusing colors in consequence.

Thus, on one occasion as they sat at table in the prison, a large party, O'Connell addressed him: "By the way, Kilmallock, what do you think of Mr. So and So?" (mentioning some mutual friend). "Think of him, Liberather, is it what do I think of him you're askin'"? "Yes, what is your opinion of him?" rejoined O'Connell. "Well now, Sir," replied Kilmallock, "I declare to you, I think so badly of him that I wouldn't lend him my beads to say the rosary on."

For explanation of the following story I must state that "the Dodder" is a very insignificant river flowing through parts of Dublin. "Kilmallock," said the Liberator one day, also at the dinner table, "Kilmallock, Mr. So and So" (naming another gentle-

man) "is going abroad; he was wondering the other day if you would join him and go up the Rhine with him." "Up the Rhine, Liberather, arrah is it up the Rhine with him? Begorra, I wouldn't go up the Dodder with him," was the characteristic reply.

Such was the bright side of O'Connell's prison life. Alas! who can penetrate into its dark side, that dark side kept so jealously from public view by the indomitable spirit of the great man who would have been done to death rather than give Ireland's enemies the satisfaction of believing that they had succeeded in breaking the spirit of her champion. But of course he felt his incarceration keenly. It was a case of the eagle chained, the "Kerry Eagle" as he was often called. John O'Connell and his wife, occupying the bedroom adjoining his, used to hear him in his dreams calling to his hounds and urging them to the chase up the rugged sides of his native mountains, and without sign from him the people understood how heart broken he was at his enforced inaction. In order to maintain the health and vigor of his grand constitution he was accustomed to take exercise not only in the large, melancholy prison garden, but even to have recourse to gymnastic exercises, which, it was afterwards hinted, when performed by a man of his mature age, may have hastened the unaccountable decay of bodily energy and mental activity that suddenly befell him some few years later. However that may be they served to pass the weary hours of his imprisonment. All these occupations which we have endeavored to describe consumed the whole of the three months during which he and his son and followers languished in durance. He had been sentenced for a year, but his case having been brought before the House of Lords and shown up in all its illegal irregularities, the sentence was, after the customary investigation, reversed, upon which occasion it was that Lord Denham uttered the oft-quoted expression, "If such practices as have taken place in the present instance should continue in Ireland, trial by jury will become a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

On the 7th of September, 1844, O'Connell with his son and followers left the prison, just four months and twenty-seven days after they had entered its gloomy portals. A grand procession had been organized by his many admirers to celebrate his freedom and to bring him home in triumph, and all the arrangements being of the most perfect description, the day, a glorious one for Ireland, passed off in a most satisfactory manner for all parties concerned. The Liberator proceeded through the streets upon a magnificent triumphal car, which was followed by his carriage and the various carriages of his friends, whilst his dearest friends, the people, walked in the procession, the various trades bearing their banners, bands playing, flags waving, voices cheering, the whole a soul-thrilling display of the general delight at their idol's liberation from unjust captivity.

It was upon this occasion that the medallion, reproduced here, was struck. The handsome building which is shown was the Irish House of Parliament, now alas! the Bank of Ireland, the restoration of which to its ancient purpose was the dream of O'Connell's life. The legend, "Remember the 30th of May, 1844," records the date of his entrance into the prison. This sentence became from the day of his release to the sad hour

of his death the rallying cry of his followers. The Irish harps and wolf dog guarding the other Hibernian emblems in the foreground need no explanation, nor does the crown of shamrocks. By O'Connell's desire only a few of these medallions were struck off. One of these, inherited from her mother who used to wear it as a brooch, is now in the possession of the writer's sister.

Before leaving the subject of his imprisonment it is but fitting to acknowledge the support which O'Connell undoubtedly received during these dark days from his deep and fervent religious feeling. If the walls of the Bridewell chapel could speak they would record his daily visits therein, where, prostrate before God's altar, this father of his people offered fervent prayer for himself and his Irish children.

Like Moses he had led them forth from bondage, from the bondage of an enslaved Faith to the freedom of Catholic Emancipation, and no doubt as the patriarch implored the Almighty to forgive the shortcomings of the Israelites and not to allow their offences to militate against their entrance into the Promised Land, so this modern Moses may have fervently besought that same God to look down in His mercy and justice upon His chosen people, the faithful Irish, and to restore to them through his instrumentality their legislative independence. God's will be done. His prayer was not destined to be heard.

Mass was daily offered in the prison chapel, our prisoners never failing to be present thereat. So particular was O'Connell upon the point of their attendance that when, as occasionally occurred, one special member of the party was late in arriving at the chapel he would insist upon waiting until this gentleman was present. The writer's mother really never forgave this "special member," who shall be nameless in this article, for having kept them all waiting so long. "There we used to be," she would say in comical indignation, "ladies and gentlemen sitting or kneeling for a length of time awaiting his appearance, and then he would come in quite at his ease and not in the least put out at having caused inconvenience to everybody, the priest included."

O'Connell's piety was, especially during his later years, one of his strongest characteristics. In all the busy years of his career, many hours a day were given up to his devotions. His own chaplain celebrated Mass every day, and even at Darrynane this practice was most rigidly observed, permission also being granted him to have the Blessed Sacrament continually in the house, a privilege still enjoyed by his grandson, Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane Abbey. The beauty and manly simplicity of his fervent piety are exemplified in the following anecdote. Upon one occasion, when in company with his youngest son, Dan, the Liberator attended a monster meeting and received a most enthusiastic welcome. Cheer after cheer went up from the delighted multitude assembled upon the verdant hill slope to meet him, causing his son to ask, "How do you stand this sort of thing, father? It is enough to turn any man's head with pride." "My dear boy," was the reply, "at such moments as this I always pray doubly hard." His eyes beamed lovingly upon his people; his warm Irish temperament could not but thrill at their triumphant welcoming note of love. Such cheering, the old people say, has never been heard

in Ireland since his day, but amid all his enjoyment of the glorious scene of which he was the central figure, he never forgot his God.

There is but little of O'Connell's private life to relate during the three last years of his existence that has not been already told in these pages. After his imprisonment he went to Darrynane, taking his son John and his well-loved daughter-in-law in the carriage with him. Necessarily they passed through many counties on the way, sleeping here and resting there, feeding the horses now, and changing the tired animals further on, for these were the days of "posting" before railways were built. "Mrs. John," my mother, has frequently described to me this memorable journey. In every town they passed through decorations and illuminations in his honor greeted their arrival; every demonstration of love and joy at his deliverance that the mind of man could conceive was everywhere manifested; addresses were presented to which he replied, sometimes from the open window of his inn, sometimes from the box seat of his carriage, thanking them in his own hearty way, using the bold idioms of their own language, beginning as he so often did with the inspiring words: "Boys, this is a great day for Ireland," and moving them to laughter and to tears at will, his noble presence, his ringing musical voice, and above all the intellectual mobility of his fine cheery countenance re-animating and enlivening those who watched him and listened to him until the air resounded with acclamations, and as an eye witness of a similar scene in his career declared but the other day to the writer, "They would one and all have followed him at his lightest word into the very heart of danger."

At Tipperary, brave Tipperary! they wanted to take the horses from his carriage, and draw him themselves upon his way. "This will never do," he said to his daughter-in-law, "their intentions are excellent but they'll get so excited that we'll find ourselves in the ditch presently." Bursting open the carriage door in a moment he was out among these gigantic Tipperary men, just as big as any one of them. "Now boys be reasonable," he said, "leave the horses under the carriage." "But shure we'd rather pull you along ourselves, sir," was the reply as the preparations for so doing went gallantly forward. "All right, on your own heads be it," cried O'Connell good humoredly, and throwing off his coat he set to with pugilistic intent, boxing them right and left until he got them to desist. Their amusement and delight knew no bounds and when on regaining the carriage he doubled up his hand and shook it at them, with a beaming smile and a twinkling eye, the air was rent with enthusiastic shouting and he drove off even a greater hero than when he had come.

To understand the above scene and to thoroughly appreciate it one must have Irish blood in one's veins. It was not so much the daring of the act that stirred the people up, for of course he knew they would not lay a hand upon him, but it was the originality of it, the fun of it, in point of fact what they would themselves have called the "divilment" of it, that won their hearts and made him more popular than ever before.

Thus they proceeded on their journey, a long and tedious one, though enlivened by the pleasantest companion that perhaps could be found at that time, full of good stories and agreeable conversation, knowing every inch

of the road by heart and having numerous patriotic or amusing incidents to relate connected therewith. And thus in due course they reached his ancestral home, bounded by "the storm-girt shore" of the broad Atlantic on one side, and by the magnificent mountains of Kerry on the other, a fit resting-place for this late prisoner within four granite walls.

Between the above period in the autumn of '44 and his death in May, '47, he led a busy life and fought a hard fight that ended in disaster, owing, it is generally agreed, to three main causes; first, there was dissension in his camp; secondly, a cruel famine came upon the land; and thirdly, O'Connell's splendid constitution suddenly and unaccountably gave way, and he became all at once and without any appreciable warning a delicate, weakly, infirm, old man. True he was in his seventy-third year, and had done the work of at least twenty men, but he came of a long-lived, hardy race, and his end thus early could not have been foreseen by those who remembered him but a few years previously a perfect tower of strength. Finding that his last hour was fast approaching, the Liberator, accompanied by his youngest son, Dan, and a distinguished clergyman, Dean Miler, started for Rome, his great desire being to get the Pontifical blessing before he died. As has often been recorded, they got him by easy stages to Genoa, but he could, alas! go no further. Death overtook him in that beautiful maritime city. Some ten years ago the writer visited the hotel wherein he died, actually standing in the room in which her grandfather breathed his last, and with all these memories upon her which are herein recorded, could almost fancy she could see the death scene which had been enacted within those walls so many years before, that noble genius restoring again his many gifts to the original Giver, the heart-rending grief of his son there present, and the deep sorrow of the good priest who soothed and consoled the last moments of "Ireland's Liberator."

With the following incident told to me by my "Uncle Dan," the son that accompanied O'Connell upon this last disastrous journey, and who himself died a few years ago, we will close these very imperfect personal memoirs of a great and good man. "It was a beautiful evening," he said, "when we arrived at the mouth of the river leading into the Port of Dublin. Our flag half-mast high, and the knowledge that my dear father's remains were that evening expected in Dublin caused the occupants of a few fishing boats that crossed our bow to know almost by intuition that this was the ship that was bringing them home. At once they abandoned the steering and management of their boats, letting them drift where they would, and falling upon their knees they raised their hands in prayer and their voices in cries of the deepest and most heart-felt sorrow."

BOSCOBEL.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER III.

Betty gasped with delight when she saw her brother with them and rushed into his arms. After three hours of torturing anxiety her relief was so great that she forgot her guests, until he recalled her to her senses by presenting them with due formality. Then, with his arm still around his sister's waist, he led the way into the hospitable hall. A number of blacks, who had lingered in the background to view the company as they entered, pattered away up the stairs to see if the rooms were in readiness for the ladies, while the kitchen servants fled in the other direction to bring in the hot supper, which Betty had ordered with a generous disregard for the number of her guests.

If Betty was disappointed at having to remain away from Lady Dunmore's ball she gave no sign, but busied herself in making the strangers welcome. With ready sympathy she listened to Madam Paget's long list of ailments, and she ventured to suggest some simple remedies which she had found of benefit when doctoring her slaves.

"Horrible!" cried Madam Paget. "Such herbs are of no earthly use." And then she launched into a long dissertation on medicine which taxed even Betty's patient soul, and in spite of her desire to treat her elderly guest with perfect politeness, her attention wandered to the other side of the table where her brother and Katherine sat talking in gay laughing tones. She had never seen her serious brother in such a mood before, and Katherine's ready tongue half frightened her, but she kept on watching her with flattering awe, lost in wonderment at the older girl's knowledge and experience. For the first time she realized that a woman might travel and see the world and still preserve her youth and charm. But when the conversation turned to books, Betty stretched her eyes in mild surprise when Katherine, without so much as a word of apology, criticized Barrington's favorite authors. Betty, who had never read anything but her prayer book through in her life, began to feel angry with Katherine for daring to contradict her brother. In the midst of the argument there was a loud knock upon the door. The noise was so unexpected that all started to their feet; Madame Paget fell back half fainting in her chair, and timid little Betty begged her brother to arm himself before opening the door. Barrington tried to calm them, by laughing at their solicitude as he threw back the heavy bolts. On the threshold stood a man wrapped in a long riding cloak.

"I am a traveler in search of shelter for the night," he said in a rich, full voice. "Will you direct me to the nearest inn? I had hoped to reach Hanover before night-fall, but my horse has gone lame and I fear he cannot travel further."

"Come in," said Barrington, quick to recognize a gentleman in distress. "It is not safe to ride a lame horse over

these roads after nightfall. If you will stay here tonight you can better continue your journey tomorrow."

"I thank you for your charity. A night's rest will do both me and my horse a vast amount of good. My name is Devereaux. I am traveling towards the Ohio."

Katherine, standing in front of the fire, opened her lips as if to speak, then shut them again resolutely and turned to her aunt who was moaning for water.

"Devereaux," repeated Barrington in a puzzled tone; "the name is a very familiar one to me."

"The name is not an uncommon one," said its owner, stepping into the brightly lighted hall. "But I am a stranger in these parts."

"But you are Devereaux!" cried Barrington joyfully, recognizing him as soon as the candles shone upon his face. "My dear friend Devereaux! Do you not remember Barrington at Oxford? It has not been so many years ago?"

"Barrington — Thomas Barrington!" returned the other warmly, holding out both hands. "Do not speak as if I ever could forget you. The light dazzled my eyes coming out of the darkness else I would have known you anywhere."

"This is indeed an unexpected happiness," said Barrington. "I have wanted to see you ever since we parted in England. Where have you been? What have you done? I must hear everything, but first let me introduce you to the ladies. This is my sister Betty, of whom you have heard me speak so often,—Madame Paget, Miss Katherine Murry, may I present my old friend, Mr. Gustav Devereaux?"

This ceremony over, Barrington helped his guest to divest himself of his riding cloak, then seating him at the table at his right hand, he began chattering of the old days they had spent together, so overjoyed to see his friend that he almost forgot the presence of his other guests. At last Betty, feeling that she must take an interest in her brother's friend, interrupted their reminiscences by asking him how long he had been in America.

Devereaux turned to his hostess. "Five years," he said.

"And where have you been all that time," asked Barrington, "that I have not had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"In the wilderness. You remember that I always had a feeling of kinship for savages. I hear there is an outbreak on the Ohio. I am going there."

"With Lord Dunmore?" said Katherine, her interest immediately aroused.

"Not with him; I shall doubtless meet him in one of the Shawnee towns."

"I don't believe it," cried Katherine. "I doubt if Lord Dunmore goes on that expedition. He is trying to distract the colonists from war by announcing his intention to go out and fight the Indians."

"Hush, child, hush," interrupted Madame Paget. "My mind is sick of politics. I beg of you to talk of something else."

A silence, such as a command for conversation always brings, fell upon the group. Katherine looked ruefully from one to the other; the stranger smiled, then, as if in obedience to Madame Paget's mandate, he began to talk in so entertaining a manner about the experiences he had had while traveling in Europe and elsewhere, that the old lady, forgetting the

weakness of her body, sat bolt upright in her chair and added her crescendo laugh to the general merriment.

During the whole evening Katherine watched Devereaux curiously; his personality puzzled her. She soon found that he possessed a rare sense of humor, but even when he smiled there was a mournfulness underlying his gayety. He told of the people he had seen, the places he had been, but when Barrington questioned him about himself he gave evasive answers. He had a manner which invited confidences and a certain magnetism all his own which everyone in the room felt in a different degree. The evening was a happy one.

"Surely Providence has been good to me to bring you all together," said Barrington, "and I drink to misfortune, who rarely ever travels without a blessing in her train."

Katherine raised her glass and smiled above its rim.

"May the blessings never prove laggards," she cried.

The stranger added gently, "Let the blessings be detained I say, until all men gain strength by suffering."

"Oh, dear," sighed Betty, "you talk in such riddles. I wish I could understand."

"Don't mind them, child," put in Madame Paget. "I doubt if they understand themselves. They are so young—God have mercy on the young, they have so much to learn. Come, it is time to go upstairs. Katherine, take the candle and light the way. My body is as tired as my brain. Come, child, come."

The evening was thus brought to an abrupt termination. Miss Betty, again assuming the dignity of hostess, rang for a servant to direct Mr. Devereaux to his room, while Katherine, taking one of the myrtle-berry candles, prepared to lead the way up the long, winding stairs. Just as the procession started, an inner door opened and a small black boy appeared, bearing a bit of crumpled paper, which he put in Katherine's hand.

She read the few words by the light of the flaming candle.

"It is from Gilpin," she said. "Faithful fellow, he has followed us here. He wants to know whether he shall remain to attend us or whether he shall go on to Williamsburg tonight."

"Let him go," said Madame Paget, leaning heavily on the balustrade. "His silence makes me nervous. Let him go on, Katherine. I am sure he is of little or no assistance to us."

Katherine was perplexed. "I think he wants to go," she said at last. "We have no right to keep him, though I do not like to travel without one outrider at least. I heard some one say that he had letters to deliver in Williamsburg.

"Ah! that reminds me," said Barrington, fumbling in his pocket, "I, too, have a letter for Mr. Lee. Can this Gilpin be trusted? I was to deliver this letter tonight."

"Then give it to him," said Katherine, decidedly. "He is an intelligent, trustworthy fellow and has taught himself to read written directions. He is waiting my permission out on the porch. Will you go to him there? So you leave without bidding me good night, sir?" she cried, as Barrington started to the door. "Well go, if you can so soon forget me," and turning she went quickly up the stairs before he had time to remonstrate.

He looked helplessly after her, half dazed by her sudden caprice, and then with Mr. Henry's letter in his hand he went out to deliver his message.

On the shadowy porch sat Gilpin, patiently waiting, his head resting wearily against one of the tall pillars. The moonlight filtered through the tangled vines and left his face in darkness. Barrington touched him on the shoulder, and giving him the letter he pointed in the direction of Williamsburg. The man rose in a surly fashion, took the packet, read the direction in the light that streamed from the open doorway, and then showed that he understood by bowing his head and straightway mounting his horse that stood by the wooden carriage block.

Barrington remained for some time watching him until a clump of trees hid him from his view. If his eyes could have followed him further he would have seen this trusted messenger stop in the roadway, break the seal of the letter, read it in the glare of the full moon, and then, as if satisfied, turn and ride back into the woods of Boscobel.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Barrington, leaving the door unbarred, sought to find repose in his library. It was a high, wainscotted room with long windows opening to the ground. On a rug in the middle of the floor stood a desk and a cushioned arm-chair; the rest of the stiff, spindle-legged furniture was set against the walls at regular intervals; on either side of the wide fire-place was a closet of books. Here Barrington halted and ran his fingers over the backs of the well-worn volumes,—

"Tasso, Molière, Milton, Dryden, Ossian, Addison, Pope," he called the names aloud, lingering over some meditatively, then laying aside Plato's Socratic Dialogues which he had been reading the night before, he seized upon Petrarch, and throwing himself into the soft arm-chair began reading the praises of Laura.

The master of Boscobel was a man of many moods and it pleased him tonight to be sentimental. At all times he was more a dreamer than a man of action, but he possessed too much practicability to live in his world of dreams, for beneath his calm exterior there was a mighty force,—the unyielding strength, the unflinching courage of his forefathers. His estate was managed well, for, in spite of his gentleness, the servants felt the power of his will, and though they all regarded him with affection, none of them dared displease him. Shut in by the great green stretches of his own plantation, holding regal rights over his slaves, mingling seldom with his neighbors, he still preserved the point of view of a man of the world, whose constant intercourse with his fellow creatures broadens his vision and weakens his vanity.

If Barrington appeared indifferent while the House of Burgesses worked itself into a ferment talking of taxes, port bills and other grievous problems, it was because he believed that the King and the parliament alone had the right to govern the people, and even if they continued to blunder, he would still remain a staunch loyalist, for the colonies were too young to make laws for themselves, and the men in Williamsburg were plainly unfit to lead anything but a revolution. One of them had suggested the manumission of slaves. This in itself would prove the ruination of the planters. But the freedom of the blacks was a crisis which Barrington believed would never come to pass, and so he went on living in a potential sort of peace, ignoring all politicians and avoiding the

Raleigh Tavern, where politicians were like to meet.

"They have been talking for the past ten years," he would say to Betty after one of his journeys to Williamsburg. "They waste a vast amount of time. The man who keeps silent, even if he have no ideas to express, is wiser than the man who talks too much."

Betty never understood her brother but she loved him all the more for this lack of comprehension.

"I think he would be a stupid man who never spoke at all," she said, after a moment's silence. "Unless, of course, he were a mute, and then he could not be blamed for that sad affliction."

"I would the world were all as tender-hearted as my sister Betty," he said. "Most men are blamed for what they cannot help."

Betty looked puzzled and remarked hesitatingly, "I do not see how that can be."

"Praise and Blame are of close kin," he answered. "I think the mother of them both is Accident."

"Is that a joke?" asked Betty. "I sometimes see you smiling to yourself when I cannot see the fun."

Barrington's eyes twinkled. "Oh, Betty, Betty," he sighed, kissing her fondly. "How I envy you. Simplicity is the only true philosophy in life. We all turn back to it, often when it is too late."

And so the conversations which began with the doings of the House of Burgesses always ended. If Betty desired to know anything about politics she would have to obtain her information elsewhere. Barrington kept his own views to himself. It never occurred to him to confide anything of importance to Betty; he treated her as a child, while she regarded him as a paragon.

Tonight Barrington was tired. Even the virtues of Laura palled upon him. After reading a page or two he put the book upon the table and sat for some time with his eyes closed until a noise in the dining room roused him. He got up and walked lazily to the door to question the intruder.

"Why, Devereaux," he said, surprised to find his friend standing before the fire-place, "I refrained from claiming your society tonight for the sake of the sleep which all travelers need. I thought you were abed."

"And so I ought to be, but I lost something of great value, and I thought that it had fallen beneath the table, and so returned to look for it."

"I'll call the servants."

"No, do not do that. I'll search for it myself and if I do not find it I shall know that I lost it in the road."

"That will be poor satisfaction," said Barrington, pulling aside the chairs and lifting the table-cloth.

"True, but the value of the thing lies in the sentiment attached to it. I would rather that it lie buried in the woods than have it fall into irreverent hands. Who is this Miss Murry?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"I do not know. I did not question her," said Barrington, and there was a tone of rebuke in the words. "Their coach broke down and I was fortunate enough to meet them in their distress."

"Then she is a stranger to you? I thought that I had seen her somewhere before, but no doubt I only fancied a resemblance. Her statement about Lord Dunmore interested me. I had feared some trickery upon his part."

"I do not know where she obtained her information," said Barrington coldly, wondering why he resented his friend's interest in this strange girl. "Lord Dunmore hears little good of himself in these days. She but echoes the general feeling of distrust."

"Perhaps, I thought her information more direct—Here, I have that for which I was looking," and stooping, he picked up something from the floor and raised it to his lips.

"A chain of beads?" said Barrington, smiling. "A token from across the sea?"

"My mother's rosary," replied the other, and turning abruptly, he said good night and left his friend staring wonderingly after him.

CHAPTER IV.

A POSTPONED JOURNEY.

Barrington returned to his library and again picked up his book, but he was too distracted to read. Why had Devereaux left him so abruptly? Was he ashamed of his display of filial devotion? Then another reason for his conduct flashed into Barrington's mind—Devereaux was a Romanist, the rosary revealed that much. No doubt he feared that that fact would make a difference in their friendship. At this time the Quakers, Presbyterians and Baptist Dissenters had combined in their efforts to break up the Church Establishment, and they were all united in their hatred and hostility to a union of Church and State. The persecutions which the Catholics had suffered in Maryland in years past had taught them to expect no toleration from their Protestant neighbors. They took no part in the religious war which was now being waged in Virginia, but if the non-conformists rooted out the Establishment they would doubtless turn their arms against the Catholics. For the sects dreaded the power of the Papacy, and not many men would listen patiently to an explanation of the Catholic belief.

Barrington called himself an Episcopalian, but his dislike of the clergy had terminated in his disgust for Episcopal tenets. Few good men had come to preach in Williamsburg; their places in the parish depended upon the whims of the "parson's masters." They were often dismissed at a moment's notice, and so they learned to live for the hour, finding enjoyment in fox-hunting, cock-fighting and drinking with the gentry. Their sermons were neither eloquent nor edifying, their private lives far from admirable, they were but aiding the enemies of the Establishment to destroy that which they were paid to uphold.

Barrington's thoughts became confused, he was drifting—drifting into dreams. He leaned back in his chair, the powder on his hair whitening the dark cushions, then his head nodded forward on his breast, and he was soon sleeping soundly. The tall clock in the corner ticked the minutes away; a curious moth fluttered about the wavering flame of the candle and burnt its wings, then, suffering, fled to the folds of the curtain to await the dawn. The candles died down in their sockets; the white-faced moon peered through the open window and flooded the room with blue light, and off in the woods the whip-o-wills were calling, the heavy-winged owl went searching for his prey, while the wind crooned lullabies to the birds in the tree tops, and the river sung ceaselssly on its way to the sea. A summer night full of mysterious melodies, and then another day flushed in the east.

Barrington was awakened by the sound of gay laughter, and starting up he beheld Miss Katherine Murry standing in one of the long windows which led into the garden beyond. She was dressed in some soft woolen stuff which opened over a silk-striped petticoat, her curls fell about her shoulders in a riotous mass, her hands were full of flowers.

"I thought you were a scholar," she cried. "Do you always go to sleep over your classics?" and she pointed to the book upon the floor.

Barrington arose in some confusion.

"Do you expect me to take an interest in the dead loves of other men," he said, gallantly bowing, "when I stand face to face with so much loveliness?"

"I should hope not, indeed," she replied, laughing. "It would be a sin to be so unappreciative. I do not like Laura. She was too beautiful, too charming by far. I like my women friends to be both old and ugly."

"Why—?" he began.

"Because the pretty ones do not become me sir," she cried. "I fear you are yet a trifle sleepy or you would have seen my meaning. I arose early this morning and went out into the garden to search for flowers, and when I saw this window open and the shelves of books beyond, I could not resist peeping in, and there you sat, and I laughed because I could not help it, but now I leave you to finish your nap. It would be an unkindness to disturb you."

"But if I prefer the disturbance? Will you come in?" He came close to the window and held out his hand to assist her in stepping over the sill.

She accepted the invitation without more ado, and leaving the vine-fringed window she seated herself in the cushioned arm-chair, scattering her fragrant blossoms.

"What a delightful room," she said, looking around. "I would like to spend the day. Do you think that aunt could be persuaded?"

Barrington was watching her curiously. He did not care to have his solitude disturbed, but he believed that hospitality was the duty of every householder.

"I will use all my powers to persuade her to remain indefinitely. Yet, from what she said last night, I fear she is bent upon getting to the palace today."

"Aunt is obstinate," said Katherine, regretfully, "that is what I told your friend."

"My friend—Devereaux?"

"Yes, I met him in the garden. He is a saintly man and I wish there were more like him. I have seen him once before, in England—in church— Do you know who he is?"

"Do I know who he is?" repeated Barrington. "Why he was my best friend at Oxford, a clever man absorbed in books, caring little for his personal appearance, honest, truthful, honorable. I believe he is of French descent, but doubtless you know more of him—I have not seen him for years."

"He said he would stay here a day or two if I could remain."

"He said that?" interrupted Barrington, frowning involuntarily.

"But Aunt is a woman of strong prejudice," Katherine went on. "She thinks the Pope is Antichrist. Do you?"

"No, I think the spirit of Antichrist is animating America at present"; he laughed lightly. "But what has the Pope to do with Devereaux and—you?"

"Because—because we are both 'hated Papists,'" she cried, vehemently. "Because he is a missionary on his way to the Indians—because I would like him to stay here long enough to say Mass, for I am far away from my Church, and sometimes I feel that God is far away from me."

"Mass!" exclaimed Barrington. "Oh! I remember. I once heard Mass in Rome. It was a very impressive ceremony—but we have no vestments, no incense here."

"Then you will let us stay," she said, joyfully. "You have given me great happiness. I have met with such a storm of prejudice on account of my religion, that I feared you were like the rest of the Virginians, and that you would have no patience with 'Popish practices' as Aunt calls them."

"Then what will you say to your aunt?" he asked, half amused, half curious.

"I do not know. Aunt follows Lord Dunmore's advice with iron determination. She admires him because—because he is a lord, while I—I do not love him, even if he is my cousin."

She rested her dimpled chin on her hands and looked sorrowfully out of the window.

"Then Lord Dunmore is your cousin?" he said, striving to fill in the pause.

"He is a rude man," she said, decidedly. "He is coarse in figure, countenance and manner—and—and I do not like him."

She added the last as if it were the worst fate that could befall a man, and Barrington as he listened, silently sympathized with the great lord.

"And yet you came to America?"

"Because I had no other place to go," she answered sadly. "My mother was a Paget; she married Lord Dunmore's cousin, and then my parents died. Lord Dunmore was my only living relative in England, and so I was left to his care. Lady Dunmore is kind and I am devoted to her; she has but lately come from New York. I left her there because I was in haste to see my aunt."

"You were brave to travel so far alone."

"I had my servants and I was not afraid because—we can die but once." She had recovered her gay, bantering tone. She seemed so full of youth and spirits that Barrington shuddered at the thought of death.

"You look at life like a philosopher," he said.

"A philosopher, oh! no, they are too grim, too grave, too wise. The title suits you better."

"And am I grim?" he asked her, smiling.

"Not so much so as that picture that hangs above the book case. Who is that?" and getting up she began to inspect the portraits of his ancestors, courtesying to the beruffled dames and kissing her hand to the gentlemen in armor. They frowned down upon her from their tarnished gilt frames as if they resented her familiarity.

Barrington was amazed by her change of mood.

"That is my great grandfather, the Marquis of Barrington," he said at last.

"Then you are a marquis," she cried, turning upon him reprovingly, "and you did not tell me. And I have been calling you Mr. when you had a title to your name."

"It is but an empty honor," he hastily added, "for the estates in England passed out of our hands more than a hundred years ago, and then I am not sure that the title is mine by right, for

my grandfather had three sons—their portraits hang on the opposite wall—James Barrington, the eldest, Charles, who went to England to seek his fortune, and the third son was my father. When my Uncle James died childless my father inherited the estate, for Charles could not be found, though they sought him in England and elsewhere."

"And if he should return?"

"Then Boscobel belongs to him."

"And you?"

"A man can die but once," he responded, laughing.

"Lady Dunmore is looking for a tutor," she said with mock seriousness. "She wants her daughters to learn French. Lord Dunmore does not approve. Shall I recommend you? Ah! I have spilled my flowers and they have wilted on the floor," and falling on her knees she began picking them up, speaking to them caressingly, as if she had hurt them by her carelessness.

Barrington stood by and made no offer to assist her; he was charmed by this exhibition of her tenderness, while she, all unconscious of the effect she was producing, did not rest until the last flower was cradled in her dress; then she turned to Barrington.

"I fear you have forgotten your manners, sir."

"I fear I have forgotten everything but you."

"Then I'll leave you until you remember something of more interest," and so saying she vanished through the open window.

If Ephraim had not appeared at that moment to remind his master of his dusty boots and rumpled periwig, no doubt Barrington would have followed her. As it was he went to his own chamber to dress in a fashion more becoming his guests. Putting on a velvet coat and flowered waistcoat and replacing his boots with a pair of shoes with silver buckles, he hurried down the stairs hoping that Katherine was still lingering in the garden, but he encountered Madame Paget upon the porch and she began, with voluble tearfulness, to talk about the past days which she had spent at Boscobel. Barrington listened with increasing impatience, watching the garden walls all the while, then, thinking to make the best of the situation since escape was impossible, he took this opportunity to ask her to prolong her stay.

The old lady said she could not. Lord Dunmore had invited them to the palace, he would think some misfortune had befallen them if they were not there by the afternoon, and when Miss Betty added her gentle voice to her brother's persuasions, Madame Paget cut her short in a manner almost rude and implied that she knew her own business best. Irritated by her determination, Barrington bit his lips, and with forced courtesy he offered her his arm to lead her to breakfast.

Katherine was already in the dining room. She greeted Barrington formally, and then sat down by her aunt's side, the picture of demure young maidenhood. And when Barrington again broached the subject of the postponement of their journey she shook her curls in stern displeasure, and he, perplexed and fearing to offend her, began to talk of other things. As they left the table she whispered some words that explained her conduct.

"Do not have the coach repaired. Aunt can not walk to Williamsburg."

And then he understood that a woman's wit is wiser because it stoops

to little things, and that a man too often blunders when he fails to take counsel with her.

Madame Paget was very much annoyed when she heard that her coach would not be ready until next day. The Barrington carriage was unavailable, for it, too, was put away for repairs and so, after much fuming and fussing, she had to content herself with sending a messenger on horseback to Lord and Lady Dunmore, assuring them of Miss Katherine Murry's safety.

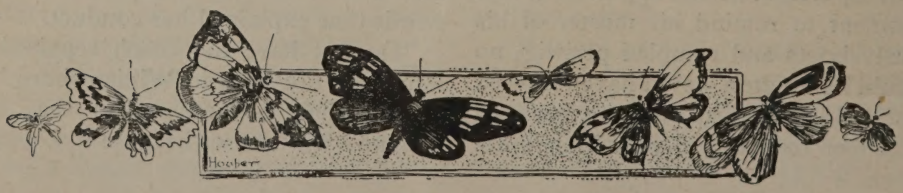
The day passed pleasantly enough, for Barrington found great enjoyment in Katherine's society. He had never met a woman before who was introspective and humorous as well as sympathetic; she seemed wise in worldly ways and yet incapable of evil. He studied her attentively and reproached himself for preferring her society to his sister Betty's. It seemed ungrateful when his little sister regarded him with so much veneration. But a man finds the footing on a pedestal uncertain, and he prefers to live in a less rarified atmosphere where there is more chance for a rise than a fall.

The next morning he was up early, thinking to find Katherine again in the garden, but she was nowhere to be seen.

He noticed two small footprints on the damp gravel path. They were turned in the direction of the drawing room and he hurried on feeling that he would find her there. But the faint sound of voices arrested his attention, and at one of the long windows he stopped in amazement, for a strange sight met his view.

Katherine, with a veil thrown about her head, was kneeling beside a table —he could have put out his hand and touched her, she was so near—while before the closed spinet, which was decorated with flowers and candles, stood Devereaux, saying Mass in the Latin tongue. For a few minutes Barrington watched them with reverent awe. He remembered that he had witnessed the same ceremony before in one of the old world cathedrals where there had been hundreds of worshippers and he had stood among them, a curious onlooker, breathing in the incense from swinging censers, listening to the chanting of a choir that rose and fell in rapturous pæans. And here in his drawing room the same solemn act was being performed, a holy silence pervaded the place, broken only by the wondrous words of consecration. Katherine buried her face in her hands and began to sob. The nearness of God made her conscious of her own helplessness. She was like a child crying on her father's breast and finding relief in her tears. Her sorrow roused Barrington; he felt that he was intruding upon a sacred thing, and noiselessly he stole away, wondering at the power of Rome and its ritualism that holds all men who venture within its grasp.

(To be continued.)



LEARNING STENOGRAPHY.

THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF BROOKLYN.

BY ANNA M. MITCHELL.

In the famous Encyclical on Labor issued by Leo XIII, in 1891, we find the following: "Neither must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests, temporal and earthly. Its desire is that the poor, for example, should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their condition in life; and for this it strives." While these words were addressed to the whole Catholic world, they seem to be of special importance to the children of the Church in the United States, because the Americans are a people who place a very high value on material prosperity. The conditions of our country are such that there is a perfect elimination of class distinctions. The consciousness in the lowly born that he can rise to the highest place in the nation acts as a powerful

A CORNER IN THE PARLOR.

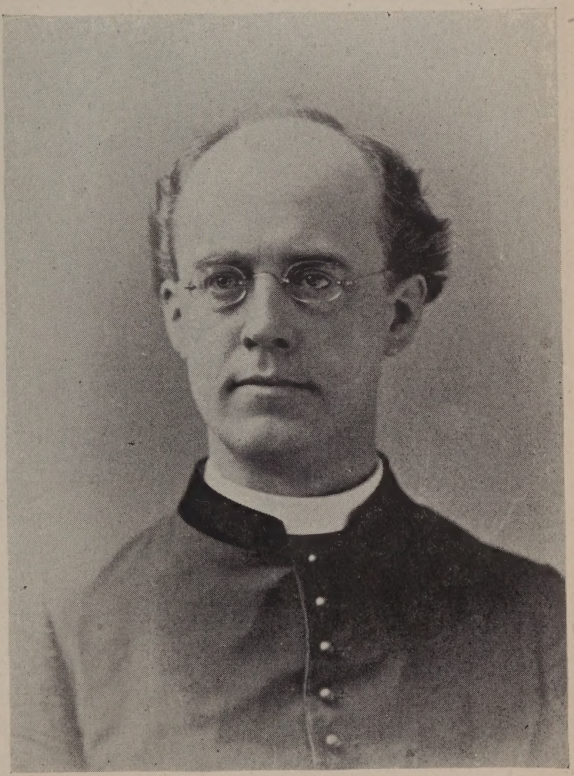
PARLOR AND LIBRARY.

incentive to effort. He has before him examples of men, from Abraham Lincoln down, to whom the people proudly point as self-made men. On every side the stamp of approbation is placed upon the acquisition of wealth, and so our young people have constantly before them, as a motive for work, getting on in the world, which simply means bettering the conditions in which they have been born.

A notable change has taken place, during recent years, in the method of appropriating money for charitable purposes. Philanthropists, desirous of finding ways and means to make a worthy disposition of their surplus wealth, have reached the wise conclusion that the best use that can be made of money is to expend it on those who are desirous of helping themselves. Experienced workers among the poor have learned that it is well nigh impossible to stimulate those who have sunk to the lowest plane of pauperism to rise to a higher level; but on the contrary, much can be done to ameliorate the condition of the class that is disposed to be industrious. It is the earnest struggling bread-winner who heroically faces every day anew the battle for existence, that deserves and should receive the encouragement of the helping hand. It was for this purpose that Pratt Institute was established in Brooklyn, and the hundreds of students that flock to it from all over the country show that Charles Pratt made no mistake when he decided to devote a large portion of his vast wealth to helping the reputable middle

TRIMMING HATS.

class. We are confronted on every side by Protestant efforts along these lines. The buildings of the Young Women's Christian Association are conspicuous landmarks in every city and give evidence of what is being done to better the condition of working women. When Catholics have attempted to avail themselves of the advantages offered by this organization, they have been told that they cannot become active members, as the right to vote is a privilege reserved for Protestant women exclusively. It does not take much discernment to see that such discrimination as this is not conducive to the preservation of the faith of Catholic women, and it would seem that those who have the spiritual welfare of these young women entrusted to their care, are not sufficiently alive to a very great danger. The energy of Catholic pastors has been so entirely engrossed up to the present time with the building of churches for divine worship and the erecting of schools for the education of the young, that it has been impossible for them to find time for anything else; but since the churches and schools are now built it would seem that some of their attention might be advantagously directed toward that important clause in the Labor Encyclical which reached us nine years ago. The Rev. Edward W. McCarty of Brooklyn is a priest who was quick to see all the force of the Holy Father's words. Meeting faithfully all the exacting requirements as pastor of one of the largest parishes in the diocese, he still found time to show a ready response to the spirit of the Encyclical, and the Catholic Women's Association of that city stands today as a monument to his zeal and untiring energy in behalf of the Catholic working woman. The organization has been in existence about six years and is remarkably well organized, considering the novelty of the venture for the Catholic women who undertook to assist Father McCarty in the good work. He is the president of the association, and there are in addition the usual number of officers, namely two vice



REV. EDWARD W. MCCARTY.

BONAZ MACHINE WORK.

presidents, a recording and corresponding secretary, and a treasurer. These officers, in conjunction with the Board of Managers, consisting of twenty-four women, constitute the Executive Board, which meets once a month.

A commodious house at No. 10 Prospect place has been fitted up to meet the requirements of the association, and is very well equipped for the work of the classes. The basement was converted into a room for teaching cooking and a small gymnasium for physical culture. The spacious parlors on the first floor were tastefully furnished, and these are used for all social functions. This floor also contains the library, on whose well filled shelves are about four thousand books. The rooms on the second floor have been adapted to the requirements of the dressmaking and millinery classes. The third floor is converted into class rooms in which stenography, typewriting and various English branches are taught. All the available space in the house has been put into practical use, and the present outlook would indicate that in the very near future there will be an urgent demand for more commodious quarters.

Such an organization being entirely new to Catholics, the scope of the work and the arrangement of the membership were at first largely experimental, and these were expanded and adapted as the requirements of the association grew.

There are four kinds of members; namely, honorary, life, associate and active members, and what is known as Patrons of the Association. The Patrons, on payment of $25, secure the privilege of sending a girl for one year.

A life membership is secured by the payment of one hundred dollars, and the person holding this membership has the privilege of sending a girl every year for five years to any class, during a full term.

The active members pay an annual assessment of $2 and, as the name implies, they are supposed to take an active interest in the work of the associa-

tion and endeavor to further its interests in every way. From the active membership the different committees are appointed. This membership numbers at present more than five hundred.

The associate members pay an annual assessment of $1, and it is from this membership that the classes are largely made up. They are required to pay an additional fee for instruction in the classes in which they may elect to take a course. A few of the classes, such as the Elementary English Class, require no additional fee. The associate members have free access to the library and reading room, which is open every evening in the week. There are at present about two hundred associate members, and this represents the women who are deriving practical benefit from the association. Their interests are intrusted to several different committees, the ladies comprising them being all active members.

The House Committee has nine members, one of whom is supposed to be at the Association Rooms every evening to receive visitors. They see that the house is kept well equipped in all the necessary appointments.

A CLASS IN COOKING.

The Educational Committee has twelve members. The duty of this committee is to supervise the work of the classes, two of the twelve being in attendance every evening. They give two exhibitions every year, and these furnish abundant evidence of the thoroughness of the work that is being accomplished.

The Library Committee is composed of fifteen members, one of whom is in attendance every night for the purpose of acting as Librarian. A well regu-

MAKING SOMETHING GOOD.

lated system of cataloguing and distributing books is in operation. The library is open to both active and associate members, so that about 700 cards are in constant use. Entertainments partaking of the nature of book receptions are given occasionally by this committee, and the number of books in the library has been largely increased in this way.

The Entertainment Committee, consisting of fifteen members, has charge of the social side of the organization. On Wednesday evenings there is no class work, and this time is devoted to some form of entertainment for the associate members. From one to two hundred women of various ages can be found in the parlors on these evenings, indulging in the games that the Entertainment Committee have provided, or listening to a concert or lecture. The value of this touch of social life to those whose lives have been cast in lines to make its indulgence well nigh impossible, cannot be over estimated. These Wednesday nights are red letter nights to many of the girls, and a visitor to the association parlors on an "at home" night takes away a picture that is not soon effaced. The girls in attendance come from all parts of the city, the only requirement for admission to the associate membership being that the applicant must be a woman of good character, and this fact must be certified to by a clergyman. There are no sectarian lines drawn, and consequently there are several non-Catholic women in the membership rolls.

"AT HOME."

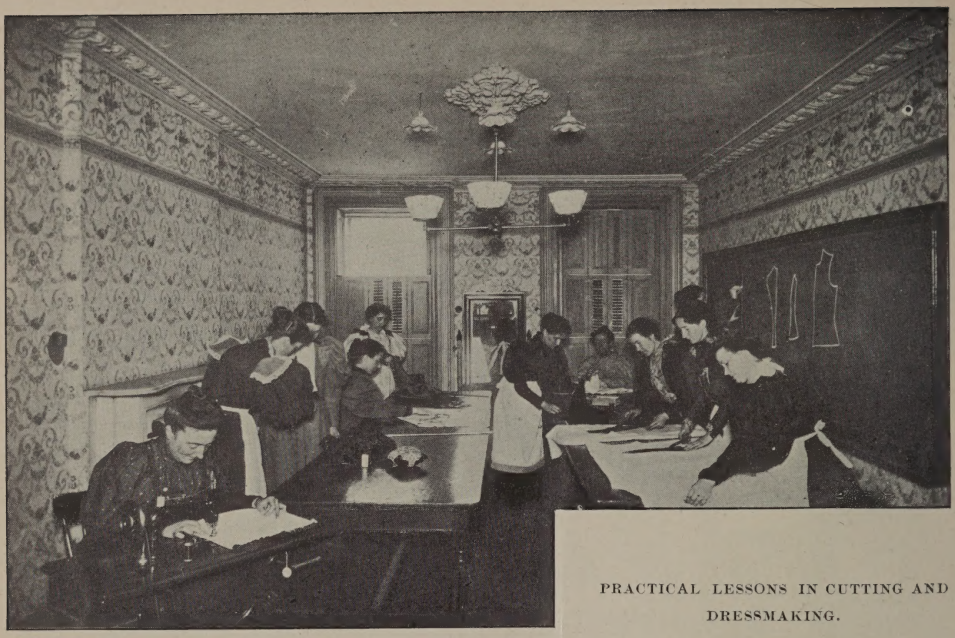
LITTLE FOLKS' SEWING CIRCLE.

Any member who attends one full course receives, at the end of the year, a diploma. This acts as a strong stimulus toward thoroughness. An Alumnæ Association is about to be formed of these graduates, so that they may remain bound together by a common interest and keep in touch with the association.

As the girls began to perfect themselves in different lines it became necessary to devise some means by which they might obtain positions, so for this purpose an Employment Bureau was established. This is under the direct supervision of an Employment Committee, whose duty it is to look up references, and rectify as far as possible any injustice to which the girls may be subjected. It is expected that this Bureau will accomplish a great deal in simplifying the complex problem of servant and mistress.

A new feature which has been recently added is the Exchange. This is open to any one who wishes to obtain a market for the products of her labor. The Exchange is open every Saturday afternoon and presents an attractive display of fancy work, pastry, preserves, and various articles which are of special interest to housekeepers, and give evidence of the great strides that have been made in domestic science. A slight percentage on the sale is retained by the association, as it gives the space and provides a member to be in attendance when the Exchange is open.

The Children's Sewing Class was a



PRACTICAL LESSONS IN CUTTING AND DRESSMAKING.

novel and interesting experiment, and has already given marked evidence of its practicability. A group of little girls, all under fifteen years of age, assemble at the Association Rooms every Saturday morning and receive an early lesson in the skilful use of the needle. They are supposed to complete the course in plain sewing, and it is reasonable to suppose that they will not want to stop here, but that the impetus thus given to their efforts will stimulate them, as they grow older, to take all the instruction offered in the different courses in millinery and dressmaking, and thus as they merge into womanhood they will have acquired that practical knowledge in regard to the construction of their wearing apparel which is of inestimable value to a woman.

For those whose taste for sewing takes an artistic turn, there is an opportunity offered to learn the Bonaz Machine, and the Catholic Women's Association lays claim to the proud distinction of giving the only instruction that can be obtained on this ingenious, mechanical invention. It is by means of this machine that all the embroidered goods in use are manufactured, and the large manufacturing houses being desirous of maintaining a monopoly of the work, endeavor to confine the instruction on it to their own operators, who are paid wages as high as $20 a week for skilful execution. The beginner has to have her eye trained to follow carefully the intricate lines of a design, and it is only after proving her ability to execute with great perfection a braided design on cloth that she is allowed to touch the more delicate work on silk and lace. It is one of the most interesting of all departments and a visitor to the Association Rooms on the evenings that this class meets could spend a profitable and entertaining hour inspecting the work by which the various stages of progress can be easily traced.

The stenography and book-keeping classes are largely made up of girls

who are engaged in some business during the day, but whose commendable ambition leads them to look for something more remunerative, and at the same time something that will be more congenial to their taste than the work in which they are engaged. So they cheerfully and energetically devote one or two evenings a week to the instruction which prepares them to fill acceptable positions as stenographers and book-keepers. A number of good positions are now being filled by girls who have prepared themselves here. The value to women of a knowledge of book-keeping is becoming more and more apparent every day. Even if a woman does not go out to earn her living she is often called upon to manage the details of her property and in simply conducting the management of the home, a knowledge of this practical science will not prove amiss.

While the industrial side of the association is being thus admirably developed, the intellectual side is far from being neglected. Father McCarty had the association incorporated this year under the University of the State of New York; and the work in University extension lectures was inaugurated by a course of thirty lectures in Psychology, which has been attended weekly by some 250 teachers. Next year there will be three courses under the auspices of this department; namely Sacred Scripture, Psychology and English Literature, and arrangements for these lectures are already under consideration. Such is the Catholic Women's Association of Brooklyn, an organization which is the outgrowth of only five years of the concentrated efforts of a zealous priest and a few earnest women. The pessimists who shake their heads and say we cannot accomplish anything because we have not more money, have only to look at this good work and see what has been accomplished with the contributions of a yearly mite from seven or eight hundred people. A little money and a great deal of faith can accomplish wonders. Such an organization as this gives abundant evidence that Catholics do not expect to be saved by faith alone; but that good works are to play an important part in their salvation. Much of the good work in the past has been hidden within the silent cloister walls. What our sisters have accomplished in caring for the orphans and tending to the sick has not been lauded abroad and so non-Catholics know little or nothing of it. Occasionally, by some happy accident, an individual is brought in contact with the great silent work of Catholic charity which is going on among us, and the knowledge of it seems to be a cause of great surprise and edification. To those who do not come in contact with it we seem apathetic and deserving of censure in this age which has as its motto,

"Let us then be up and doing."

This association then acts as a great object lesson, giving indisputable evidence that we are in touch with the spirit of the age. As the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, we need very much some means by which sympathy with the toilers will be kept alive in the well-to-do class. Such associations as the Catholic Women's Association are happy means to that end, and do much to allay the bitter sense of injustice at the unequal distribution of wealth which is apt to be more keenly felt in a republic, than in countries where there are marked class distinc-

tions. If the struggling masses can be made to feel that the Church not only offers them a spiritual panacea for their trials, but that she is also anxious to improve their temporal condition, and gives practical evidence of it in this way, the bond uniting Church and people will be strengthened a hundredfold.

Let us then hope that many other priests may follow the noble example that Father McCarty has set in this pioneer work in untried fields. The sowing of the seed was not unattended by difficulties, but they were bravely met and successfully overcome, and now the harvest promises to be rich indeed. The running expenses have not only been successfully met, but in addition a sinking fund for a new building has been started, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture ten or fifteen years from now a building that will occupy a conspicuous place in the city of churches, and across the entrance of which will be written in glowing letters: "The Catholic Women's Association."

THE SACRED HEART.

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

Love born of God from heaven's high throne came down
To dwell 'mongst men, and walk this cruel earth.
And though too oft she knew the bitter dearth
Of kindred sympathy, though thorny crown,
Not flowers, her brow adorned. No sulking frown
Obscured her face serene. Minding man's birth,
She told how One alone his aim was worth,
And aye she strove to spread her God's renown.

But day by day, despite the blessed light
And holy warmth she kindly shed on all,
She saw upon her pathway walk the blight
Of dark and cold, to hold the soul in thrall,
Till God was joined to man, and Love on high
Christ throned within His Heart to never die.

OUR PRESIDENTS AND HOW WE MAKE THEM.

"I have endeavored," says Colonel McClure, in the preface to his book, "Our Presidents and How we Make them,"* "to supply a want in our political history by giving not only a detailed and reliable report of the nomination and selection of every President of the United States, but by giving with it many important side-lights relating to the selection and character of our chief magazines."

In reading of that first election when Washington, who had won his country's independence, was elected President of the United States one is impressed by the contrast between the proceedings of that early time and those of our own day, and by the difficulties those first electoral workers had to overcome.

The first election for President of the United States should have been held in November, 1788, but through force of circumstances was delayed until the first Wednesday in January, 1789. The ratification by nine states was required to make the Constitution of 1787 the supreme law of the nation, and this number was not secured until June 21st, 1788, when New Hampshire signified its approval. Vermont and New York followed shortly after, but a heated dispute over the location of the national capitol caused a further delay of many weeks. Communication between the states was very slow, and at this early time the difficulty experienced by the states in reaching their people and legislatures resulted in a presidential election in which the people of the country generally could not take part.

To follow Colonel McClure through the numerous conventions and campaigns that make the political history of the nation is to gain a wide knowledge of the subject, and withal to be so well entertained that all necessary "dryness" is cheerfully accepted.

The "sidelights" are skilfully introduced, the first throwing into relief the executive mansion at midnight, March 3d, 1801, when John Adams and his family deserted it, leaving it without a host to welcome the incoming president, Thomas Jefferson. "It was the only instance," says Colonel McClure, "in which the retiring President did not personally receive the incoming President in the Executive Mansion, with the single exception of President Johnson, who did not remain at the White House to receive Grant; but Johnson was excusable from the fact that Grant had expressed his purpose not to permit Johnson to accompany him in the inauguration ceremonies. Jefferson, in marked contrast with the pomp and ceremony of Federal inaugurations, appeared on the 4th of March clad in homespun, and rode his own horse unattended to the Capitol, and after the inauguration ceremonies returned to the Executive Mansion in like manner."

The political feud that existed between those men who had stood side by side in presenting the Declaration

*Our Presidents and How We Make Them. By Col. A. R. McClure. With portraits of the Presidents. Published by Harper Bros. New York and London.

of Independence yielded to the influence of time, and friendly relations were again established when both had retired from public life. It was a remarkable coincidence that they died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

The period of Monroe's administration is credited with being the most peaceful in the history of the Republic. In establishing this claim the author says: "Washington, with all his omnipotence, was fearfully beset by fractional strife and the wrangles of ambition on every side, and there was no period of his two administrations in which he was not greatly fretted by the persistent and often desperate disputes among those who should have been his friends; but Monroe had an entirely peaceful reign, with the single exception of the slavery dispute over the Missouri question, and at the close of his term he retired to his home in Virginia entirely exhausted in fortune. For several years he acted as justice of the Peace, but his severely straitened circumstances finally compelled him to make his home with his son-in-law in New York, where he died in 1831, and, like Jefferson and Adams, on the Fourth of July."

While Monroe was considered to have had the most peaceful rule, the administration of John Quincy Adams is rated high as the model government of the Republic. And this, though he was a scholar, a tireless student, "with no taste or fitness for political manipulation." During his four years but two men were removed from office, and they were dismissed for very good cause. To illustrate the careful, thoughtful methods of this president, Colonel McClure tells of his own experience. "A few weeks before his death, when I was the editor of a village newspaper and ambitious to have the autographs of the celebrated men of the country, I wrote him, asking for an autograph letter. I received no reply, and after his death was announced I assumed that the letter had gone into the waste basket; but three months after his death I received a letter franked by Louise Catharine Adams (widows of presidents were then accorded the franking privilege), and the envelope contained only the autograph of John Quincy Adams, clipped from a public document he had franked. The pressure of duties had prevented him from answering my letter, but the fact that it was answered by his wife so long after his death is evidence that many letters had accumulated, all of which were answered by Mrs. Adams. He fitly died in the Capitol of the nation. He was stricken with paralysis during a session of the House, and died on the following day, having written, as I believe, the most lustrous political record of any of our statesmen, with the single exception of Abraham Lincoln."

In the chapter describing the nomination of General Taylor we find this reminiscence:

"Among the most disgruntled of those who attended the convention was Horace Greeley. I met him then for the first time, and saw as much of him as I could, as he was my ideal fellow-editor. As soon as Taylor was nominated he started for New York, and I met him just as he was departing. He was evidently in great haste to make the Camden & Amboy train, and he was hurrying down Chestnut street. His low-crowned, broad-brimmed, fuzzy fur hat set at an angle of 45 degrees on the back of his

head, his profusion of shirt collar protected from wandering over his shoulders by an immense black silk handkerchief he used as a necktie, with the awkward knot serenely resting under his left ear, and his immense baggy black swallowtail coat, and the literal carpet bag he held by one handle, while the other lay down on the side of the bag, did not contribute much toward his genteel appearance. It was evident that he was mad clear through. In answer to my question as to how he liked the nomination of Taylor, he curtly answered, 'Can't say that I admire it,' and shuffled along toward the ferry, but the Tribune of the next morning had a terrific leader against Taylor, the title of which was 'The Philadelphia Slaughterhouse,' and Greeley long hesitated about coming into the support of Taylor. He could not follow Van Buren, in whom he had no faith, and against whom he had made his first great battle as an editor in 1840. Finally, seeing that the choice was between Cass and Taylor, Greeley decided to support the Whig candidate, and the Whigs of New York showed their appreciation of his action by nominating him to fill an unexpired term in Congress, to which he was elected by a large majority."

In recording the events marking the third great political epoch in the Nation's history, the writer places before us the hard-fought campaign, resulting in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and attributes the defeat of Seward to the intense anti-Catholic feeling controlling certain factions.

"In both of these states (Pennsylvania and Indiana), there was an organized and powerful American party yet in existence, without which the Republicans could not succeed. It was the remnant of the American or Know-nothing revolution of 1854, and they cherished their own faith with great fidelity, and would not support any candidate who was friendly to the Catholics.

"When Seward was elected Governor of New York in 1838, it was largely by the influence of Archbishop Hughes, one of the ablest Catholic prelates this country has ever had; and Seward, not only because of his gratitude to his Catholic friends, but because of his broad and liberal views generally, in a message to the Legislature urged a division of the school fund between the Catholics and Protestants. That was the rock on which Seward was wrecked. Had he been nominated, the entire American element of the opposition would have been aggressively against him, and Pennsylvania and Indiana would have been lost, not only by the defeat of Curtin and Lane in October, but by the defeat of Seward in November."

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States, while that country was in the throes of this great political struggle, is commented on in the following paragraph:

"I witnessed an interesting episode in Philadelphia, on the night of Lincoln's election. The Prince of Wales was then on a visit to this country, and had just arrived at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. My headquarters as chairman of the Lincoln committee were at the Girard House immediately opposite, and I saw the handsome young prince, then a picture of manly vigor and beauty, stand on the Chestnut street balcony for an hour, surrounded by his suite of nobles, watching what he regarded as

the dying agonies of the Republic. The main streets of the city were crowded with shouting, wrangling, and rioting partisans, and the prince obviously congratulated himself that he had just happened in this country in time to see its angry dissolution. He witnessed the riotous enthusiasm of the Republicans, and the much more riotous madness of the defeated party, until he wearied of it, and he was astounded the next morning to discover that the city was as quiet and serene as an average Philadelphia Sunday."

When a member of the Senate, McClure was summoned by the President to meet him at Springfield. This first meeting and the other incidents marking his connection with Lincoln make most entertaining reading. There is a touch of disappointment in the author's admission, "He did not exhibit a single trace of humor, and it seemed to me most of the time as if I were making an appeal to a sphinx."

His second meeting with Lincoln was under circumstances that gave the key to his true character. It was at a dinner party in Commonwealth Hotel, Harrisburg, when serious issues were discussed, and plans laid to protect the President-elect, who had been informed that to pass through Baltimore as he intended would be to invite assassination. Strong pressure was brought to bear on him to omit his Harrisburg appointment, but this he peremptorily refused to do, and also refused to consider his safety first of all. His refusal is best told by the surviving guest of the occasion, Colonel McClure.

"Dinner was hastily served, when the servants were cleared from the dining hall, and Governor Curtin stated the facts to the dining guests, and insisted that Lincoln's programme should be changed. Every one present promptly responded in approval, and the only silent man at the table was Lincoln. I sat near enough to him to watch and study his face, and there was not a sign of agitation upon it, and when he was called upon to give his views, it was at once made evident to all that he thought much more of commanding the respect and honor of the nation than of preserving his life. His answer was substantially, and I think exactly, in these words: 'I cannot consent. What would the nation think of its President stealing into its capital like a thief in the night?' His voice was clear and distinct, and his cool and earnest manner made his expression painfully pathetic."

Lincoln's personal character, his awkward appearance, sad face, and melancholy disposition have repeatedly been described, and this latest writer agrees with what has been said, particularly, in the estimate of Lincoln's character. "He was from his youth much given to melancholy. While he was known as fond of sports and brimful of humor, a very large portion of his life was always given to isolation and solitude, when he gave free latitude to the melancholy tendencies of his mind." Despite this he was always a hopeful man and never pessimistic, a condition due perhaps to the fact that "he had faith in the present and greater faith in the future." It is said that in his youth he was an agnostic, but no trace of this appeared in his mature years. "I have never known," says Mr. McClure, "any man who had greater reverence for God than had Abraham

Lincoln." His home life, his love of his children, his beautiful, patient resignation to the great sorrow that not only shadowed his hearth, but also exerted its blighting influence on his political career are sympathetically described, and the chapter closes with the tribute paid by Jefferson Davis, to the ill-fated President.

"What was to me the most beautiful tribute I have ever heard paid to him came from the lips of Jefferson Davis, when I visited him at his home in Mississippi some ten years after the war. He never tired of discussing the character and the actions of Lincoln, and asked me many questions about his personal qualities. After he had heard all that could be given in the brief time that I had, he said with a degree of mingled earnestness and pathos that few could have equalled:

" 'Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has ever known.' "

In the chapter devoted to the Cleveland-Blaine contest the Burchard episode is characterized as an outcome of miserably bad politics. While commenting on "the fearful break" of the rampant Dr. Burchard the author falls into the error of speaking of Catholicism as "Romanism." "The Burchard episode, that Blaine was blunderingly brought into in New York just on the eve of the election, was very generally accepted as costing him more than enough votes to have given him the State of New York, and thereby his election to the Presidency. It was miserably bad politics in its conception and could not have been more bunglingly executed. Blaine had suffered much from the attacks upon his public integrity, and some of his friends in New York assumed that it would be a great card to have him called upon by forty or fifty ministers of different denominations and congratulated as the candidate for President.

"As originally planned it might have accomplished some good, and certainly would not have done any harm. It was intended that Rev. Dr. Tiffany should deliver the address to Blaine. He was one of the most eloquent divines of the country, was well up in politics, had been in active political movements in Pennsylvania as a leader in the American party when he was connected with Dickinson's College, and was a candidate for United States Senator before the legislature of 1855. Had he delivered the address to Blaine, it would have been an elegant and faultless congratulation, but when the ministers met, some of them strenuously objected to Dr. Tiffany as the oracle of the party, and there were indications of considerable ill-feeling. There was little time for conference, and the dispute was suddenly ended by some one proposing that the oldest minister present should deliver the address to Blaine, and that was adopted to settle the dispute.

"Dr. Burchard, unfortunately, happened to be the oldest minister in attendance, and he was rampant against 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' but none supposed for a moment that he would make such a fearful break as to publicly denounce Romanism in an address of congratulation to a presidential candidate, whose mother and sisters were devout Catholics. On his way home from the west he had visited his sister at a convent in Indiana, where she was Mother

Superior. Burchard, of course, had no opportunity for preparation, and when the ministerial crowd came into the presence of Blaine he fired off his address in a manner not highly creditable, and proclaimed the fatal sentence against 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.'

"Blaine in his reply made no reference to that feature of Dr. Burchard's address, and he seems not to have appreciated its fearful import until the next day, when he gave out an interview, disclaiming sympathy with it; but it was accepted as an afterthought, and that deliverance of Dr. Burchard certainly drove away from Blaine more than the six hundred votes necessary to give him the State of New York and the Presidency. I saw Blaine soon after the election, and asked him why it was that he overlooked the expression at the time. He was a man of such keen preception and so ready in every emergency that I was amazed at his failure to turn the blunder to his advantage, as he could have done by a generous expression on the religious issue involved. He told me that he heard the expression distinctly, but that his mind was just then concentrated on his reply, as he generally spoke spontaneously, and that he thereby failed to become impressed with its importance. He said that when the proceedings were over, and he gave it a moment's reflection, he saw what a fearful mistake had been made; but the emergency was extreme and called for immediate action, and he unfortunately hesitated until another day had passed. It was then too late, and Dr. Burchard certainly cost Blaine many more votes than would have given him his election. Had Blaine been under the command of a competent chairman of his national committee, he would never have been permitted to stop in New York after his great battle had been fought before the people, and had he gone directly from the West to his home in Maine, he would have been President instead of Cleveland."

The urbanity of Depew "the ornamental candidate," is pleasantly touched upon in the contest of 1888. He is depicted mingling with the delegates and the spectators, "brimful of humor," and genial to all though knowing that "the Grangers of the West would no more vote for him than they would for the Czar of Russia."

In view of the coming election Colonel McClure's expression of personal opinion on the influence that the money issue may exert is interesting. He predicts that "while the money issue may play some part in the national struggle of the present year, it will be wisely subordinated to other issues and probably be eliminated from the future political battles of the nation."

LOVE AND REASON.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Cold Reason thou know'st no relenting
  Toward weary souls, that faint and fall;
Thou judgest from thy own stern view-point;
  Unpitying, condemning all.

Thou heedest not how they were tempted—
  Thou knowest only that they fell.
God judges man by Love, not Reason—
  The diff'rence lies 'twixt Heaven, and Hell.

ASPIRATION.

BY JAMES T. SULLIVAN.

When the vesper bells are pealing,
  Softly, sweetly sacred themes,
And the priest, the Host revealing
  Offers prayer, 'tis then my dreams
Waft my soul from earth's dark mazes,
  To the life beyond the grave,
Where the angel choir praises
  Him, Who died our souls to save.

Each bright star at evening glowing,
  Up in heaven's canopy,
In a measure there foreshowing
  Glories of Eternity,
Proves a balm for all life's sorrow,
  Bids me pray when bowed with care,—
Heaven has no day or morrow,
  Peace eternal reigns up there.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

BY REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

The whole country knew that Thabor was a peculiar village and that chiefest among its oddities could be classed its religion, this latter fact being emphasized by the "godlessness" of the neighboring hamlets. But its peculiarities did not end there, though the strange form of worship prevailing in the village would have been enough to make it odd indeed. The Church of the Martyrs had been founded in Thabor, and in no other locality had flourished so well. Indeed, today the tenets taught by old Erza Bonnell were making their last stand, and in Thabor were well entrenched for the final conflict. Besides its peculiar creed the village had its peculiar name, its peculiar streets, and, last of all, its peculiar old character, Ezechial Wood, bowed with his seventy years of service "for the Lord and the Church of the Martyrs."

If a stranger were to ask a pious Thaborite why Brother Ezechial Wood had become so renowned in his native village, the chances were that a stony stare would inform him, with an eloquence above expression in words, that Thabor pitied his ignorance, but refused to remedy it. In truth Brother Ezechial was a born leader. The hopes of the Church of the Martyrs were centred in him. He could pray longer and more fervently than the domine himself. His sermons, when perchance the pulpit became vacant through the absence or illness of the only minister of the church, were models of enthusiastic appeal to sinners—though there was not a sinner in Thabor since everyone had been already at the "mercy seat" and, confessing to a change of heart, had been made a member of the only church. The old man's religion, too, was more practical than usually found, even in Thabor. The poor he knew well: but better still, they knew him. They could recognize his halting step on the threshold, his gray hairs at the door, and his rough grasp of hand in theirs when something usually passed from it to relieve the hungry and clothe the naked. But Ezechial Wood was bigoted — logically bigoted, and that means a bigotry of the most unrelenting type. The Church of the Martyrs was "close communion." The domine, in some of his flights of oratory, had often praised its splendid "isolation," and so nothing else in the religious line could live in Thabor. Methodists, Baptists, Dunkards, Lutherans, Presbyterians, had from time to time settled in the village, but it was not congenial, and they either left or became working members of the Martyrs. Thabor would have none of their religion, and Brother Ezechial it was who kept the people from becoming "too liberal." Religiously, socially, politically, commercially, he dominated Thabor, and that was the end to all discussion.

Thabor was possessed of one line of railroad communicating with the profane world. At the depot the station master united in his person the dignities of operator, baggageman, ticket agent, etc. Thabor could afford but one official there. In point of religion, Brother Dodds, the agent, was beyond reproach. It had come to be understood in Thabor that the station master was, by virtue of his office, Vicar General of the Church of the Martyrs, subject only to the authority of Brother Ezechial himself; for the domine of course counted for naught.

It was with some feelings of indignation that the village learned one morning that Death had dared to smite Brother Dodds, and the station and Vicar Generalship had become vacant together. The indignation was not at all diminished, only changed as to object, when, that very evening, the big form of a new station master was at the desk, and in the frame of the ticket window appeared a broad, cheerful face from which answers to questions floated out in a brogue that experts would class as a pure Dongalesque. The new official was Irish. Circumstantial evidence seemed plain, but Thabor did not at once give way. There was a hope that the new resident might conform to the religious ways of the village. Irish he was, but Brother Wood had worked miracles of conversion before, and he might do it again. Besides, the man might not be a "Papist" after all, and if he were—Thabor shuddered to think of that possibility. His conduct on the coming Sunday would decide all. In the meantime Brother Ezechial left him in no doubt as to the state of village sentiment, vouchsafing his information by more or less well-directed hints, which the Irishman coolly ignored, for when Sunday came he sealed his doom when, attired in his best, he tramped five miles to the "popish church" at Zelon.

Then the storm broke; and around the stove at Brother Watt's general store the godly gathered to discuss the latest and most terrible happening in vilage affairs. Brother Watt himself "allowed" that Thabor "won't stand no papist roun.' We druv off the last 'Piscopal becus he was too papish and—"

"Yaas!" Brother Thomas thought. "Thet's what we did. An' we drawed the line on good Meth'dists and ain't a-goin' to let no Irish in Thabor."

Brother Larrup's opinion was more cheerful: "The Railway Company 'll settle him. We can jest as well leave the hull thing to Brother Wood. He'll fix it with the Road."

Brother Ezechial did his best. He wrote the president, the vice president, the general manager of the company. He interviewed the objectionable station master personally. He held indignation meetings with the section boss and his crew. He enlisted the aid of Brother Millis, the editor, compositor and printer's angel (there were no devils in Thabor except the station master) of the Trumpet, so that week after week from the sanctum of the press there thundered forth: "WE regret to say," "Popish Aggression," "The Scarlet Woman," etc., which were eagerly read and discussed, till the spark became a flame and all Thabor was in the blaze. But the Irishman stayed on.

He had no friends; but, happily for him, the State law compelled the hotel to take him in, so said the landlord—and Thabor believed and pitied him. But to cold looks and even frowns only a smile was returned. A "physical force party" soon sprang up, headed by Tom Tyler, the nearest approach to a scapegoat that Thabor could supply. The brethren said nothing when Tom expounded the ideas of himself and followers on the best means of getting rid of "papists"; but one morning when the doughty leader appeared on the street with a pair of black eyes and his friends showed several recently made cuts and bruises, and down at the depot a smile more cheery than ever appeared on the broad face framed in the ticket window, without asking questions, Thabor knew that the "physical force party" had been dissolved.

The Deborah Circle of the Church of the Martyrs had not been inactive.

Several resolutions of encouragement for Brother Ezechial in his "fight for the Lord" had been passed. Sister Watt had prayed long and earnestly. Sister Strong had given may tracts to the station master. They were accepted with the same smile and—never heard of again. Then more prayers were offered—and longer, but Sunday after Sunday a big Irishman turned his back on Thabor and its religion to tramp his weary way to the "Chapel" at Zelon.

In the heart of the trouble came the rumors of war. Then the outbreak, and Thabor's religious zeal almost received a set-back in the excitement of the hour. Young Hank Wood enlisted at once and left for the front with five more young men of the village. Then followed long days of anxious waiting, during which the War News bulletins were regularly posted up in the station telegraph office; and Thabor forgot its bigotry long enough to read them. No letter came to Brother Ezechial from Hank. The old man read the bulletins every day, but spoke no word to the man who so faithfully prepared them. Months passed and then a letter came from Ezechial's son. He had been sick of fever, but was better now, and with his regiment in Cuba. He had been nursed back to life by some women whom he called "angels." He described their strange dresses, their hanging beads, their crosses—and old Ezechial groaned for his boy. In a few days the battle would come, Hank said—and it did.

Brother Ezechial heard the news of the fight at El Caney from Brother Watt. The bulletins were already posted at the depot, Brother Watt remarked in an embarrassed way. "I jest couldn't tell him more," he said to the domine. Ezechial went to read for himself. Men touched their hats to him with unusual respect as he passed along; but he did not notice it, for the vision of a blue-eyed boy, laughing at his knee, all he had to cheer him since Annie died, was before him, and he was calling "Hank! Hank!" in his heart as if he had lost him.

There was a crowd at the board, but they parted to let him through. The news was of a victory. How slowly he read the headings. He hated to hurry now, and besides, his old eyes were not as good as formerly. They were dimmer than ever today. At last he came to the end where was placed the list of

THE DEAD!

First in the column he read:

KILLED IN ACTION, HENRY WOOD, CO. K, 14th INF.

Brother Ezechial wondered why he read that line over and over again before he broke down. Then between him and the fatal sheet rose the vision again. The vision of the blue-eyed boy with a halo of golden hair, who was smiling at him, tossing his curls in the joy of his play. In his ears Brother Ezechial heard "Daddy! Daddy!" as of yore, and on his old lips he felt the soft press of a child's sweet caress. He put out his arms and the golden hair was matted with blood. Brother Ezechial's heart opened in a great sob. Yes! he was a patriot, but —he never before knew what it meant and—what it cost.

Back of the old man the sob found an echo. Someone else was in sorrow and Ezechial Wood knew that he had a brother in his misery. He turned. Through the ticket window he saw the blue uniform of the station master. His cap was thrown aside and his face buried in his hands. Brother Ezechial looked around inquiringly till some one pointed to the list. Next his own boy's name the old man read:

KILLED IN ACTION, CHAS. O'BRIEN, CO. K, 4th INF.

Someone nodded toward the ticket window and said: "His son!"

The station master did not hear the door of his office open, but he did feel a trembling hand laid on his shoulder. Then the hand dropped into his own and a hot tear fell upon their clasp. The bigotry of Thabor that day began to die.

ASCENSION.

BY LIDA N. DIEDERICH.

Nazareth, Olivet, Calvary,
Fade in a purple mist,
The round earth swings in star-strewn space,
Like a ball of amethyst.

And the angels who sang at Bethlehem
Kneel round the Heavenly throne,
Chanting Te Deum Laudamus to Him
Ascending to His own.

Behind, lie the days of thankless toil,
The nights of prayer and pain;
The weary miles that weary feet
Trod o'er Judea's plain.

Behind lie the years of homelessness,
Shut from the Father's face.
But the heavens bend low, with a radiant glow
As the Son returns to His place.

And the Word made flesh, who walked with men,
From the cradle to the tomb,
From the millions treading the selfsame way,
Has lifted the fear and gloom.

Ay, weary feet must travel still
The weary round of years,
But the Spirit of comfort whispers low
And earth smiles up through tears.

Each soul prays alone in Gethsemane,
Each climbs its own Calvary—
But, beneath are the Everlasting Arms,
And before lies eternity.

While beyond the pain, and above the dark,
Swelleth a perfect chord—
"A little while, but a little while,
Then forever with the Lord."

THE POET'S DREAM.

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

The Inspiration.

Beneath a sullen, low-depending sky,
Whence the last sun-ray had departed quite,
Walked one who sang. The north wind and the night
Bore the sad burden till it echoed by
The distant summits of the hill-tops high.
Suffering, disappointment, lost delight
Inspired the singer's thoughts. An eremite
He dwelt from men apart. Each human tie
That erst had bound him to the crowded street,
Or merry fire-side, making sweet and fair
His daily path, was sundered now, and he
Found solace singing, lonely, by the sea,
Tuning his heart unto the billow's beat,
And flight of sea-birds through the misty air.

The Tempest.

And now within the sound of seething surge,
Bearing a shattered mast and shredded sail,
Ghastly mementos of a cruel gale,
The poet sang for unknown dead a dirge.
Then wearily he sank upon the verge
Of a high precipice. With moan and wail
Swept the wild tempest. Tenuous and pale,
Through western skies he saw the new moon urge
Beyond fast fleeting clouds her downward way;
Prone on the frosty ground the poet lay;
"Oh, desolate!" he cried, "forevermore,
Lives lost at sea, hearts broken on the shore,
Feet gone astray and voices dumb with fear,
And dying eyes with none to close them near."

The Vision.

The poet slept; he dreamed. Visions of pain,
And haggard horror, madness, and despair
Passed him, in dark procession, lying there
Benumbed and weary. Even jealous Cain,
With bloody brow; and by his own hand slain,
He who betrayed the Christ; these o'er the bare,
Sharp rocks fled downward, and the molten glare

Of their fierce eyeballs pierced his burning brain.
O pageantry of sin! the poet thought,
With all the ills of mortal being fraught,
Whitherward tend thy ranks! Oh, whitherward
Resound thy footsteps! Is their cadence heard,
Their woeful cadence, by white seraphim!
At sound of them do cherubs' eyes grow dim!

The Awakening.

Thus dreamed the poet; and, above his heart,
The weight of the immeasurable skies
Earthward repelled him as he sought to rise.
"Ah! lest I die," he prayed, "O God, impart
The strength which Thou alone canst give; Thou art
The Life!" Language is not that would suffice
To tell of the ineffable surprise
Of glorious swift light,—rending apart
The black confusion of the cloudy night—
With which God answered him. Upon his knees,
With folded hands, in prayer, entranced he gazed
One moment upward, where the angels praised
Their King divine, then waking said: "God sees;
Why should men fear sojourning in His sight?"

DOUGHOREGAN: AN HISTORIC MANOR.

BY JOHN D. ANDERSON.

One of the most charming ancestral homes in America is seldom visited by tourists, for the reason that its location makes it almost inaccessible unless a great amount of time is at one's disposal. From the number who yearly visit Mount Vernon the person who had but slight conception of the many millions of people on this side of the Atlantic would shortly come to believe that all had seen the home of Washington, our first president. And such seems to be the case with nearly all of the beautiful manor homes in the Old Dominion, and particularly those lying close along the course of the James River; they are very much visited places.

Still, comparatively few ever set eyes on a home far more grand than most of these, for back in what may be considered "The Heart of Maryland," miles and miles away from a railroad or river, is Doughoregan Manor, the home of the leading family of Marylanders—the Carrolls. Indeed, one might go very near the place in summer and still miss the castle-like dwelling, and mistake the princely estates for those of small farmers.

It is doubtful if half a dozen natives of Maryland can tell you accurately how to reach the Manor. "Go to Ellicott City, then keep along the pike for ten miles or so," a Baltimorian will tell you, but it will take some hunting and searching even after that before you can be sure that you are on the right road.

Briefly it may be stated that Doughoregan is about thirty miles northwest of Baltimore, and those visiting it leave the city by way of Catonsville, then on through Ellicott's Mills (by which name Ellicott City was once known), then on and on, "up hill and down dale" until you stand within the shadow of St. Charles College. On your left, and a mile from the hard-surfaced pike, is the manor of the Carrolls, the home for many years of Carroll of Carrollton, the only Roman Catholic who signed the Declaration of Independence, and beyond all reasonable doubt the most famous son Maryland has ever produced. Today it is the home of John Lee Carroll, ex-governor of the commonwealth, and a man of national reputation.

For a few days last summer I was staying in this vicinity, within about four miles of the Carroll home, and was afforded the opportunity, which so few seem to have had, of visiting it, and of having my mind turned backward over the flight of years, and of thinking what the place must have been like when in 1717 workmen came from England, and bricks were brought over as ballast to rear the stately walls of the grand home which today looks trim and new in its perpetual yellow coat.

I have said that one might be near the place and yet not know the fact. To the east extends the pike, but a roadway fully one mile in length must be traversed before the traveler comes in sight of the palatial residence. The roadsides are thickly wooded, although a severe storm wrought sad havoc in this virgin forest a few years since. At the entrance is the gate with the stone gate house. Some caution is used in permitting strangers to pass beyond, but once inside the gate true southern hospitality awaits the person who has come from near or far to visit the Manor.

The structure is two stories in height, with the end toward the pike. At the eastern end is the beautiful chapel which in every way resembles the mansion. Doughoregan is about three hundred feet in length with the appearance of being even longer. There is a stately grace about the environs which cannot but reflect the period when the manor was built,—in the days when our country was not even so much as the young republic of the western world. It has witnessed the passing of kings and the coming of presidents, some of the latter having spent pleasant hours with the master of the place. Washington came many times for conference with Charles Carroll, "The Signer,"—Lafayette was an honored guest. Indeed, I have it on creditable au-

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, THE HOME OF THE CARROLLS.

thority that it was in 1824, while in America, and during a ball at the Carroll mansion, that a daughter of Maryland asked, with pleasant grace, if the Marquis had ever been to America before! This was eight years before the signer died, from which it will be seen that he was a young man when the Revolution broke out. In land he was one of the most wealthy men in the colonies, and is said to have remarked as he affixed his signature to the sacred document, "There go a few millions, but most willingly do I sign." Here it may be of interest to note that Mr. Carroll outlived all of the signers.

The grounds are extensive and present a beautiful appearance, being, as they are, under the constant care of the landscape gardener. Nothing about the place has been permitted to go to rack and ruin, but on the other hand the originality of the place has been preserved at great expense.

I quickly discovered that the pride of the place centers in the chapel. It is in effect a part of the manor, and joined to it as tightly as bricks and cement will permit. Vines cluster about the entrance, and, once inside, is to be seen in miniature a well-ordered Catholic church of the dominating style of nearly two centuries ago. The floor attracts particular attention. A great portion of it is covered by marble memorial slabs which tell of the birth and death of nearly every member of the Carroll family. The altar is beautifully carved, and marble pieces, all tastefully executed, are within the semi-circle which it describes. One leaves a scene such as this presents with the feeling that there are places where one can be away from the cares of the world and made to think of the future.

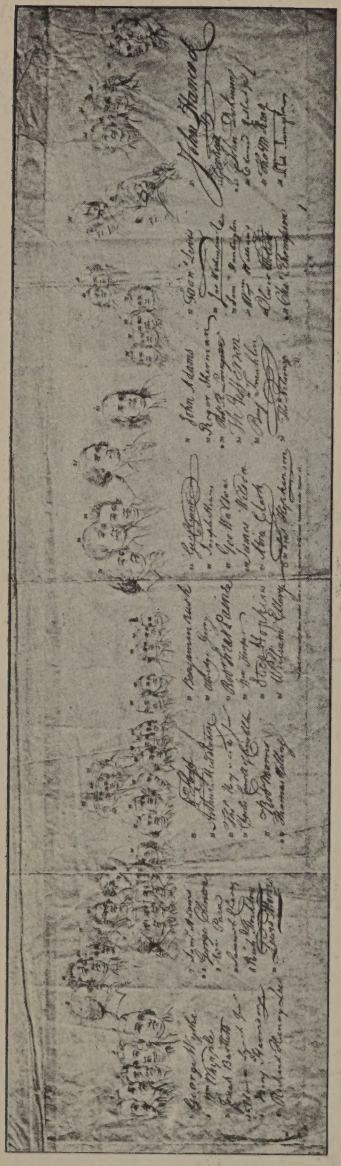
Perhaps a hundred and fifty persons can be seated in the Carroll chapel. This gives some idea of its size. It is indeed a quiet, restful place as the sombre shadows flit through the stained windows, no matter at what season of the year it is visited.

At the farther end of the manor are the kitchen and servants' quarters. Everything about the entire place is colonial and speaks for four generations past. Within there is a reflection of what might be expected the moment the exterior comes to view; long halls, low-ceilinged rooms, and deep fire places—all of these are here in abundance,—and portraits of celebrated people by celebrated artists. A Maryland lady who told me that I missed much by not visiting the place while Bill, an old colored servant, was alive, explained matters by saying that this individual was always alive to his own importance and never lost an opportunity to impress upon the stranger the glory of the Carrolls. He was eccentric too, and after conducting one about the place would stand and bow before the portrait of Washington's friend, co-patriot and statesman. "The Signer!" would be his only words, and his last for that matter. No subject could be mentioned after the one name, to him of all most honored, had been spoken.

The front veranda of Doughoregan, I noticed, was not as large as the one at the rear, nor is the view as pleasant. From the former the breadth of scene is obstructed by a range of hills half a mile away, but at the back of the manor is the great lawn, stretching away among the trees and in the summer season presenting one of the most delightful of views.

St. Charles College is about a mile distant, and is a most modern building. Without the help of the Carroll

SECTION OF A ROOM IN DOUGHOREGAN MANOR, SHOWING PORTRAITS OF CHARLES CARROLL AND HIS SONS.



KEY TO THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND FAC-SIMILE OF THE SIGNATURES OF THE SIGNERS. CHARLES CARROLL IS NUMBER SIXTEEN.

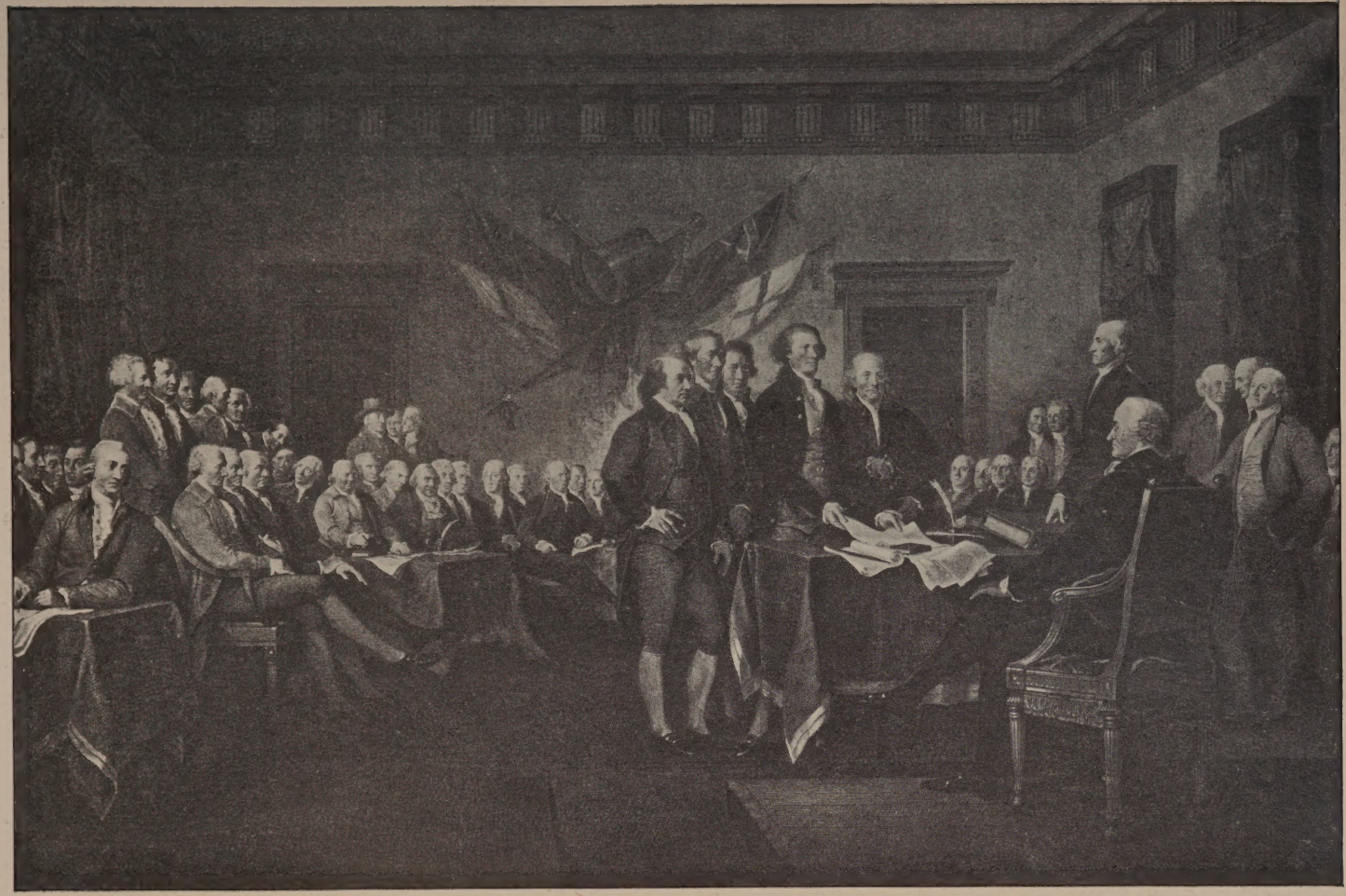
family, who gave to it grants of land and money, its existence would have been doubtful.

Although it was the vacation season when I was there, several priests were promenading about the college grounds. I had hoped that Father John B. Tabb, the poet, would be among them, but discovered that he was at that time in Europe. A member of the Carroll family gave the information that this man, whose poems ring true with the best sentiments in life, is a most shy person though "most beloved by all of us."

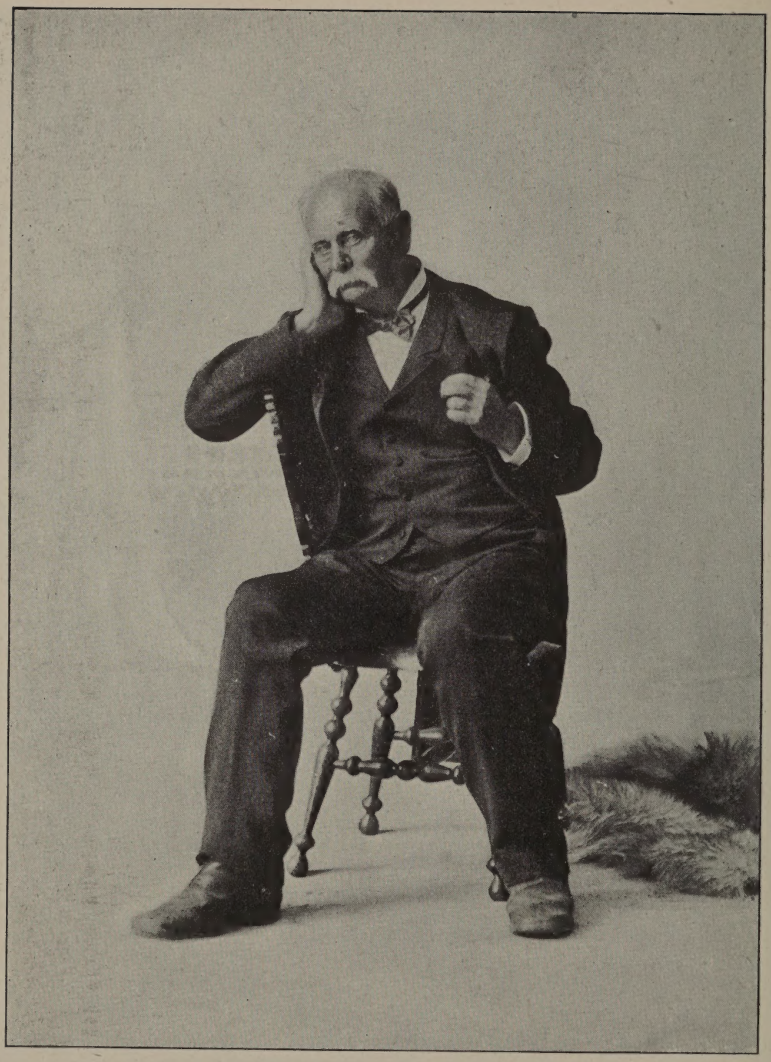
Until the fact was pointed out, I did not notice a break in the walls of the chapel at Doughoregan, but within a foot or two of the top there is evidence of more recent workmanship. The explanation was made that when the structure was built bricks were scarce, and only enough had been brought to finish it with a flat roof. Early during the present century, however, the work was completed, and the pointed roof arranged, the side walls being heightened to meet this architectural change.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, did not die in his manor home, as a great many may be led to suppose, but expired in his town house in Baltimore, at the corner of Lombard and Front streets, at the age of ninety-six years. His end was peaceful. The grand old patriot and statesman was respected and honored to the last. He was a person strong in his likes and dislikes, ever firm, and sure of his ground. For a long time before the clouds gathered around the life of Aaron Burr, and threw it into a darker shade, Mr. Carroll distrusted this man and openly opposed him at every turn of events. He did not consider Burr a safe man to hold office, and said so frankly long years before the world came to know the little New York lawyer who jumped into politics and rose rapidly until he became vice-president.

Such as I have described is the home as we find it today of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.



SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT. COMPOSER OF DIXIE.

THE WRITER OF "DIXIE."

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

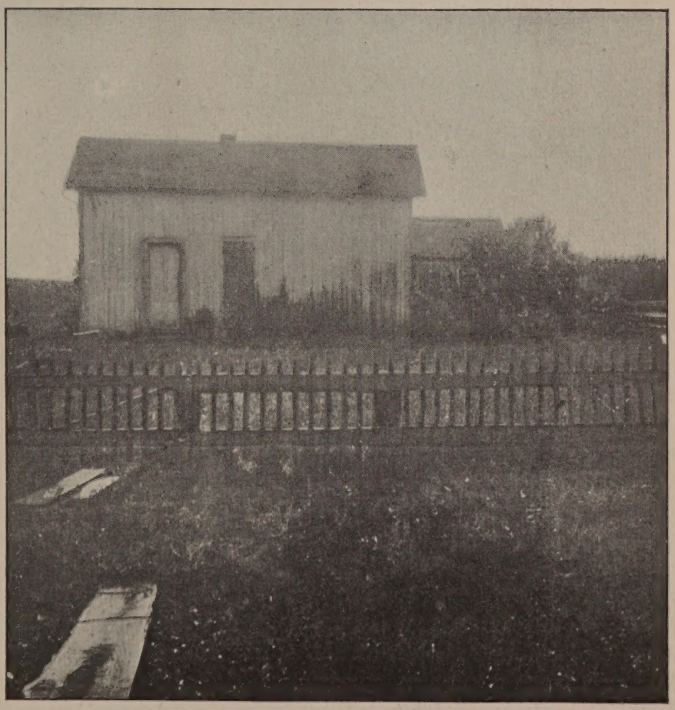
A press cablegram quite recently stated that eighty-seven seamen and five officers of the U. S. Cruiser "Dixie" were granted an audience with His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. A short address to His Holiness was read by one of the officers, the Pope responding briefly, praising the American fleet and sending his blessing to the country.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact that the author of the song —"Dixie" is still living. But a few rods from the entrance to Calvary

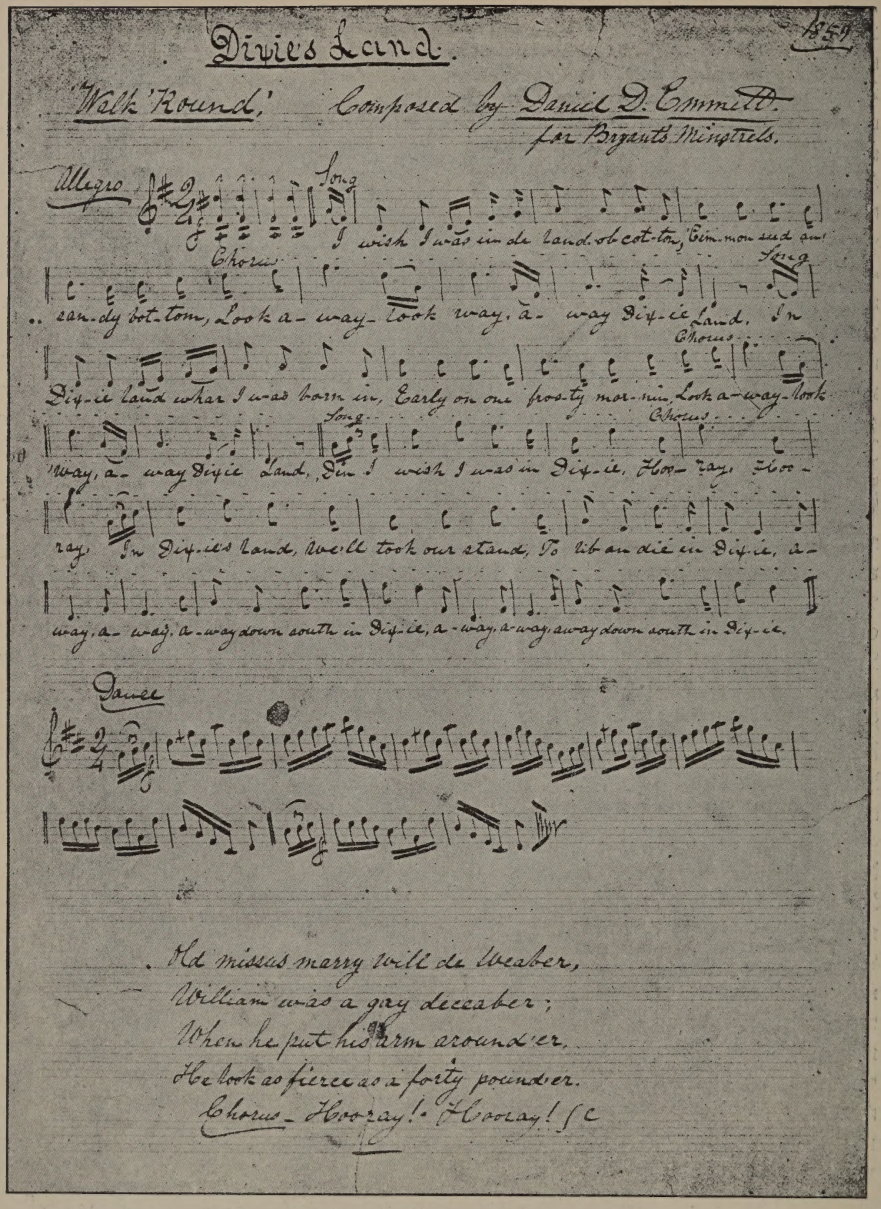
(Catholic) Cemetery, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, stands near the roadside a little cabin and in it dwells Daniel Decatur Emmett, who, in 1859, wrote a minstrel song—"Dixie-land"—while he was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, New York. Emmett was born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815, and hence is in his eighty-fifth year. His grandfather was a native of Ireland, coming to America before the Revolution, in which he served as a regimental surgeon. His father, Abraham Emmett, was born in Virginia and moved to Ohio before the war of 1812, serving in that war under General Hull, and later as a spy upon the Indians in Northern Ohio. Daniel D. Emmett began life as a printer and not far from where he now resides was published, in 1813, the first paper in this part of Ohio, The Ohio Register—the editor of which was John P. McArdle, an Irishman and a Catholic, the first Catholic settler in Central Ohio.

Young Emmett soon tired of the printer's life and joined a wandering circus company, eventually drifting to the stage. In New York he became a favorite impersonator of the negro character, giving a mixed performance, made up mostly of songs and dances, typical of slave life and character, and he prides himself as being the father of negro ministrelsy. He made his own verses and sang them to some popular tune. "Uncle Dan," as his neighbors call him, is a genial, simple, hale old fellow, and when he shakes hands with you, he gives you a grasp that fairly makes your knuckles crack. He enjoys good health, stands perfectly erect, and daily walks into town. He has blue eyes, and his hair, once brown, is now white.

This is how he happened to write "Dixie," as he relates it in his own words: "Like most everything I ever did because it had to be done. One Saturday night, in 1859, as I was leaving Bryant's Theatre, in New York, where I was engaged, Bryant called after me, 'Dan, I want a walk-round for Monday.' The next day it rained, and I staid indoors. At first when I went at the song, I couldn't get any-



EMMETT'S CABIN IN SUBURBS OF MT. VERNON, OHIO.


Dixie's Land.
1859
'Walk 'Round,' Composed by Daniel D. Emmett.
for Bryants Minstrels.
Allegro
Song
I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Tim-mon sed an
Chorus
Song
.. san-dy bot-tom, Look a-way look way, a-way Dix-ie Land. In
Chorus
Dix-ie land whar I was born in, Early on one frost-y mor-nin Look a-way look
Song
Chorus
way, a-way Dixie Land, Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray, Hoo-
ray. In Dix-ies land, we'll took our stand, To liv an die in Dix-ie, a-
way, a-way, a-way down south in Dix-ie, a-way, a-way, away down south in Dix-ie.
Dance
Ol missus marry will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder.
Chorus - Hoo-ray! Hooray! &c

FAC-SIMILE OF AN AUTOGRAPH COPY OF "DIXIE."

thing. But a line, 'I wish I was in Dixie,' kept repeating itself to my mind, and I finally took it for my start. The rest wasn't long in coming, and that's the story of how 'Dixie' was written. It made a hit at once, and before the end of the week everybody in New York was whistling it, and it soon became a favorite all over the country as fast as minstrels would bring it to the notice of the people. Early in the war, a performance was given in New Orleans, and every part had been successfully taken and all

that was lacking was a march or war-song for the large chorus. A great number of songs were tried, but none seemed to take until 'Dixie' was given a chance and at once it was adopted and took immediately. It soon spread to the streets and then to the battle-field and became the great song of the Southern soldier."

It is said that when General Pickett led his confederate forces to that magnificent charge at Gettysburg, he turned to an aid and quietly said: "Have the band play 'Dixie'." When he charged up the hill with his soldiers following him, every brave soldier was humming 'Dixie.' In that desperate fight when 40,000 men struggled like demons, they sang 'Dixie' amid the roar and thunder of that awful battle, and to this day it stirs the blood of the Southern soldier.

For the past fifteen years Emmett has made Mt. Vernon his home, with the exception of a trip made through the country with Al. Field's minstrels, and he has many an anecdote to tell of that trip, of the thousands in the south who flocked to see him as he was billed to appear with his old violin and play 'Dixie,' and how the old soldiers would break down and sob at its very first notes. "On one occasion," he said, "in Chicago, I noticed a man in the audience gazing at me intently, and I knew at a glance he was a Southerner. During one of the acts I took the opportunity to go out and get a breath of fresh air. The stranger followed me and stopped me at the door. 'Ain't your name Dan. Emmett?' he said, as he sized me up in a way that made me feel scary. 'That's my name,' I answered. 'Air you the feller that wrote Dixie?' 'Well, I've heard it so much that I am beginning to think I have that honor,' I replied. 'Emmett, put her thar,' he said, as he shoved out his hand. 'I had rather be the author of Dixie than be anything on earth.'"

There were many amusing incidents connected with his trip, one of which occurred the evening he met the famous General Gordon of Georgia, and a party of ladies who kissed Uncle Dan. He tells it in this way: "We had played to a large house in a Tennessee city, and after the performance was over repaired to a club-room where everything had been put in readiness for a good time. Among the party was General Gordon, who had been entertaining a number of ladies. The General was preparing to depart, and one of the ladies, a very dear friend, no doubt, kissed the General. I was standing a few feet away and made the remark that it was a nice thing to be a general. One of the gentlemen with whom I had been conversing quietly slipped away and informed one of the ladies. In about five minutes six of those ladies surrounded me and every one gave me a good hard smack. How I ever got out of it alive, I could never figure out."

"Uncle Dan" says the Southern people treated him royally and holds his trip south in grateful memory.

Quite recently at an entertainment in Mt. Vernon, given by the Daniel Dougherty club of that city—an organization of Catholic young men, Emmett appeared, and while the club sang Dixie, he, standing in front of the singers, joined heartily in the chorus, waving his hat and keeping time with his feet, in fact with his whole body. He seemed to enjoy it, and when he was about to retire the whole audience arose and cheered the old man to the echo and compelled him to bow his acknowledgments twice over. Speaking of it afterward, he said in his brusque way—"Why, it just tickled

me—and made me think of old days."

"Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Arkansas Traveler," "Carry Me Back to Tennessee," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" are simple melodies but will always touch the Southern heart. In this connection the following incident concerning "Yankee Doodle," vouched for as historically true, may be worthy of reproduction:

"After the representatives of Great Britain and the United States had nearly concluded their pacific labors at Ghent in making the treaty of peace which ended the war of 1812 the burghers of the quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in honor of the ministers. They determined, as a part of their programme, to perform the national airs of the two powers.

"The musical director was sent to call upon the American ministers and obtain the music of their national air. A consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored 'Hail Columbia,' while Clay, Russell and Adams wanted 'Yankee Doodle.'

"The musical director asked if any of the gentlemen had the music. None of them had it. Then he suggested that perhaps one of them would sing or whistle the air.

"'I can't,' said Mr. Clay. 'I never whistled or sang a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can.'

"'Neither can I,' answered Mr. Bayard. 'Perhaps Mr. Russell can.'

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.

"'I have it!' exclaimed Mr. Clay, and, ringing the bell, he summoned his body servant. 'John,' said he, 'whistle "Yankee Doodle" for this gentleman.'

John did so, the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent burghers' band played the national air of the United States with variations."

The complete song of "Dixie" is as follows:

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land!
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land!
Old missus acted de foolest part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Now here's health to de next old missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat-cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

ADVOCATES OF EXPANSION OR IMPERIALISM.

The views of a number of the best known public men of the United States who are opposed to Imperialism were secured and set forth in the April number of this Magazine. They represented, in the personality of the speakers, all shades of party politics; they differed on the important questions of tariff, finance, regulation of the trusts, control of public transportation, and such like, but they were as of one mind in expressing their belief that imperialism or the imposition of our Government by force upon any people, and the collection of taxes from them without giving them representation, was a radical change in our system of Government,—in fact such a fundamental change that it would practically mean the destruction of the Republic.

Their statements were made in view of the schedule of taxation and the peculiar government forced upon the people of Puerto Rico without their consent, and the war of subjugation carried on in the distant Philippines. The work of Mr. McKinley's administration in Puerto Rico and the Philippines they boldly declared to be subversive of the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

On the other hand, there are equally well-known Americans supporting President McKinley who assert that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, if properly understood, do not stand in the way of the Republic whenever it sees fit to subjugate any people, and hold them by force, imposing such rule upon them as we may deem best until in our opinion they are competent to govern themselves. Having secured the views of some of these leading Imperialists, or expansionists, we present them to our readers so that both sides may be heard and compared.

"In the Philippines Righteously and Legally."

BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, U. S. SENATOR.

I believe we are in the Philippines as righteously as we are there rightfully, and legally. I believe that to abandon the islands, or to leave them now, would be a wrong to humanity, a dereliction of duty, a base betrayal of the Filipinos who have supported us, led by the best men of Luzon, and in the highest degree contrary to sound morals. As to expediency, the arguments in favor of the retention of the Philippines seem to be so overwhelming that I should regard their loss as a calamity to our trade and commerce, and to all our business interests, so great that no man can measure it. Let me take these propositions in their order, beginning with the question of right and wrong, of morals and duty, involved in our action.

Our opponents put forward as their chief objection that we have robbed these people of their liberty, and have taken them, and hold them, in defiance of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence in regard to the consent of the governed. As to liberty, they have never had it, and have none now, except when we give it to them, protected by the flag and the armies of the United States. Their insurrection

against Spain, confined to one island, had been utterly abortive, and could never have revived or been successful while Spain controlled the sea. We have given them all the liberty they have ever had. We could not have robbed them of it, for they had none to lose.

The second objection as to the consent of the governed requires more careful examination, because of the persistency with which it has been made the subject of heated declamation. I shall try to make a plain and simple statement in regard to it, lighted on my way by the facts of history. It has been stated over and over again that we have done great wrong in taking these islands without the consent of the governed, from which, according to American principles, all just government derives its powers.

The consent of the governed! It is a fair phrase, but I have observed a great lack of definite meaning in those who use it. I have always thought it well in discussing any subject to know as a preliminary precisely what we mean by a word or a phrase. What do we mean by the "Consent of the Governed?" We quote it from the Declaration of Independence. What did Jefferson mean by the phrase? Some persons say that he meant the consent of all the governed. Others that he meant the consent of some of the governed. Sentiment seems to be with the former amendment to Jefferson's language; the facts appear to be with the latter. But neither "all" nor "some" is in Jefferson's famous sentence. Nor is there any indication of how the consent is to be obtained or expressed, although the present especial guardians of the Declaration seem to assume that it must be by a vote.

In order to interpret Jefferson's language aright, let us see what kind of a government he was himself engaged in setting up, for there alone can we get light as to his meaning. The Declaration of Independence was the announcement of the existence of a new revolutionary government upon American soil. Upon whose consent did it rest? Was it upon that of all the people; of all the colonies duly expressed? Most assuredly not. In the first place we must throw out all negroes and persons of African descent who formed about one quarter of the population, and who were not consulted at all as to the proposed change of government. So we must immediately insert the word "white" in Jefferson's sentence. Let us go a step farther. Were women included in the word "governed?" They certainly were not permitted by voice or vote to express an opinion on this momentous question. They must, therefore, be excluded, and we must add to the word "white" the word "male" as a further limitation upon the governed whom Jefferson had in mind.

Did the revolutionary government rest on the consent of all the whites in the colonies? Most assuredly not. There was the usual age limitation which shut out all male persons under the age of twenty-one, and manhood suffrage, as we understand it, did not exist in a single colony. Everywhere the suffrage was limited generally by property qualifications, sometimes by other restrictions. So another amendment becomes necessary to Jefferson's phrase if we are going to make it fit the government which he was actually engaged in setting up. Conforming to the facts the sentence then would read something like this: "Deriving their just powers from the consent of the white male governed who have

the right to vote according to the laws of the various colonies." This is not all. The white male population of voting and military age in the colonies was divided upon the question of the revolution. In some states the Loyalists were in a majority; in others the Patriots were in a majority; in still others the two parties as a whole, appear to have been pretty evenly balanced. Taking the colonies as a whole, a very large minority, if not half, of the people whom the Continental Congress proposed to govern were utterly opposed to the revolution. Did we ask their consent? Not at all. We crowded the revolutionary government on the Loyalists at the point of the bayonet, and when the revolution was over, they had to accept the government thus forced upon them or go into exile, which many of them did.

The truth is, that those were the days of Rousseau and his theories, and the doctrines of the social compact were strong in their influence upon all the political thought of the time. We can trace, I think, Jefferson's aphorism to this source. What Jefferson really did—with Rousseau and the theory of the social compact in mind—was to put in the form of a large generalization the principle for which the colonies engaged in the Revolution, which was that they were not to be taxed without representation and without their consent. He was not drafting a law or a constitution providing for all contingencies and setting up all sorts of limitations. If he had done that no one would have heeded his declaration at the moment, much less read and repeat it since. Jefferson was saying to all the world what the American people, whom he represented, felt and what he himself believed. To do this he set forth a series of general principles in broad and brilliant terms, so that the whole world listened then, and the American people have repeated his sentences from that day to this. He would have been the first to deny the narrow, rigid interpretation, which, in exigencies of debate, men have sought to place upon his words. But we are not at a loss to know what Jefferson himself thought. He was the greatest expansionist in our history. He acquired a vast territory for the United States. Did he ask the consent of the 30,000 white men at the mouth of the Mississippi, or of the Indians roaming over the wide expanses of the Louisania Purchase? Such an idea never occurred to him for one moment. He took Louisania without the consent of the governed, and he ruled it without the consent of the governed. It was not a question then of "all' or "some." He never asked the consent of any of the governed either, to take the territory, or to rule it afterward.

Neither Thomas Jefferson nor any other sensible man supposed for one moment that it was possible to have a government rest on the expressed consent of all the governed. The consent of the governed is not to be determined by votes alone, nor the dissent by the riot, insurrection, or disorder of a fraction of the population. The Plebiscites which supported the third Napoleon on his throne did not represent the consent of the people of France, and yet they were large and nearly unanimous, while, on the other hand, the closely divided vote of our last general election supplies in its result, which all men accept, the firm foundation upon which the Government of the United States to-day rests

with the consent of all the governed. From this it follows that the consent of the governed is a phrase which represents a great and just principle, but which in practice must have its existence determined by actual facts and conditions, and is not to be ascertained merely by voting or in any other way.

I do not think the Filipinos are fit for self government, as we understand it, and I am certain that if we left them alone the result would be disastrous to them and discreditable to us. Left to themselves the islands, if history, facts, and experience teach anything, would sink into a great group of Haities and St. Domingos, with this important difference, that there would be no Monroe doctrine to prevent other nations from interfering to put an end to the ruin of the people, and the conversion of a fair land into a useless and unproductive waste. We have no right to give those islands over to anarchy, tyrannies, and piracy, and I hope we have too much self-respect to hand them over to European powers with the confession that they can restore peace and order more kindly and justly than we, and lead the inhabitants onward to a larger liberty and a more complete self-government than we can bestow upon them. Their only hope of reaching the freedom, self-government, and civilization which we desire them to have lies in our now holding, governing, and controlling the islands.

We shall find arguments in favor of the retention of the Philippines as possessions of great value and a source of great profit to the people of the United States. First, as to the islands themselves, they are over 100,000 square miles in extent, and are of the greatest richness and utility. From these islands comes now the best hemp in the world, and there is no tropical product which cannot be raised there in abundance. Their forests are untouched, of great extent, and with a variety of hard woods of almost unexampled value. Gold is found throughout all the islands, but not in large quantities, and there is no indication that the production of gold could ever reach a very great amount. There are regions in Luzon containing great and valuable deposits of copper which have never been developed. But the chief mineral value of the islands is in their undeveloped coal beds, which are known to exist in certain parts and are believed to exist everywhere and which are certainly very extensive and rich. To a naval and commercial power the coal measures of the Philippines will be a source of great strength and of equally great value. It is sufficient to indicate these few elements of natural wealth in the islands which only await development.

There can be no doubt that the islands in our peaceful possession would take from us a very large proportion of their imports. Even as the islands are to-day there is opportunity for a large absorption of products of the United States, but it must not be forgotten that the islands are entirely undeveloped. The people consume foreign imports at the rate of only a trifle more than $1 per capita. With the development of the islands and the increase of commerce the consumption of foreign imports would rapidly advance, and of this increase we should reap the chief benefit.

Like every great nation, we have come more than once in our history to where the road of fate divided. Thus far we have never failed to take the right path. Again are we come to the parting of the ways. Again a mo-

mentous choice is offered to us. Shall we hesitate and make, in coward fashion, what Dante calls "The Great Refusal?" Even now we can abandon the Monroe doctrine, we can reject the Pacific, we can shut ourselves up between our oceans, as Switzerland is is enclosed among her hills, and then it would be inevitable that we should sink out from among the great powers of the world and heap up riches that some stronger and bolder people, who do not fear their fate, might gather them.

"Honest Minds Confused."

BY HON. CHAUNCEY DEPEW,
U. S. SENATOR.

Many honest minds have been confused by the supposed application of the consent of the governed to the government which congress provides for new territories or colonies, and that it is impossible to rule them except by the usual territorial process until by right they are admitted into the union as states.

By uniform legislation from the formation of the republic and by repeated and clear decisions of the supreme court, these principles are established: First, that the constitution was meant for the states in the union as they severally adopted it. Second that it becomes operative upon every state subsequently admitted into the union. Third, that it does not extend by its own force over territory acquired after the adoption of the constitution, but that congress has the power to grant so much of its provisions as it deems wise.

It has been repeatedly said that government by the United States in these islands will be a despotism. Such a belief shows a singular ignorance or misapprehension of the constitutional limitation upon our powers and the spirit of our institutions. While the constitution does not extend over the territories of its own force and without legislation, its prohibitions are binding on congress. In those prohibitions, which are also privileges enjoyed by the people wherever our jurisdiction extends, is a complete charter of rights which congress can neither limit nor impair.

All personal privileges and immunities, such as religious freedom, property rights, freedom of speech and the press, and equality before the law, must prevail wherever our flag floats. But outside of the constitution and laws is an unwritten law created by the genius of the institutions of the paramount power and controlling its acts and officials in all colonial governments.

The markets for the products of our farms and factories accessible by the Atlantic ocean will soon be filled. But across the Pacific are limitless opportunities. Within a distance from Manila, not much greater than Havana from New York, live 900,000,000 of people, purchasing now annually from all nations, of the things which we produce, to the sum of a thousand million of dollars, of which we furnished 5 per cent.

To relieve home congestion, starvation and revolution, England, Germany and France are increasing their armies, enlarging their fleets and either waging war or on the eve of great conflicts, while partitioning Africa, threatening China, seizing Asiatic principalities and madly building railroads across the continents of Asia and Africa. By victorious war and triumphant diplomacy we are in our own territory within easy reach, at Manila, of China, Siam, Korea, Annam, the East Indies and Japan.

Without war or entangling alliances we will have equal rights with other nations to all parts of the Orient, with all that it means for the demonstrated superiority of our manufactures and the surplus harvests of our farms.

This is not a sordid view, nor can any right apprehension of our Philippine policy or our relations to our island colonies be sordid or purely commercial. In spite of ourselves we have colonial possessions. We have no policy to declare, no glittering resolutions or proclamations to make and in the future to embarrass us. We will stamp out the insurrection and establish a stable government. We will organize local government. We will constitute courts. We will insure with the whole power of the United States security for life and property, freedom of religion and the equal and just administration of the law.

So the uplifting of the people of the Philippines to the comprehension and practice of ordinary industry, respect for individual rights, confidence and then participation in government will add enormously to their happiness and reciprocally to the strength, prosperity and power of our country.

"No Imperialism."

BY HON. JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF NAVY.

The Philippine Islands are ours by our victory over Spain and by purchase for a price which Congress paid and for which Spain conveyed them to us by the solemn compact of a treaty. They are ours, too, also by the acquiescence of the larger part of the native inhabitants. Even if we were to refuse to accept the government because we do not have the consent of all the governed there to whom should we surrender it? Certainly not to Aguinaldo, for he represents but a small fraction of the people. Certainly not to the Tagalogs, between whom and other tribes is the most violent animosity, so that it would be the refinement of cruelty to subject one of these tribes to the other. Any of these dispositions would lack the consent of the governed more than our own domination. Going further, we could not let the islands loose and abandon them to whomsoever might get the control, for there is no unanimity of feeling, or common association among them, and the immediate result would be the sovereignty of some other foreign Power, or the assumption of power by some one class among the natives over another. As a result there would be either anarchy or an oligarchy of violence, such as has been experienced in the West Indies and other islands.

We are there then by right and we are bound to stay by every duty. It is not a theory which confronts us, but a condition. We therefore ask our critics not to spin theories of what might have been done, but to cooperate with us and help us take up our duty and discharge it. Here again the calm, judicial mind will discriminate between the right-meaning but unduly apprehensive men who really believe in the spectre of Imperialism, and the shrewd leaders of the Democratic party who are using that term simply as a party cry and as a lever with which to win a political advantage. Let us assume; if it gratifies anybody, that there have been mistakes and blunders, though I know not where they were; but then let us remember how many there were in Lincoln's administration, and how he was attacked and scolded by his critics a thousand times more than McKinley

has been. It may occur to the Anti-Imperialists that they are to some extent, for such is human nature, holding to an opposition because they originally took it, and are not quite willing to open their eyes to more light; that they are not crediting the Administration with the same honest desire which they have, and which they know it has, to do right; and that when it differs from them, their inclination is without any warrant to accuse it of some malicious purpose or perverted political twist. They say they are sick of the word "philanthropy." If that word is a covering for inhumanity, they are right. If, however, there is an honest philanthropic purpose, the word is a correct one. It is just as easy for us to say that we are sick of hearing them talk about liberty if they are using that word to cover a scheme for abandoning a majority of the Filipinos to the tyranny of a single tribe of Tagalogs. I am not sure, however, that it is not a waste of time to discuss an issue which is already dead. There is no Anti-Imperialism, simply because there has never yet been any Imperialism.

"Results are Upon Us."

BY HON. WHITELAW REID,
LATE PEACE COMMISSIONER.

There is no use bewailing the war with Spain. Nothing can undo it, and its results are upon us. There is no use arguing that Dewey should have abandoned his conquest. He didn't. There is no use regretting the Peace of Paris. For good or for ill, it is a part of the supreme law of the land. There is no use begrudging the twenty millions. They are paid. There is no use depreciating the islands, East or West. They are the property of the United States, by an immutable title, which, whatever some of our own people say, the whole civilized world recognizes and respects. There is no use talking about getting rid of them; giving them back to Spain or turning them over to Aguinaldo, or simply running away from them

When it is said you are denying the natural rights Mr. Jefferson proclaimed, you can answer that you are giving these people, in their distant islands, the identical form of government Mr. Jefferson himself gave to the Territories on this continent which he bought. When it is said you are denying our own cardinal doctrine of self-government, you can point to the arrangements for establishing every particle of self government with which these widely different tribes can be safely trusted, consistently with your responsibility for the preservation of order and the protection of life and property in that archipelago, and the pledge of more the moment they are found capable of it. When you are asked, as a leading champion asked at Philadelphia, "Does your liberation of one people give you the right to subjugate another?" you can answer him: "No, nor to allow and aid Aguinaldo to subjugate them either, as you propose."

When the idle quibble that after Dewey's victory Spain had no sovereignty to cede is repeated, it may be asked why acknowledge then that she did cede it in Cuba and Porto Rico, and deny that she could cede it in the Philippines? Finally, when they tell you in mock heroics, appropriated from the great days of the anti-slavery struggle for the cause now of a pinchbeck Washington, that no results of the irrevocable past two years are settled, that not even the title to our

new possessions is settled, and never will be until it is settled according to their notions—you can answer that then the title to Massachusetts is not settled nor the title to a square mile of land in most of the States from ocean to ocean. Over practically none of it did we assume sovereignty by the consent of the inhabitants.

"Got to Keep the Philippines."

BY HON. J. G. SCHURMAN,
LATE CHAIRMAN OF PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

What must be done in the Philippines is to satisfy the Filipinos. I say that when the commission, headed by Judge Taft, appears, representing the United States in the archipelago, they will appear as helpers, as they should—the dispensers of blessings throughout the entire Philippines.

We did not seek the islands. Circumstances forced them upon us. We have got to keep them. It would be the worst thing for the Filipinos to give them up now. If we give them up it would mean internal dissensions, or else aliens would find their lives and property insecure. They would call on their home governments for protection. Then there would be a division of the islands among the nations of the Old World.

The only fair, impartial Government is under the flag of the United States. We shall simply save the archipelago from going to chaos and a state of disruption. The problem will be how best to inaugurate the plan of government proposed.

I see only one serious danger, and that spot is not on the Philippine horizon, but on that at Washington. We change our Government every four years. It takes two years to thoroughly learn the language in the Philippines alone. That is the period England allows to the Governors she sends to her dependencies.

No, we cannot drift and change about. We must have permanent civil service. We must send good men there, and they must be well paid. They must be animated by high motives.

If this is done I have no doubt of the result in the Philippines. I believe that our intelligence, political instinct and love of truth will enable us to make the great principles of our own Government those of the Philippine Islands.

A. MAYME BRANNIGAN — GRADUATE.

BY J. T. R.

A. Mayme Brannigan had graduated. She had run her race and finished her course and the evidence of that stupendous fact hung on her parental walls in highly embossed framework. The Sisters at Mt. St. Mary's had kissed her "good-bye" and sent her out into the hard cold world, or at least as much of it as is contained within the limits of a Nebraska country town.

Before leaving home for the first time she was simply Mary Ann. At the end of the first year she was Marianne with an "a" flat on the first syllable and a French accentuation on the last. At the end of the second year she was Marie, then Mamie, then Mame, then Mayme, and lastly A. Mayme as it appeared on the Commencement Programme.

Now Brannigan is not considered the nicest name in the world; and she frequently regretted in the course of her school days the poor taste, which her ancestors had exhibited in the choice of a patronymic. She had a disagreeable remembrance of an old song, the refrain of which was "Charming Molly Brannigan." She resented the name, but she could not change it except by act of parliament; and there are no parliaments in Nebraska.

Old Tom Brannigan read a glowing account of the commencement exercises, examined carefully the credentials of her graduation, and felt proud of everything but the "A. Mayme."

"Tom," as his neighbors called him, was a plain old farmer, who had come to the city to end his days near the church and to secure a well-earned rest in his declining years. A. Mayme was the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart. He loved the Sisters and committed his "little girl" as he called her to their care with all the implicit trust of his honest old heart.

And A. Mayme loved her "Paw." In the old days she used to call him "Daddy," but all the girls at Mt. St. Mary's called their father "pa" with a big "O" and A. Mayme followed suit.

A. Mayme had not been to school in vain. Few of her former associates would have recognized in the bright, up-to-date graduate the green country girl of a few years since. Country girls are sometimes extremely ready to take advantage of opportunities, and A. Mayme was one of that class. She was now a cultured, refined young lady with decided literary tastes. Like most graduates she possessed a vague undefined idea that she had a mission in life to fulfil. Just what it was she could not exactly tell, but a mission she had. She was a great admirer of the works of one Miss Spotts who had been a student of Mt. St. Mary's, somewhere in the fifties, who was now writing for the magazines and flooding the country with her opinions on men, women and things—"things" being another name for young men, and particularly the young men of the Church, who, according to Miss Spotts' theories, needed to brace up considerably if they desired to preserve the respect of eligible and ineligible females. She had heard a great divine from the East lecture on "Woman's place in the twentieth century," and his words confirmed her in

her mission. Her favorite novels were those in which some faultless hero with deep blue eyes and noble cast of countenance is discovered to have a strain of azure blood in his veins; and who, after many tribulations, inherits some ancestral estate and marries an equally faultless and ravishingly beautiful heroine. She did not like those stories in which heroes are sometimes represented as people who work at trades; and she inwardly resolved as all graduates do, that her future liege lord should not be a mechanic, an artisan, or least of all a farmer. True, the only eligible young men whom she knew, who did not work at trades, were the clerks of her native town, of whom her father had often said "they didn't earn enough to keep a woman in salt"; but they were nice, well-behaved young men and she was willing to overlook their meagre remuneration.

Her father was a farmer. The money with which he purchased his first quarter of land had been earned on the section. Her brother Bill, the only other member of the family, for their mother had died when they were babes, superintended the renting of the farms and bossed the old place. Farmers' boys were henceforth out of her class. How could a girl who played the twelfth rhapsody marry a farmer? The idea was too absurd!

Bill was an exasperating chap. She could do nothing with him. He made fun of her name, and banged the piano, and sang in high G as she did, and mimicked her 'closs' and 'moss' for class and mass. He would say, "poss me the potatoes, Mary Ann, if you plaze" even in company, and act so provokingly in other ways that she often wished she had been an only child.

There was one young man whose presence by the family fireside Mayme could not endure. That was Bill's chum, Tom Barry. Tom and she had been playmates at the district school, and he had often helped her to study her catechism, and been real good to her when she was a little girl. He had taught her nearly all she knew of natural history, from a practical point of view, for Tom when a boy kept a regular menagerie of beasts and birds and living things, which was the envy and delight of all the neighborhood. A. Mayme felt proud of Tom then; but that was long ago.

Tom's father was a cattleman, and Tom's presence was too necessary in the stock business for him to acquire all the refinements of polite people; but he was a good, kindly, sympathetic fellow and was deservedly popular with every one who knew him—except A. Mayme. He was not of the "hero" kind, or at least he did not mean to be, but he had an ambition to be a decent sort of a fellow.

If the whole truth were told, he had never fully recovered from a species of boyish love he had for A. Mayme, even before she left for school. As the Bradys and Brannigans were old-time friends, Tom was the faithful companion of her brief vacation days, and when vacation days had come and gone, and A. Mayme with them, Tom missed her more than anything else in life—but why he scarcely knew. Now that she was home for good his heart was glad and he made the mistake of showing it.

A. Mayme was now a finished young lady, but Tom did not realize it. She had new ideas of men and "things," and one of those was that Tom Barry's hopes should experience a sudden frost on her return.

The frosting process had begun.

And the frost hung thick and heavy

and white upon Tom before he understood what A. Mayme's graduation meant.

"Good evening, Mr. Barry," A. Mayme would say with that queenly air of which she had read in novels. Tom was not used to queens.

"Good evening, Moll," would be his answer.

"Moll!" Of all the names in the wide, wide world Moll was the most disgusting. What would Miss Spotts say of a young man who would call a graduate "Moll?"

She did not like Catholic young men anyhow, and Tom was unfortunate enough to be of that faith. Miss Spotts had asserted that they were rude, and as a rule not well dressed, and that they did not spend everything they earned taking girls to shows, and that many of them worked—yes, worked at trades and in shops, and soiled their hands and their collars and did not change their clothes for dinner and supper, or rather for luncheon and dinner.

Tom Barry did not know what she meant when she spoke of "luncheon." He surmised that it was something in connection with our daily bread and let it go at that. Tom did another thing which placed him immediately beyond the pale of forgiveness. He made a jest of all those foibles, which in her eyes constituted the "finish" of her education. Her accent, her little affected ways, her punctiliousness in matters of etiquette—these furnished Bill and Tom with an inexhaustible fund of amazement. She forgave Bill reluctantly, but Tom—never!

She soon despised him thoroughly and showed it as plainly as her acquired principles of politeness would permit; but Tom calmly survived every attempt to annihilate him by word or deed. A. Mayme could not see why her father and Bill liked him, but old Tom did like him, and Bill was unkind enough to say that "she would never get as good a man as Tom Barry."

She found her "mission" slow work. She had some indefinite ideas of an ideal young woman and what she ought to be, but she had to help her old aunt in the kitchen; and the kitchen and the woman with a mission have never been friends. She read Miss Spotts from time to time, and the more she read the more she hated Tom Barry. Her life, however, had a few glimpses of sunshine. There were some very nice young gentlemen in the town who manifested a more than ordinary interest in her existence. Old Tom called them "doods" and left the parlor when they came to pay their respects. Most of them were not Catholics and she knew there were "breakers" ahead in the Brannigan family if ever a daughter lavished her affections upon people outside the Church. Brannigan was a loving father but he was a terror on mixed marriages; and A. Mayme knew it.

When Company L. returned from Chickamauga there was a grand military ball and Tom Barry had the audacity to ask A. Mayme to accompany him. She politely but firmly refused him, and the refusal gave Tom the first inkling of their changed conditions.

Much against her father's will she accompanied a Mr. Jones; for as the old man remarked, "he never knew many Joneses to box before their faces."

Tom Barry was there with a girl who was reputed to be the belle of the town, and the town girls, most of whom had not graduated, seemed to like Tom. He was cheerful and jolly, had a ready wit and danced well, and

girls will forgive a good many things in a man with the aforesaid qualities. His apparent popularity afforded her an additional motive for disliking him, especially as Tom did the very thing she did not expect him to do, namely, ignored her existence altogether.

A. Mayme did not enjoy that ball and lastly and chiefly because Tom Barry seemed to enjoy it so much. And the wonder of it all was that from that hour Tom's manner towards her was entirely changed. He came and went as usual, but there was no attempt at familiarity, no jesting, but almost total and absolute indifference. Whatever deference he paid her henceforth seemed to be because of the fact that she was the old man's daughter and Bill's sister. She discovered, too, that he could be very well-behaved young fellow when he wanted to be, and that he was kind and considerate, and that he was beloved by everybody—except herself.

Tom spent the winter on his father's ranch in the western part of the state, and during his absence wrote long letters to Bill. They were full of the joyousness and bouyancy of youth, full of affection for Bill and the old man, but never a word about A. Mayme.

"Tom liked you, Mayme," said Bill in explanation, "but you could not see it. You could see more in that speckled-vested dude Jones than you could see in Tom, and you are welcome to your opinion."

Tom's return did not change matters. The old man and Bill received him with open arms, but A. Mayme could only utter a faint "glad to see you back," and then there were so many things to talk about that they appeared to have forgotten A. Mayme, who stole away to her room, shut herself up, and read Miss Spotts' remarks on the short-comings of Catholic young men, out of pure spite.

Next Sunday she accidentally knelt beside Tom at the communion railing. She was so touched by his devotion that she forgot for a moment her dislike, and her mind went back to the days when he was the best and dearest friend she had. She sat where she could see his face during the thanksgiving, and there was a something about it that caused a lump to rise in her throat and wonder if all that Miss Spotts had said about Catholic young men were true.

The belle of the town gave a party in honor of Tom's return, it was surmised, to which Bill and A. Mayme were invited. It was a quiet, nice little affair and Tom was gracious and attentive to everybody with the possible exception of A. Mayme. Once, however, he stopped for a few minutes beside her and the look on her face led him to say the kindest words he had said to her in many months. And A. Mayme was so grateful that she found courage to say, "Now, Tom, Mr. Barry, I mean, I know you do not like me, but I wish you would not make it so evident before Pa and Bill. Pa thinks I wronged you in some way, but I—did—not—understand."

Her little speech took Tom by surprise. He looked at her in the old joking way and said, "I have been trying, Moll, for a long time to keep from liking you and have succeeded but very poorly."

Somebody came along and took Tom away, and A. Mayme thought that the name "Moll" did not sound so bad after all.

That night when she went to her room, she spent a long time before the glass. Then she went to her stand and picked up Miss Spotts' phil-

osophical reflections and put them in the grate.

Next evening, Tom left Bill in the kitchen and came quietly to where A. Mayme was sitting, and said, "Mary, Mame, will you let me come and call you "Moll" just as I used to before you graduated, and we will be good friends once again."

The way in which she said "yes, Tom," so embarrassed that individual that he caught her hands in his, and said foolish things which she did not seem to resent, for when Bill came in a few minutes later he found A. Mayme with a very crimson glow in her cheeks and Tom still holding her hands; and when Tom told him that he and Moll had made up and were friends again, Bill came over and kissed her and addressed her as "Mistress Moll Barry by yer lave."

And Mistress Moll Barry it was.

IS IT ENOUGH?

BY S. M. O'MALLEY.

Is it enough to give the best of life?
  To fill with hope the fardel of a friend?
Is it enough in torture to bear strife,
  Another's weak and heedless aims to mend?
Will it suffice, when all this life is past,
  To know we came when others dared command,
Following drear Duty to the barren last,
  Nor hoarded gifts with any grudging hand?

To see the sneer and answer not, nor groan?
  To feel the tight chain wearing deep, and smile?
To laugh when sobs are near? To be alone
  When the heart fails? To know the little while
God gives us for our work? To pray and fail?
  To rise again and beg for love that dies?
To see, thro' burning tears, the weary trail
  On dry, dead fields beneath hot-shining skies?

However salt the cup our lips must taste,
  It is the glory of a warrior's fate
To battle for the meed that others waste
  And sink unconquered all when day grows late.
This must suffice: to struggle, hope and die;
  To carry crosses over thorny ways;
To know Gethsemanis; give love for hate—
  Christ's followers thus thro' life's appointed days.

THE BOER PEACE COMMISSION.

The Peace Commission which left Rotterdam, Holland, for this country, May 3rd, on the steamer Maasdam of the Holland-American Line, is composed of the Peace Envoys, Hon. J. M. A. Wolmarans, Hon. Abraham Fischer and Hon. C. H. Wessels. They are all men of about middle age and have reached the zenith of their mental vigor.

While here, they will be the guests of the National Boer Relief Fund Association, and will make a tour of the country under the auspices of the Association.

This is the National Association of which Hon. W. Burke Cockran is President and Hon. Geo. W. Van Siclen is Secretary-Treasurer. It is raising a National Fund for the Boer widows and orphans. Its headquarters are in the St. James Building, Broadway and 26th Street, New York City.

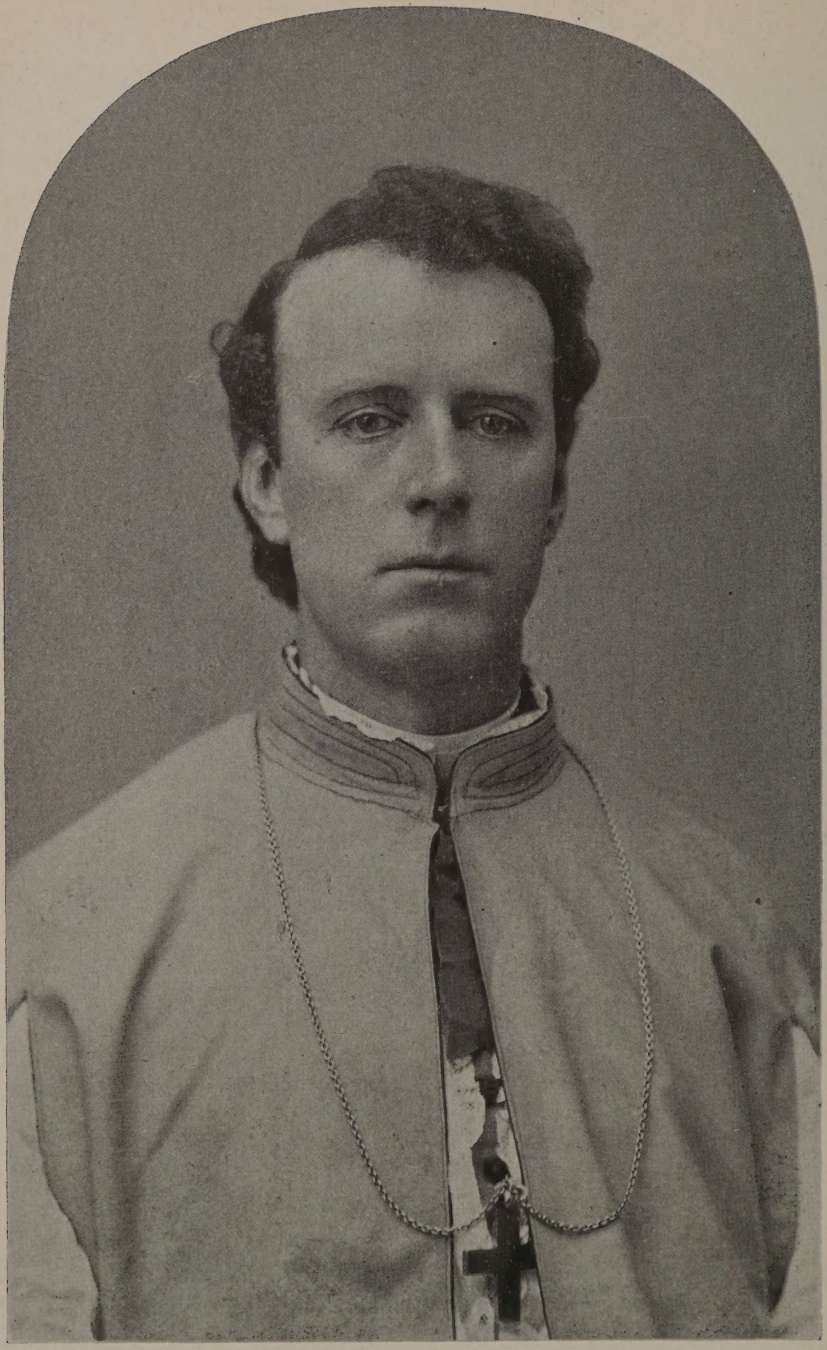
Here are a few facts concerning the lives of these important emissaries who come to our country in the interest of peace:

Mr. Wolmarans is a son of one of the representatives of the Transvaal State at the Convention in 1852, when the independence of the Republic was recognized by England. In 1881 Mr. Wolmarans was District Commander of the Burgher Force. At the time of his appointment as Peace Envoy, he was a member of the Executive Council of the South African Republic and one of the Republic's most prominent and able men. He is a man of most pleasing manners and distinguished appearance.

Hon. Abraham Fischer was born in Cape Colony, educated in England and graduated there as a Barrister of Law. Subsequently, he took a full course in Dutch Law in Holland. He practiced his profession in Cape Colony, and later removed to Bloemfontein where he has been a constant friend of the Boers and has gained their complete confidence. He was a Representative of one of the election districts and was finally elected a member of the Executive Council of the Orange Free State, and during the administration of President Steyn is one of the most trusted officials in matters relative to the present war, having served with Mr. Wolmarans on various commissions in that connection.

Hon. C. H. Wessels was born in the Orange Free State and was educated at Gray College in Bloemfontein. He was for the last sixteen years a representative in one of the border election districts close to Kimberley. He has served long as a member of the Executive Council until he was elected Chairman of the Orange Free State Volksraad (Congress), which office he has held three consecutive terms. He is one of the directors of the National Bank of the Orange Free State, and has served on every important committee in the Republic, including the membership of the Commission on War in the present conflict. All these gentlemen were strongly in favor of a closer union between the Republics, and they come to the United States vested with the full confidence of the two governments which they represent.

THE BOER ENVOYS.



MOST REV. PATRICK W. RIORDAN, D.D.

See opposite page.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Archdiocese of San Francisco has taken an active part in placing before the public the true state of affairs in the Philippines. The Archbishop, Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, D.D., is to be congratulated on the splendid service his priests have rendered in the cause of truth and the interests of the Church. It will be remembered that early in the fall of 1899, Rev. Edward P. Dempsey of St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, instituted a crusade against the desecration of Church property in the Philippines, and his indignant protest against the display and barter of such property in the city of San Francisco brought public censure on the guilty parties, and in no small measure defeated the purpose of the sacrilegious thieves.

And now Rev. Joseph P. McQuaid and Rev. J. M. Gleason, also of San Francisco, are being quoted all over the country for their spirited defence of Philippine institutions, and outspoken condemnation of the misleading, if not malicious, testimony of some recent visitors. Father McQuaid says:

"It is the height of audacity for such as Worcester, whose tripping to and from the Philippines is more of the nature of a pleasure jaunt, enhanced by the fat salary and incidentals of a commission, and Bishop Potter, who, accustomed to New York velvet, endured the heat of Manila just four days, under the watchful eye of his friend, companion, keeper and guardian—Mr. Percy Grant—for such to cast aspersions on the friars. For what do they know of sacrifices, of exile self imposed, of lives spent unselfishly in the cause of Christ?"

And here is Father Gleason's testimony to the character of the Filipinos and the Filipino priest, and incidentally a pathetic reference to the results of the outrages perpetrated by the volunteers:

"I found numbers of the natives who speak only their own dialect. Scores of them were dying of beri-heri and dangue fever. I reported to the Archbishop the fact that there was no priest with these people, and immediately one was sent, with about twenty miles radius. The priest is a Filipino, and a very fine character.

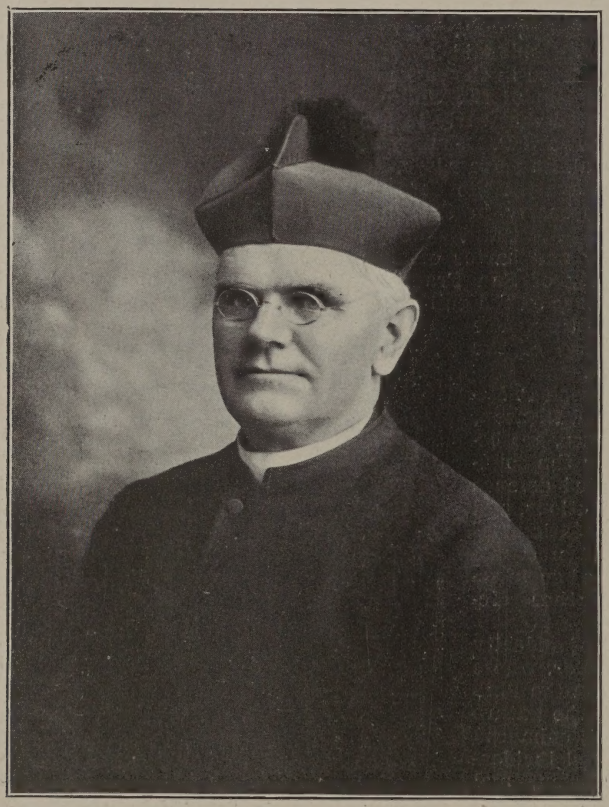
"Poor as these natives were they took up a collection for him of about $40 (Mexican) to repair the floor damaged by volunteer soldiers, and to put in a wooden tabernacle door in place of the silver and gold one worth $800 (Mexican), also stolen by U. S. Volunteers."

RT. REV. ALBERT PASCAL, O.M.I.

Many persons wonder what good can be accomplished by the collection of old stamps. Here, at least, is one noble charity that can be assisted in this simple way. Bishop Albert Pascal, O. M. I., has sent out an appeal seconding the admirable work of Rev. Edward M. Courbis, O. M. I., missionary in Prince Albert, Saskat., N. W. T., Canada, where he is in charge of St. Patrick's orphanage, which shelters the poor unfortunate children of that diocese. All can contribute to this work by sending old stamps; every little helps. They may address in the States the Monastery of St. Clare, 29th and Hamilton streets, Omaha, Neb., where the sisters will cheerfully help and correspond with the orphanage.

Father Courbis writes in regard to his work:

"I am a poor missionary in the Saskatchewan district, a very poor part of the country, very cold, and unprovided with help. We have here an humble orphanage which shelters the poor unfortunate children of this country, so far removed from human aid and who would otherwise perish in soul and body. I need scarcely tell you of the poverty of my little flock, who come to us half naked and starving; our wooden house is small and uncomfortable, and having no furniture for this institution of charity, my little ones sleep on the floor, I myself among them. Our distress is very great and we often want the sunshine of human charity to keep body and soul together."



REV. THOMAS A. HENDRICK.

The appointment of Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, Rector of St. Bridget's church, Rochester, N. Y., as Regent of the University of the State of New York, to suc-

ceed Rev. Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, deceased, has been confirmed by legislative approval at Albany. Father Hendrick is one of the best known priests of

REV. WALTER J. SHANLEY.

the Empire State, and has been identified with many movements for the advancement of the people of his native diocese.

He was born in Penn Yan, and is a graduate of St. John's College, Fordham. For many years he has been pastor of St. Bridget's church, Rochester. He has been the head of the Rochester society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and has taken an active part in work for the abolition of abuses among pawnbrokers and money lenders to the poor. In association with a Protestant clergyman of New York, he started, recently, an American Mont de Piete,

which is the first of the kind in the United States, though such institutions have been working for over three-quarters of a century in France, where they are directly under government supervision.

Father Hendrick is known as a brilliant writer, a deep student and an active philanthropist.

Last year he celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination, a memorable event in the history of the Catholic church of Rochester.

REV. JOHN C. SINNETT.

Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, is widely known for the firm stand he has taken against the liquor traffic, and as president of the C. T. A. U. of Connecticut he has rendered invaluable aid in promoting temperance. The growth of the Cathedral Lyceum, an organization of Catholic young men, is a proof of Father Shanley's skill in organizing and promoting movements tending to the advancement of his people. Under his fostering supervision, membership increased so rapidly that in 1895, a year after the Lyceum was founded, it was deemed advisable to erect a building for lyceum purposes, and shortly the corner stone was laid in the presence of a large concourse of people. Here the members have a suitable place to spend their evenings, and varied amusements are afforded. The purpose of the founder was the moral, intellectual and physical development of the members; to strengthen them in their religion; to make them good citizens and useful members of society. Courses of lectures have been established and classes have been formed in draughting, free hand drawing and vocal music.

Father Shanley is one of the leading orators of the diocese, and that his eloquence is much appreciated is shown by the large audiences attracted by him. Among the clergymen of Connecticut there is no more earnest or zealous worker than he, and his labors among the poor of the parish have won for him their confidence and esteem.

During his residence in the Northwest Rev. John C. Sinnett became widely acquainted, and is today probably better-known and has more warm friends in the West than any other clergyman who has ever lived in that part of Canada. He is, indeed, truly an ideal priest, an able exponent of the doctrines of the Church of Christ, preaching always of love and peace and ever ceaselessly striving to bring spiritual comfort and contentment to those entrusted to his care. Hundreds there are, scattered over the broad, bleak prairie, who will shed a bitter tear and heave a heavy sigh when the news reaches them that the good Father, who so zealously worked for their spiritual welfare and who was ever ready and deeply solicitous to make happy the humblest homes, has been chosen for duty in South Africa.

Rev. Father Sinnett was born in 1856, at Edgetown, Ont., where his relatives still reside. He was educated at the Jesuit college, Fordham, N. Y., and was ordained priest at Three Rivers, Quebec, in 1887.

There are, unfortunately, few Irish priests in Canada, west of Lake Superior, and each year upon the occasion of the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, from every parish in the west which contained a handful of the sons of Ireland, there was a desire to have Father Sinnett preach the panegyric of St. Patrick.

Father Sinnett is an earnest, able and eloquent preacher—he was one of the most popular speakers in western Canada—and notwithstanding his very busy life, he found time to lecture and preach from time to time at Brandon, Rat Portage, Winnipeg and other points in Manitoba and across the line in North Dakota.

The reports cabled from English sources gave glowing accounts of Her Majesty's reception in Ireland, but failed

to note the undercurrent of strong feeling among the masses of the Irish people. The United Irishman newspaper was seized because o Maude Gonne's famous philippic. Following this came Editor William O'Brien's notable address in his paper, The Irish People. Among other things Mr. O'Brien said:

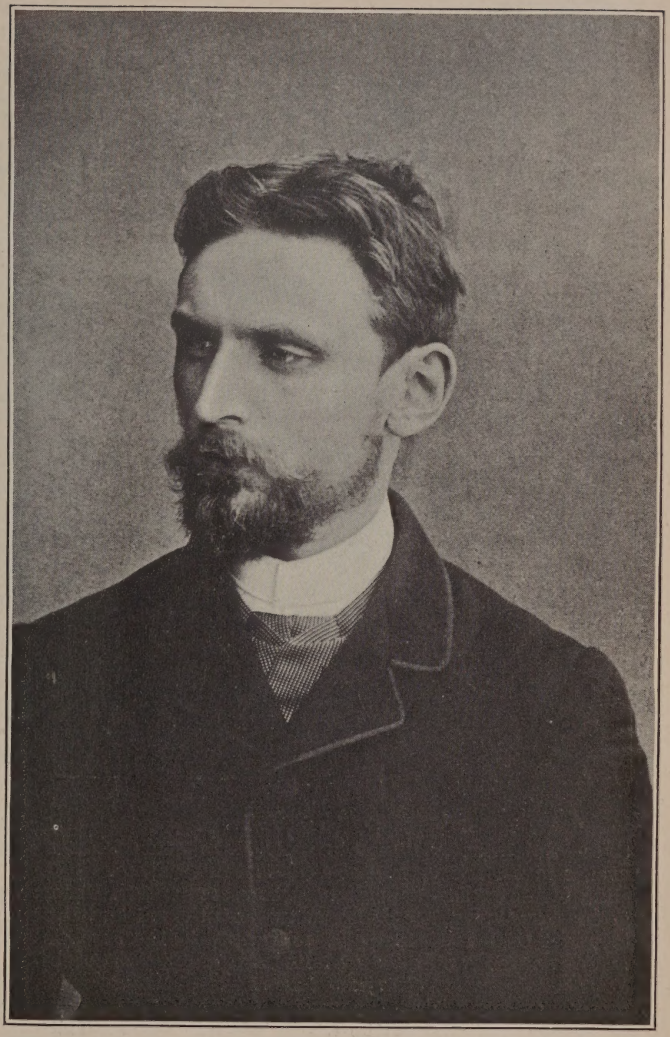
"As inhabitants of that portion of your empire called Ireland, we venture to lay some plain and incontrovertible facts before you on this most auspicious occasion, feeling that as we are compelled to pay our share of the taxes that maintain your crown and dignity and enable you to wage your wars, we are as well entitled to claim your royal attention as any seekers after notice or title who up to the present worried your august ear.

"Every strip of gaudy bunting which met your eyes on the long road from Dunleary to the viceregal lodge lied to you all unconsciously. Every man and woman who subscribed towards the cost of thus decking a few of the streets of Dublin helped to deceive you. For, though you abide for the time on Irish soil, we humbly beg to assure your most gracious majesty that you are not in Ireland. You would never know the suffering stricken Ireland, which, out of her agony and poverty gave the Dublin Fusiliers and Connaught Rangers to your empire—and to destruction—were you to breathe the atmosphere of the mock court of this city for a hundred years.

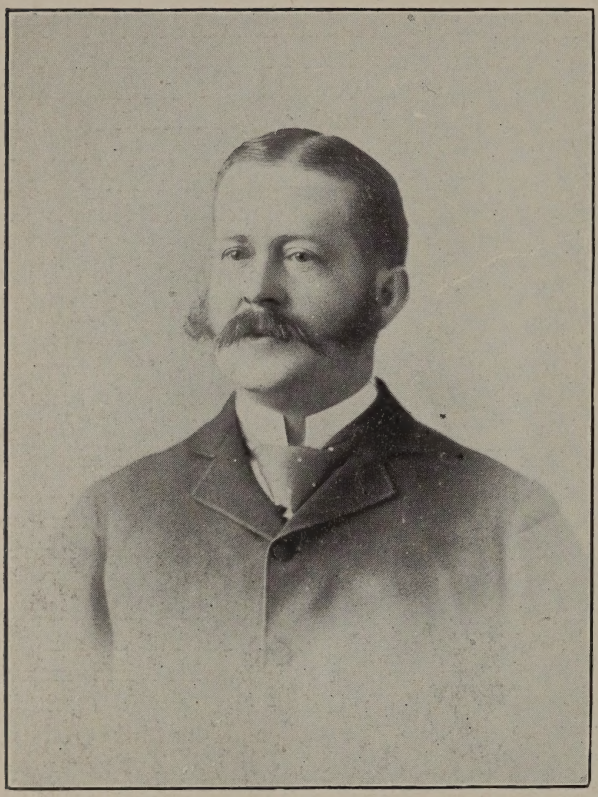
"Ireland, as your majesty ought to know, is not a land of cringing flunkeys and howling, expectant slaves.

"No less than 1,500,000 of the people of this little island died of famine—may it please your majesty, fell down and died for want of even the coarsest food that ever was produced by the soil—during your occupancy of the throne of 'this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Now, 1,500,000 are not to be found today in all our cities and towns and hamlets.

"Can your majesty's tender heart feel for the lot of the poor emigrant—the helpless 'wanderer o'er the world's highway'—who is obliged to leave his own country, his home, his friends and rela-



WILLIAM O'BRIEN, EDITOR "THE IRISH PEOPLE."



CHARLES V. DASEY.

tives—the father and mother who love him, and all the dear associations that cling to his heart—and take his chances of earning the exile's black, bitter bread amongst cold and cruel and contemptuous strangers thousands of miles away? Your most gracious majesty has daughters—therefore you can, perhaps, realize in some small degree the agony of the humble Irish mother who sees the train bear away the pride of her little home—the fair, pure girl who should be the comfort and mainstay of her declining years—to seek servitude amongst the teeming thousands of the great cities of the New World. Mayhap your majesty can even imagine how that poor Irish mother's soul is filled by day and night with a terrible, haunting fear for the loved one in New York, or Chicago or San Francisco, who has no shield against the dangers of a grim and treacherous world, but her own innocence and the innate virtue of an Irish heart."

Mr. Charles V. Dasey of Boston has obtained from Pope Leo a notable privilege for the forthcoming American pilgrimage of Knights of Columbus. He has secured a special audience for the Americans from the Holy Father, besides other favors at the Vatican. Mr. Dasey is one of Boston's leading citizens, always taking a prominent part in the social, political and mercantile life of his native city.

Mr. Dasey was born in Boston and educated in the public schools. He went into business as a clerk in the importing house of V. Azarian & Co., and was later with the house of Joseph Isaigi & Co. In 1879 he began in the steamship business for himself, and has been successful in that line ever since.

Mr. Dasey was a member of the original Board of Trustees for the Children's Institutions of the City of Boston, and was especially active in the movement defining the policy of the board in placing children in homes of the same religious faith as their parents professed. He is Consul of the Netherlands for New England;—has served on the Democratic State Committee—is a member of the Charitable Irish Society, of which he was president—is State Treasurer for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and is a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Eliot School Association and Royal Arcanum.

EDITOR TOM.

BY HELEN G. MARIE.

The Editor of The Trumpet was in a brown study. It was a half-holiday with him, as it always was on the day of the weekly issue of the "newsiest, cleanest and brightest weekly in the County," so he was enjoying it with his heels as high as his head, and a cloud of tobacco smoke enveloping him like a fog.

Another man would have been out enjoying the Indian Summer atmosphere, that was as soft as June, and the magnificent autumnal glory of the famous hills about him; but there he sat and smoked and smoked until he almost disappeared from view, like Wouter Von Twiller of old, famed for smoking and Dutch philosophy.

Any one knowing the versatile and genial editor of The Trumpet would wonder what in Creation was the matter with "Tom,"—so everyone called him,—to make his jolly face so serious and his merry eyes so grave as he sat tip-tilted in his editorial chair, with his hands in his pockets, and his thoughts—well, we'll come to them later.

Were you ever in an editorial sanctum, gentle reader? No! Then I'll introduce you to the Trumpet's. Imagine a long, low room, sixty by twenty feet in dimensions, two-thirds of it occupied by a printing press and a folding machine, packing boxes, workmen, litters of papers, cobwebs, dust, grime, and a couple of printer's "devils"; the outer third separated by a four-foot barricade of boxes, books and papers, is the "Editorial department." A big table and a bigger safe bisect this sacred precinct into even smaller quarters, for, though editors are the hubs of the wheels that keep newspapers going, the centres around which all things revolve, and from which all strength radiates, still they are always crowded into the least space possible. There on one side sits the big Treasurer and Business Manager seven feet tall (he always looks crowded though ever good-natured) and the bookkeeper; on the other, Editor Tom, five feet four inches tall, and about the same length around; for which description he'll never forgive me.

There is, always and ever, on the editorial table, that satisfactory chaos of papers so delightful to a man's soul, and so distressing to a woman's. Newspapers, heaped high and scattered over, under, and on all sides of the table; ink-bottles, in various sizes and shapes thickly encrusted with dried fluid, by the dozen; pens in every state of exasperating scratchiness, splutteriness, and, to use Editor Tom's original phraseology at times, "cussed damness." All these things, and letters, heaps from correspondents and heaps from would-be poets, editors and literary aspirants, are all on the Editor's table, as well as the Editor's feet.

In that sacred sanctum, where the fate of nations is disposed of with the dash of a pen, and reputations are made and unmade by quills and ink-bottles, dust reigns supreme, and spiders have the most extensive manufactories and finest display of wares to be found anywhere in the world except in potato bins and chicken houses.

There, in that realm of disorder and dust and dinginess (the floor is rarely swept and the big windows never cleaned), there, I say, with the noise of printing presses in one ear, and the roar and rattle of the busy city in the other, the Editor sits day in and day out writing about politics and religion and domestic peace and harmony,—or domestic war and misery,—as times and events demand, or as gossip and scandal and social affairs and public abuses make journalistic grist for him.

Now, Editor Tom was the ablest journalist in his end of the state. He possessed the rare genius of making an interesting article out of the most common-place incident, giving it a glorifying touch by the magic of his poetic sense; idealizing into the realm of pathos even the character of a most vicious and bellicose dog he owned (in hope he might be able to get rid of him), and the domestic qualities of his nearest neighbor's operatic cat (thinking to thus deceive them as to the culprit who threw a quart bottle and a boot-jack at her only the night before).

The Republican candidates feared his satirical pen more than the whole Democratic party, and the demagogues of either side hated him with all the spite and spleen of anarchy; but that didn't trouble his peaceful dreams in the least. It was said of him, "He is a good man to have on your side, but the very devil against you."

He loved nature and had an artist's soul that could paint on the canvas of one's imagination beautiful bits of summer-time landscapes, and the opalescent witchery of vacation seas, that made pleasant oases in the dreary drudgeries of editorial existence, and through the bright columns of The Trumpet, lent reflected beauty unto many grey lives. He was witty, wise and good-natured; had been a kind husband, indulgent father and generous provider. Why is it that nearly all good-natured men get slip-shod wives of the Gummidge type? Perhaps because if bad-natured men got them there would be more crimes committed. It seems to me, however, a woman of that stamp is never improved by kindness. Severity is the only cure for laziness.

That had been Editor Tom's lot in life: A whining, unkempt, good-for-nothing, pretty wife, and a houseful of hobble-de-hoy children, who inherited the father's good-nature and intelligence, and the mother's go-as-you-please-do-nothingness and rose-leaf complexion. Another man would have "gone to the dogs" wholesale. Editor Tom went only by installments and only for a time. After experiencing the beatitude of several prolonged seasons of "jaggery," as he would say, he, like the sensible man he was, called a halt to this downward career and took an inventory of physical and moral capital, as well as of mental "stocks," and, finding that all were on a shaky basis, without any weak parleying with temptation, he made up his mind that he would be master of himself "just for the fun of victory," and he began the battle at once. He was victorious as any man can be, who has the "sand" in him that Editor Tom had. It is only the weak-minded and the weak-willed, the selfish or the cowardly who permit themselves to be willing slaves to the rule of appetite, or the blarneying of dissipated friends.

For years this man had spent his energies and his affections upon this ill-kept and thankless household of

his, who simply looked upon him as "Dad," the man who supplied their wants and never scolded (it would have been far better if he had), and then his wife died,—some said of inanition, but he said "heart failure." "Poor girl! She suffered from it so long," he said in tenderest sympathy and most guileless honesty.

Well, she died with every comfort surrounding her, and two nurses in attendance, and a truly sorrowing husband mourning her. Editor Tom was one of those men who never forget the young love of their hearts, who keep it ever green and fresh under the sheltering cover of their transparent natures, as we have seen forest greenery under globes of crystal. He loved the pretty girl he married in youthful days, and death but made her come back to him in girlish gracefulness, to the utter oblivion of the unlovely "other woman," who had evolved from her, as we have seen an unsightly weed develop from a pretty green shoot.

She was dead for some years, and the children with her. On this day we find him in solitary meditation and tobacco smoke, and perhaps his thoughts were living over the past;—but we haven't got to them yet.

By and by the machinery begins to clack and hum with the peculiarities of printing house cogs and wheels; the "devils" scrap with each other after the manner of those lanky, grimy and generally half-witted aspirants to journalistic honors, but the Editor never stirred from his position, even though a big ball of paper, thrown by an impish hand, narrowly escaped hitting him in the back. His pipe was smoked out, but in his absent-mindedness he still puffed at it, oblivious to the fact. Men at times do such things.

"A penny for your thoughts," said a pleasant voice behind him, which brought him in a trice, back to the world of reality, and posture of politeness, for the speaker was a woman.

"They would be worth far more than that—for I was thinking of you," was the gallant response, while holding her hand cordially. "Think of angels, you know. Well, sit down. Not over there, sit here;" and a heap of papers were tipped off a chair near his own, which the visitor took with the unconstrained ease of simple friendship, smiling meanwhile at his sudden animation.

"Well, and of what were you thinking regarding me? I am really curious," with an interested questioning in the brown eyes turned upon him.

"Wouldn't you like to know now? but I won't tell you all—just at present. Later, perhaps. Among other things I was thinking you ought to write fiction. What do you think about it?"

"Fiction! What in the world makes you think I could write fiction? Mercy, No! I haven't the first qualification; besides I wouldn't!"

"You wouldn't! Why?"

"Well, in the first place, there are too many writing it. It makes one dizzy, just to run over the list of novelists. The number of their books is legion. It really seemed to me that all they need do is to turn a crank of some kind, and novels come out at the end like Frankfurters—whole strings of them. No, indeed; that field of writing (I won't call it literature) is overrun with laborers, and such laborers! May the good Lord forbid I should ever add to the number of many so-called novelists! There is enough harm done to the world by the poison they pour out for it without my

adding to their crimes," and she spread out her hands deprecatingly, adding, "No thank you."

"But that is just the point I want to get at. You don't need to write this trash that is doing so much harm; one could never connect you, even in thought with such stuff." (She thanked him with a parenthetic bow.) "But you could write bright, breezy, healthy fiction, that would do folks good and make them better, as a walk in the green fields and summer woods where flowers bloom and birds sing does any one good, who has anything of soul left in him. Wait now until I get through, then you can have your say. You can do this, I know you can; and you will make more money at it than if you wrote moral essays and critical dissertations to the end of Kingdom Come! And it's money you want, isn't it?"

"Well, yes; I do want money," she acknowledged with a smile and a sigh; "but not bad enough to make me pander to a vitiated public taste, which craves sensationalism, and infidelity in religion and morals, and other evil etceteras, which are the 'make-up' of popular novels nowadays. Rather than make money by trafficing in such moral poison I pray God I may have the courage to keep to 'critical dissertation and moral essay,' and eat the simple fare of present economy, dwelling in my 'sky parlor,' even as I do in enforced contentment to the end of Kingdom Come!"

He laughed; for he expected all this and was delighted, manlike, at making the sparks fly off her intellect; besides he always enjoyed watching the varied expression of the bright face and the brown eyes that were always "speaking to you," even when the earnest tongue was silent, an enjoyment she didn't even guess at.

"Nevertheless, I think you could write fiction that people would read and that magazines would buy," he continued. "I do things of this sort myself, as recreation, that bring money, and you can do even better I am sure of it. Now I want you to think it over, and go to work at it, will you? You know, I would like to see you make money. You have spent all you had on others, and, by and by, you will need enough to make you comfortable in old age, since, I suppose, you would never marry a man no matter how much he wanted you, nor how glad he would be to look after you and make you happy? You hard-hearted, unapproachable woman you! Will you?"

It was a quick transition of thought with a curious ending; but she understood (she always understood him and he understood her), so she answered with a smile, that had a touch of new softness in it ('twas so good to feel the warmth of a friendship like this!), "All right, I will; only I don't think I will be able for it. There must be love in it, of course, and" (with a comic expression of doubt ruffling up her broad forehead) "how am I to tell anything about that? Poor, lone, lorn creetur that I am!"

At which they both laughed. They were like relatives, these two; at least they thought so, or she did. So he answered without looking at her this time, as he was turning over some papers with sudden interest. "Who knows but before the story is written, even that stony heart of yours may feel the gentle passion, and your eyes will be in fine phrensy rolling. By the

way, Helen, you have mighty fine eyes, only of course you won't believe me. You never will believe me, even when I am in dead earnest"; with comic ruefulness.

"Well, sir, that's the punishment of professional jokers. Like 'Punchinello, poor fellow,' no one ever thinks of you as being serious, even though your heart might be breaking. But, aren't we getting into deep waters? and I almost forgetting the business that brought me! How would you like an essay or an article on popular education? It has seemed to me for a long time that our school system is rather lacking in a few things, particularly moral training, and I want to get at educationists and give them and the whole system a generous piece of my mind. The way that children are being trained nowadays is something dreadful. No morality, no respect for age or parentage, or authority of any kind; just exercises in mental gymnastics and crammed to death with a lot of useless 'Lumber.' No wonder that jails and insane asylums are on the increase, and that the vast majority of criminals at Sing Sing are educated men, as I suppose they are in every prison. It's heart-sickening!"

"Sure!" said Editor Tom, laconically, "but what are you going to do about it? Religion is the only power to increase morality, and that cannot be taught in our schools; there would be no end of rows if it was. Do you know, I have been thinking the same thoughts you have been thinking for some time, and I don't know but that the Catholics are about right in their ideas of education, after all, however much we may disagree with them about other things. They believe in moral training daily, even hourly, and, by George, it's necessary! Religion, right religion, must be taught daily and often, for the people of clay don't look upward by preference; we are of the earth earthy,—more apt to crawl among low things, than to climb on high—unless the proper supports are supplied for our vine-like natures. "Go ahead, my dear! pitch into the pedagogues, if you want to, and just leave the ministers to me. Some of these days I'll give them a bit of my mind on this war talk and political bombast and sensationalism generally, that they give us instead of religion. You would think the whole blamed pack of them were political wire-pullers instead of ministers of the Gospel. "Gospel! (he repeated the word with the biting sarcasm that made him feared) the only 'Gospel' some of them believe in is place, salary and notoriety! Just look at that!" and he tossed a heap of yellow manuscripts over to her,—"That's the Rev. Dr. Babcock's last Sunday sermon on 'Expansion and the doctrine of Grab.' The darned jack-ass! If he only had common sense, which he hasn't, he would shut up about those "ignorant Filipinos," who are known as being in the main an educated and intelligent people, and talk about charity being exercised at home! These blatting pulpiteers ought to be gathered together in a company by themselves and put into the foremost front of battle, where the fire is hottest; we would soon see what kind of patriotism there is in them! Those ministerial gods won't even take the trouble to write plainly. They have the all-fired 'cheek' to send in their balderdash for publication, written in that kind of style! Huh! Why, the hieroglyphic work on Cleopatra's needle is dead easy compared with it. If I sent that up to the compositor he would leave

on the spot, so I have to re-write it, but I'll get even with them! See if I don't!" and he banged the "copy" into the table drawer, and turned once more to his laughing companion. Looking at her over his glasses, and then through them, to make sure he wasn't mistaken, he asked abruptly, "What have you been doing to yourself lately? It seems to me you look rather worn out. Working over time hey?" "A little! Those court reports had to be finished, and of course midnight oil had to be burned."

"Of course," assented Helen, with exasperating sweetness.

"And now, to improve matters you want to plunge into an essay on 'Education,' forsooth, instead of going out and taking a good long walk in this fine October air! It's just like you! but I won't allow it. No! Education will continue to go on in its evil ways a day longer, for I am going to take you for a ramble. Not a word, now! You need it, I need it, we both need it—so come along!" He had got into walking trim by this time, by flinging off his office coat and getting into a better looking one; and, as he could be peremptory with this "occasional correspondent" of The Trumpet, at times, she (though a most independent and reserved woman with men in general) arose docilely enough and walked out with him;—and he wasn't a bad looking fellow at all; rather handsome and distinguished, in spite of his rotundity.

The big Treasurer glanced at the bookkeeper, who glanced back at him a comprehensive smile, and said: "Looks like it eh?" "Shouldn't wonder," was the reply; while the "devils" had diversion for the rest of the day in mimicking the various attitudinal changes that came over Editor Tom, during his interview with Miss Barton, and the alacrity with which he walked off with her. Even the half-witted imps had "caught on."

They were not a romantic pair by any means (I refer here to Editor Tom and his companion). They were middle-aged people, friends who understood and liked each other sincerely. They had tastes in common, dispositions of just the right degree of "unlikeness" and "likeness" which Emerson declares, with truth, is so necessary to make friendship solid, and lasting. They had both worked and labored for others through the noon-time of life, had loved and suffered and mourned over dear ones, and buried their dead, and outlived grief; or, rather, had learned to think without pain of the past; and, now, in the early afternoon of life, as the sun of existence began to slope towards the horizon, even as the October sun just ahead of them, they found themselves alone in the world, with all ties broken, save this golden one of friendship, that each prized with all the generosity of an earnest, honest, upright soul. Such natures as these two possessed lifted friendship into the beautiful ideal of the Seer of Concord. "It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution."

This man of fifty and this woman of forty, walking along in the suburbs of the city, reflected in their hearts the pathos and the glory of the dying year. In both there were withered hopes and ideals, like the leaves under foot; in both there were green branches of ambition amid the after-

math splendor of their kindly natures, —like the gold and scarlet brilliance of the maples overhead. There was no nonsense in either of them; and that is saying much. Certainly, there was none in the dignified earnestness of Miss Barton's truthful character. If there was any of this masculine propensity in Editor Tom, he kept it away from her knowledge. It wouldn't be safe to be caught at it.

"If there is anything I despise, it's those flattering insincerities which men think it necessary to pour into a woman's ear," she was wont to say. "I think it such a treat to meet with a man with whom you can converse, as you would with your brother, without fear of any such trifling."

Now, Helen Barton, though a woman of forty, was a most attractive one, but you could never make her believe it. She had been too absorbed in her self-sacrificing life-work of caring for the weaker ones of her family to entertain much vanity. It is true, she knew she wasn't at all ugly. Her magnificent red gold hair, worn in smooth braids about her shapely head, and her beautiful eyes of brown, loudly declaimed against that charge; but she knew her nose and mouth were not at all lovely and that her skin was far from being satin. What she didn't know was, that her life of noble devotion to duty and forgetfulness of self had impressed a charm upon her countenance far beyond rose-leaf loveliness and Grecian perfection. She was the kind of woman who grows lovelier under life's evening shadow, as some flowers only blossom into bloom as the late sunshine kisses them.

As these two walked along the quiet road, she looking for belated gentians, he looking at her, the thought came to him with sudden conviction, that now or never would be the best time to settle a matter that had bothered him for some time, and, being a man of action, as well as of expedients (he was an editor remember) he became suddenly fatigued as a convenient log came in sight around a turn of the road, which he speedily utilized, saying: "Sit down, Helen, I want to talk to you."

"What else have you been doing for the last two hours?" was the astonished reply. But she sat down, "Well, why don't you begin?" for he was silent, curiously silent, all at once, and there was an unaccustomed gravity about his eyes and mouth that startled her somewhat. Yes, and silenced her as well.

There was a moment of tension, and then he turned quickly and looked directly into her eyes. "Helen, I want you to marry me. Oh, now, you needn't fall off the log! for if you do, I'll have to pick you up, and you know you wouldn't like anyone to come along just about then," and he laughed. "I want you to marry me, and let me take care of you (the Lord knows, it's about time someone took care of you, or you'll kill yourself), and I can't take care of you unless you marry me. See? Hush, now! I've got the floor, so you wait a minute until I get through. I'll never get my courage up to sticking point again, if I stop. I want you, Helen; want you so badly that, if you won't come,— well, I won't kill myself nor do anything very dreadful (it's only in hot-headed youth and trashy novels such things happen), but life will be very much harder to bear"; and he sighed. "I have let myself dream of having you in my home, as my home-maker, such as I know you would be, Helen:

a companion, a friend, a comforter,—my "better-half" in all reality; so that, if you won't agree to it,—well, I'll have to go off for a while, and fight the battle away from you." Again he sighed heavily, but she remained silent and he went on.

"I haven't much to offer you, I know. An old hulk of a body, to be sure, but then, there is a good deal of affection left in the heart inside of it yet. Now, then—will you? Speak out at once, and end a fellow's misery, Helen! It's better to let me know at once,—only, after all, may be it's better to let you think of it. So I'll just walk up the road as far as that big tree, and by the time I get back you can make up your mind. Now, don't be rash in saying 'no' or 'yes.' Look the matter square in the face, for it's no rose-colored dream to marry me, I can tell you! I shall want to be petted and coaxed and sympathised with and even 'bossed.' I shall certainly want to quarrel with you every day; and,—well I will want you to be very happy." He started off quickly at that, then stopped. "One thing more, my lady, I shall want to eat my Thanksgiving dinner in my own house. I am tired of hotels!" and off he went, like the sensible widower he was, leaving Miss Barton to "think" about it.

It had been sudden, even shocking to her, for the idea never presented itself before, and yet, some way, it didn't repel her in the least. She liked him so sincerely, and trusted him so utterly. Their friendship had been so simple and genuine, so free from any thought, upon her side, of this startling climax, that, naturally, the surprise overwhelmed her. However, it would be rather hard to say anything to him to hurt his feelings; and yet she wasn't sure if it was wise to say 'yes.'

Marriage to her was a very serious affair, and she had seen so many unhappy homes, Editor Tom's in particular, that her sensitive soul shrank from it with unutterable dread. As the thought of his domestic infelicity came back to her, however, and his patience and forbearance through it all a great pity rose up within her, and—

"Well, Helen, what is it to be? Aye or No?" he was standing beside her, a little pale, but very resolute.

After a minute's pause, that seemed an hour to him, she lifted her bowed head from her hands, looked up at him, and said, very quietly, "Yes, Tom."

MAY DAY OLD WORLD CUSTOMS, FESTIVITIES, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

"May is come, and May is flying;
Spring is here, and Spring is dying;
Shout a welcome, frank and flowing;
Say Farewell! for she is going."
HOWITT.

Is it any wonder that the ancients made merry and held a festival in honor of the goddess Flora? In all ages and all countries the beginning of May has been a festive time. The Roman Festival in honor of Flora commenced on the twenty-eighth of April and lasted three days. The people wore garlands of flowers, and carried about with them branches of newly-budded trees. In Ostia the young men uprooted entire trees from the forests and set them up in front of the houses occupied by the ladies they desired to honor. The forests were in danger of destruction, and so an order was issued that only one tree, or single shaft, should be set up, and from this perhaps arose the more modern custom of the May-pole.

In ancient Britain the Druids had a festival lasting from the end of April to the third day of May, in honor of the god Bel, the Baal, the Apollo, the Orsus of other pagan mythologies. The Celts called this festival Beltein, or Beltane, meaning Baal's fire. As Bel, or Baal, really signified lord, or supreme, it is easy to see the similarity of the worship to that of the Phœnicians. Fire was looked upon as the earthly symbol of the sun.

The eve of Beltane day the people allowed their fires to go out, and on May morning the priests met on a hill dedicated to the sun, and obtained fire from heaven. When this fire was obtained, sacrifices were offered, and the people danced round the sacrificial fires with shoutings until the offerings were consumed; after that they received portions of the fire with which to re-kindle their hearths for another twelve months. All over Britain and Ireland fires were lighted on cairns or mounds of stones on May morning.

Though Christianity banished the worship of Baal, the customs arising out of the old festival have been continued until very recently. In Ireland as late as the middle of the present century, and it may be even later in some parts, it was the custom to kindle fires in milking yards on the first of May, and men, women and children leaped through the flames, and the cattle were driven through in order to avert evil influences. The peasantry quenched their peat fires on the last day of April and rekindled them the next morning.

The Scotch continued the custom of making a fire and driving the cattle through it on the first of May until the year 1810. In some parts of Scotland a frolic took place until very recently called "The sacrifice to Baal."

In the Church records of the Parish of Callender, in Perthshire, is preserved an account of the custom as practised one hundred years ago. All the boys in the town met on the moor at daybreak on May the first. They

cut a table on the green sod, of a round shape, to hold the whole company. They then kindled a large fire, and prepared a repast of eggs and milk of the consistence of custard. They next kneaded a cake of oatmeal, which they baked at the fire on a stone. After the custard was all eaten they divided the cake into portions of equal size so that there would be one piece for each person participating. One of the pieces was blackened with charcoal, then all were put in a bonnet, and each person, blindfolded, drew a piece, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the one that was left. The one who drew the blackened piece was called the "sacrifice to Baal," whose favor the people implored for man and beast. The sacrifice had then to leap through the flames three times. While this custom had become a mere frolic for boys there were living, writes the clerical author of the records, men whose grandfathers said that in their youth only men were allowed to participate. Thus we see the ancient human sacrifices offered to Baal surviving in the amusements of the people as late as the year 1800.

In Notes and Queries for 1853 there is an account of a peculiar May day custom observed in the South of England. A clergyman thus describes it:

"At the village of Holne, situated on one of the spurs of Dartmoor, is a field of about two acres, called the ploy, or play field, and belonging to the parish. In the centre of the field is a granite pillar about six feet high. At daybreak on May morning, the young men of the village assemble there, and then proceed to the moor, where they select a ram lamb, and after running it down, bring it in triumph to the ploy field, fasten it to the pillar, cut its throat, and roast it whole, skin, wool, etc. At mid-day, a struggle takes place, at the risk of cut hands, for a slice, it being supposed to confer luck for the ensuing year on the fortunate devourer. As an act of gallantry, in high esteem among the females, the young men fight their way through the crowd to get a slice for their chosen among the young women, all of whom, in their best dresses, attend ram feast, as it is called. Dancing, wrestling and other games, assisted by copious libations of cider during the afternoon, prolong the festivities till midnight. Whether the custom described by this clergyman is a relic of Sun worship or merely founded on some long forgotten tradition will never be known, yet the mystic pillar, the ram and fire seem to favor the idea of the old worship of Baal.

A belief, dating back several centuries before Christ, that on the early morning ofMay-day, before fires were lighted, nature gave forth certain purifying elixirs in the dew, is prevalent to the present day in many parts of England.

A writer in the 17th century says that, "young ladies and even grave matrons repaired to the fields to gather May-dew with which to beautify their complexions; milkmaids also danced in the streets with their pails wreathed with garlands, and a fiddler before them."

Ferguson refers to this belief in the power of May-dew to preserve the skin from wrinkles, and give a healthy glow to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes, in his poem commencing:

"On May day in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring,
Frae grass the caller dew to wring,
To wet their een;
And water clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean."

Pepys, writing in 1667, says: "My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there tonight, and so gather May-dew tomorrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it."

There is another superscription connected with May-dew. It is said that witch power is conferred on the gatherer, and protection given against the evil eye.

To be seen in a field at day-break that morning, renders the person seen an object of fear. The good people of Ballater, in the north of Scotland, tell, with all seriousness, a story of a farmer who, on the first of May discovered two old women in one of his fields, drawing a hair rope along the grass. On being seen they fled. The farmer secured the rope, took it home with him, and hung it in the cow shed. When the cows were milked every spare dish about the farm house was filled with milk, and yet the udders remained full. The farmer being alarmed, threw the rope in the fire and then the milk ceased to flow.

In England, as we learn from Chaucer and other writers, it was the custom during the middle ages, for all, both high and low, even the court itself, to go out on the first of May at an early hour to bring in the first flowers of spring. Hawthorn branches, white with buds and blossoms, were gathered and brought home at sunrise, with accompaniment of horn and musical instruments.

The people decorated the doors and windows of their houses with the flowers and green boughs. This was called "bringing home the May"; the expedition to the woods was described as "going a-Maying." The young of both sexes would arrange for Maying parties and all would look forward to the day with joyous pleasure.

"As May unveils her ruddy cheek,
And decks her brow with daisies,
And scatters blossoms as she goes
Through fields and forest mazes,
The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
Fills all the uplands airy:
The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
Let's go a-Maying!"

The fairest maiden in the village was crowned with flowers as the "Queen of May," and placed in a small bower, where she sat in state receiving the homage and admiration of her youthful friends, who danced and sang round her mimic throne. How proud was the selected queen! How she looked forward with pleasure to the day of her triumph!

"There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.
So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Tomorrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year:
Tomorrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

Sometimes the queen would be seated on a lavishly decorated throne borne on the shoulders of some strong men of the village. Spenser refers to this in the stanza:

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt with all dainties of her season pryde,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap around;
Upon two brethrens' shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their soveraine Queene."

Stowe, in his "Annals," speaking of May-day customs, writes: "Of these Mayings we reade, in the reigne of Henry sixt, that the aldermen and shiriffes of London being on May Daye, at the Bishop of London's wood. . . . Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, sent to them, by a pursuivant, a joyfull commendation of that season, containing sixteen staves in meter royall, beginning thus:

"Mightie Flora, goddess of fresh bowers,
Which clothed hath the soyle in lustre greene,
Made buds spring, with her sweet showers
By influence of the sunny-shien."

Later, writing of the reign of "Bluff King Hal," Stowe records: "As in the third of his reigne and divers other yeares, on May Day in the morning, with Katheren his wife, rode a Maying from Greenwitch to the high grounde of Shooter's Hill, where they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed in greene, with greene whoodes and with bowes and arrowes to the number of two hundred."

These yeomen performed a series of dances and enacted tableaux supposed to represent scenes in the life of Robin Hood and his little men, the Queen of the revels was called "Maid Marian."

A nursery rhyme has kept alive the memory of a custom at Banbury, a small town in Oxfordshire. On May-day a girl representing Maid Marian, seated on a white horse, and preceded by men dressed up as Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Little John and their "merry men," rode through the street to the market place, in the centre of which stood a large cross erected by Queen Eleanor. Here Maid Marian distributed cakes, since known as "Banbury cakes" among the people, while music was played and dances indulged in. In the nursery rhyme the lady is said to have had "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." The Banbury Cross was pulled down by some Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth and was not re-erected until the year 1858, when the citizens commemorated the marriage of the Queen's eldest daughter with Frederick William of Prussia, by restoring the ancient cross.

The erection of May-poles, round which people danced and held their revels, dates back so far that the origin is lost in oblivion, for even in the Ostian games the probability was that the erection of the young tree did but keep alive a still more ancient custom.

In Italy, France and Germany, as well as in England, Scotland and Ireland, we find the May-pole as far back as history records any custom.

"The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'll drink to the garlands around it.
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

That the May-pole was erected in England and that the people made merry around it in olden times is well proven. Charles I. refers to it in his "Book of Sports," thus:

"Our express pleasure is that after the end of Divine Service our good people be not disturbed, letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing, either men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreation; nor from having May games . . . and setting up May-poles, and other sport therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine Service." The Puritans, in Parliament, answered the King's defence of May-

poles by calling them "heathen abominations" and passing a bill ordering all May-poles to be torn down.

In 1583 Stubbes had written a work entitled "The Anatomy of Abuses," in which he paid his respects to May-poles by calling them "stynckingidols," which people bring from the woods, "following with greate devotion."

The Puritans of New England could not tolerate the "pagan custom," for we find that Gov. Endicott, of Massachusetts, in 1630, "marched a posse to Merrymount, where the profligate Morton had established a May-pole, and hewed down the pole in God's name and solemnly dubbed the place Mount Dagon, in memory of the Philistine idol that fell before the ark."

In the villages a May-pole was supposed to stand one year, being renewed every May-day, but in many of the larger cities and towns the municipalities erected permanent poles in the centre of the "green" or market place. The last of such permanent poles was removed from its site in London, near Somerset House, in 1717, and conveyed to Wanstead, in Essex, where it was fixed in the park for the support of a large telescope. It originally stood one hundred feet above the ground, and was referred to by Pope in one of his poems:

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

In 1766 the citizens of New York erected a May-pole and, out of respect to the puritan sentiments of their neighbors, called it the "Liberty Pole." Trumbull makes his hero in McFingal, on catching sight of it, exclaim:

"What mad-brained rebel gave commission
To raise this May-pole of sedition?"

Dancing seems to have always formed a portion of May-day festivities. In England a fantastic dance is indulged in known as the "Morris dance." This is undoubtedly a corruption of the Morisco dance of the Moors, and it is more than likely that John of Gaunt introduced it into England when he returned from Spain in the reign of Edward III., for it was in the latter years of that monarch's life that we find the first reference to it. One of the performers was the hobby-horse, so-called from a light frame of wickerwork which was fastened round his body, and supplied with a cardboard head and neck to give him the appearance of a man on horseback. Bells were attached to his ankles and wrists and a good performer would move his feet and arms so that the bells would be in harmony with the music. The other dancers would have their legs tied round with various colored ribbons, in cris-cross fashion. The dancing was accompanied by rude music, and the clashing of swords and sticks. In an old ballad we read:

"Harke, harke, I heare the dancing,
And the nimble morris prancing;
The bagpipes and the morris bells
That they are not far hence us tells;
Come let us goe thither
And dance like friends together."

In London, up to the time of the County Council government, the chimney sweeps used to parade the streets on May-day, one of their number being encased in green boughs, so that he could not be seen. The origin of "Jack-in-the-Green" is supposed to date back to the time when Meloas, the King of Somersetshire, disguised himself in green boughs and laid in ambush for Guinevere, the wife of King Arthur, as she was returning from a hunting expedition. Why the sweepers of chimneys should select

the legend and celebrate the act of King Meloas has never been satisfactorily explained, but the fact is well authenticated that for hundreds of years sweeps have paraded the streets on May-day, making merry round a "Jack-in-the-Green." Some years ago Punch in a humorous chronology said that "May-day was the one on which sweeps washed the soot from their faces, and showed the citizens that the natural color of their skin was white." Mayhew, in his "London Life," depicts the horrors of the slavery of a sweep's apprentice. In that day the boys had to climb the chimneys and sweep with an ordinary handbrush. One boy, on being asked how many days a year he had to rest, said that "he got May-day, when he danced in the streets." It was the only day the apprentices could call their own.

In Cambridge the sweep's children lead the procession, singing:—

"The first of May is garland day,
And chimney sweeper's dancing day.
Curl your locks as I do mine,
One before and one behind."

Following the children, the sweeps, gaily dressed in masquerade costumes, danced and sang, performing all sorts of antics and gladly receiving the gratuities of their customers.

Magdalen College, Oxford, holds certain lands of great value on condition that on May morning, at sunrise, a Mass be sung for the repose of the soul of Henry VII., founder of the college. Since the state religion became Protestant the choristers and singing men in their white surplices assemble at the college a little before five o'clock on May morning, and, as soon as the clock has struck the hour march up the stairs of the tower and on the top sing the morning canticles.

In Edinburgh and Peebles the third of May is celebrated instead of the first, the reason being as follows: When the Empress Helena was at Jerusalem, about the end of the third century, she discovered the Cross on which Christ was crucified, and had it conveyed to the great church built by Constantine, her son. The cross was exhibited yearly to the people, and many miracles were wrought by it. A festival was instituted in commemoration of the discovery, and this was held on the third of May and was called Rood day. Churches were built and dedicated to the Holy Rood, among which was that now known as Holyrood palace. The church being very powerful at both Edinburgh and Peebles, the two festivals of May day and Rood day were combined and celebrated on the third of the month. In recognition of this celebration of Rood day, a Royal Charter was granted to each burgh, authorizing it to hold an annual fair, commencing on the third day, called "Beltane Day."

James II. authorized a similar fair to be held for fifteen days, in a village near Hyde Park, London. The fair was so disgraced by debaucheries that it had to be prohibited in 1708. Since then the site has been covered with the most aristocratic residences, but it still retains the name "Mayfair."

There is a legend religiously believed in by the people of the west of Ireland that on May morning, at sunrise, the princely O'Donoghue gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney. For many years after the death of the O'Donoghue, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day gliding over the lake on his favorite to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and

preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path. The waves which come on Killarney's bosom on a windy day, crested with foam, are called by the boatmen "O'Donoghue's white horses."

In Italy and the south of France, the girls dressed mostly in white, parade the streets of the towns and villages singing a number of stanzas, each asking that some saint might intercede for the people and that blessings fall upon the faithful throughout the year. After each stanza the girls repeat the words: "A merry, merry May."

In all countries among all peoples the first of May is to the young folks' still:

"The maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year."

A VOICE OF LOVE.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

A voice of love is on the air;
The year has cast her sorrow by,
And pleasure reigneth everywhere.

Yon thorn is gleaming white, and there
In song the thrush and linnet vie;
A voice of love is on the air.

The fields are robed in raiment rare,
Bright blooms the orchards glorify;
And pleasure reigneth everywhere.

Their love and joy the birds declare
Along the mead, across the sky;
A voice of love is on the air.

All sounds of woe and dreams of care,
Are hushed to sleep below, on high;
And pleasure reigneth everywhere.

The odors that the breezes bear
Awake sweet hopes that cannot die;
A voice of love is on the air,
And pleasure reigneth everywhere.

ACROSS THE FERRY.

AN ETCHING.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

The evening boat, crowded with passengers, steamed slowly up to the mole. Foremost among those who thronged about the rail on the lower deck was a roughly-dressed, middle-aged man, evidently a mechanic. The first to cross the gang-plank, he pushed hurriedly toward an overland train, already discharging its passengers at the door of the ferry depot. As he was about to mount the steps of the emigrant car a woman's timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Please, sir, can you tell me—"

At the sound of her voice the man turned, and peered half doubtingly into the anxious face uplifted to his.

"Katie!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Dick!" And then, to the infinite amusement of bystanders, "Katie" was folded in a fervent embrace.

There were smiles on the faces of those who witnessed the scene, but the actors in the little drama heeded them not. The man still held the woman close, as if he would never let her go, until a tug at his coat and piping voice demanding "mammy" claimed his attention.

"Don't you know your own lad? Dicky," tell pappy how glad we are t' see him."

But Dicky was doubtful. That great man with black whiskers might be the pappy who would give him the soldier's cap and gun, as mammy had sad; yet he was not inclined to accept him as such on short acquaintance. Poor Katie! Poor Dick! A weary time it had been since they parted, he to better his fortunes, she to wait patiently until she received the welcome message, "Come."

But the wariness of separation is all forgotten now, in the joy of meeting.

"I've got two as snug rooms as ever you saw, at th' Point," Dick was saying, a broad smile of contentment on his face. "I couldn't bear t' take you an' th' boy right out a' green fields an' prison you in a tenement. We have a bit o' yard at old Dan's,—he's a blacksmith, Katie, an' his forge is right ag'in th' winder; but we won't mind that, will we, darlin'?"

"Mind it, Dick—with you!"

"I knew how you'd feel, an' mebbe 'twill be sort of company for you when I'm at work. We'll have our own cottage yet, my lass, with a posy bed in front for you an' th' boy, an' a park for th' chickens. Thare's th' car, now. Come Dicky, come Katie. We'll get aboard an' be at home in ten minutes.

. . . . . .

The summer day was almost done.

"Six o'clock!" shrieked the shrill-voiced factory whistles.

"Six o'clock!" the bells clamored in unison.

The outer doors of shop and factory swung open, and an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured forth,—men with lowering brows, pallid-faced women, and saddest of all, mere children, who had never known a childhood. A group of laboring men hailed Dick as he emerged from a toy shop, near by, carrying a gaily painted gun and a soldier's cap, carefully wrapped.

"There's big doin's at th' Pavilion, t'night, mate, an' here's Bill with tick-

ets for th' crowd. Come along with us."

"Not tonight, boys. My wife an' kid, that I haven't laid eyes on for a matter o' two year, 'til yesterday, are waitin' for me over th' ferry. Another time, mebbe, but not now," and he hastened onward.

At the foot of the street the people were flocking through the ferry gates. "Jes' in time!" Dick muttered to himself.

He turned to cross the street, nearly stumbling in his haste over two evil-faced imps, scarcely older than his own little Dick, who were squabbling in the gutter for the possession of a half smoked cigar. Their oaths rang out above the noise of the busy street, as they rolled together on the ground, and used as he was to sights like these, Dick paused, shuddering, with a prayer in his heart for the lad at home, innocent and safe. Suddenly the crowd parted, right and left, and in the wake of those fleeing for safety dashed a pair of maddened horses, dragging at their heels a heavily-laden express wagon One moment, and the frantic beasts would be upon him. With a mighty effort, Dick sent the two combatants, still struggling blindly, reeling out of the path, just as the runaways clattered past.

. . . . . .

The setting sun threw broad bands of crimson light across the bare floor of the humble room.

"Dick mustn't wait for his tea, thought Katie, glancing at the clock and stirring to a brisk blaze the fire beneath the singing kettle.

Little Dick ran to help mammy, prattling all the while of the soldier's cap and gun that had been promised him. Somehow the plate he was laying for pappy slipped from the careless fingers, and was shattered on the floor. But the hasty words of reproof that rose to Katie's lips were never uttered, for at that moment the gate opened, and she heard the sound of many feet upon the gravel walk. She sprang to the door, and was met on the threshold by old Dan. One glance at his face, turned chalky white beneath the grime, told her that something was amiss.

"Dick!" she gasped.

"Bear up, ma'am. It's only a bit o' accident. You'd best come in t'other room, along with me—"

But she eluded the hand stretched out to detain her, and turned to face the ghastly burden they were bringing in so tenderly.

Was that Dick—that crushed semblance of a man lying at her feet? She gave a low cry, and flung herself down beside him.

The sound of her voice stirred his numbed senses, and he opened his eyes.

"Katie!" he said, with a faint smile.

"'Twas this way, ma'am," Dan began, with awkward sympathy. "He was—"

"Hush!" she whispered, lifting a warning hand. "He's trying t' speak."

The labored breath of the dying man grew fainter and fainter. His eyes again opened.

"There's th' six o'clock bell, men—time t' knock off. How th' sun reds, th' water like blood! We're most—across—th'—ferry—"

"Hats off, mates," said old Dan, laying his hand tenderly on little Dick's curly head.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In "The People of Our Parish" Lelia Hardin Bugg gives one more proof of her keen power of observation and her unrivalled command of pithy, pointed statement and comment. Her volume is a searching, piquant commentary on present conditions of Catholic life in the United States, which amuses and instructs by turns, while the setting forth of Catholic principles and rules of conduct to be observed on different occasions and in the face of critical situations which confront Catholics who are living in this mixed life of American society make it a book worthy of serious and profound consideration. There is scarcely a phase of American Catholic life that is not subjected to keen analysis, the favorite hobbies and foibles of some Catholics are mercilessly but humorously exposed, the proper Catholic bearing towards great public and social questions which deeply affect the well-being of the whole Catholic body is made clear—and all is done in such a witty, naive and winning way as to fill us with admiration for the author's cleverness. "How true!" one is tempted to exclaim as one reads some of the scenes which are so cleverly drawn and put before him in this highly entertaining volume. This book ought to be productive of great good, for it is a book with a mission. Catholics in the United States ought to be reminded of their defects, which are neither few nor trifling. They have made wonderful progress, it is true; but to stand still and to be satisfied with what has been done without making an effort to remedy faults which are attendant on all progress made by men, is to fall behind finally and to deteriorate from the good they have at present accomplished. This book by bringing to mind our weaknesses will encourage us to press on to further victories. Its cleverness and wittiness will not irritate; its sound principles will bear fruit and help on true Catholic progress.

Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. $1.00.

A series of delightful short stories by Francois Coppée have been translated from the French by Myrta Leonora Jones and published under the title "Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons." M. Coppee occupies a leading place in contemporary French literature. His short stories are gems of literary excellence and artistic portraiture. He has a great love for the common people, and with his exquisite imagination he is able to make some common incident in their lives a touching theme and to surround it with forms of beauty and pathetic disclosures that appeal with marvelous force to the taste and heart of his readers. His delicacy of feeling and graceful fancy weave around the commonplace every-day life of his characters a beautiful, artistic setting and enable him to single out from unpromising surroundings, which the ordinary man would pass by without observing, the finer traits and less observable phases of human feeling. His character drawing in many of these stories is exquisite; he has the touch of the true artist. These eleven short stories are exquisite pieces of workmanship, are refined and elevating and entertaining in the highest sense.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

There was need of a detailed life of our Lord, written in simple style and adapted to the mental capacity of Catholic children. Such a need has been supplied by B. F. C. Costelloe, lately deceased, one of those educated, energetic Catholic laymen, who in England are devoting their best efforts for the promotion of Catholic interests. By the publication of "The Gospel Story," a labor of love on the part of Mr. Costelloe, the story of the Saviour, as set forth in the Gospels, has been brought within the range of the ordinary intelligence, and a distinct addition has been made to the Catholic literature on this subject. Written during the leisure hours of a busy life, primarily for his own children, the author has produced a book which will be read with reverence and profit by all—by the mature in mind as well as by the children. He has mastered the harmony of the different Gospel narratives and has made good use of his knowledge by giving in simple, touching language, and in order of sequence, the story of that wonderful life which should be the constant study of all believers. He is well acquainted, too, with the geography and topography of the Holy Land, with the history of the times in which the Saviour lived His earthly life, and this knowledge lends an added interest to his well-written narrative. No one can read this beautiful narration of the events of the life of the Saviour without feeling deeply moved or without a feeling of gratitude to the lamented author for the earnest, simple

way in which he has told the great story.

St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60.

A work of great usefulness is "Biblical Treasury of the Catechism" by Rev. Thomas E. Cox. The plan of the work is to illustrate by scriptural quotations the answers of the Baltimore catechism. These quotations are given in great abundance and are practically exhaustive of the teachings of Sacred Scripture on the different headings of doctrine and morals which are the subject matter of the catechism. They will be a great help to children in making them understand the Scriptural origin of the truths inculcated in their catechism, and will moreover give them an acquaintance with Holy Scripture in a way that will impress it upon the mind and hold it in the memory. This work is one of great value, and should be in great demand. The material part of the work has been well done by the publishers. The catechism questions and answers are printed in leaded type, while the Scriptural quotations in ordinary type follow, the place of Holy Scripture from which the quotations have been taken being indicated by Arabic numbers in fractional form. The contrast between the two styles of type is striking and pleasing and is a wonderful aid to the memory. Preachers will find this manual invaluable as it furnishes them with apt Scriptural quotations on almost every subject which may be chosen as the theme of a sermon. A work of this kind requires a great deal of painstaking research and a fine sense of selection and the author is to be congratulated on the complete success which he has achieved. That the merit of his work is already recognized the issue of this third edition sufficiently attests. He has produced an invaluable manual for preachers and catechists.

New York: William H. Young & Co. $1.25.

A work of similar merit, though much less extensive, and published in almost the same style as the preceding is "Jesus Christ, a Scriptural Study," by Rev. James H. O'Donnell of Watertown, Connecticut. It is a brochure of fifty-four pages, in which the author sets forth in order the teachings of the Church regarding Jesus Christ, illustrating each statement of doctrine by apt references from Holy Scripture. The catechetical form is used, and this makes it a valuable supplementary study for the Sunday school.

Boston: Hurd & Everts Co.

Another batch of those delightful Irish tales by Seumas McManus have been published under the title "The Bewitched Fiddle and Other Stories." Mr. McManus' creations, however fantastic and whimsical they may be, are always delightful and full of interest. His talent as a story-teller is unquestioned and his knowledge of Irish character and customs is abundantly evident. The same unique talent, which he has displayed on former occasions, and which has delighted an ever-increasing audience, is apparent in these latest productions from Irish fairy-land and Irish real life.

New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

"Giovanni Baptista De Rossi, Founder of the Science of Christian Archæology," by Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D., Catholic University of America, has been issued in the form of a neat brochure by the Cathedral Library Association of New York. It is a reprint of an article published in the American Catholic Quarterly of January, 1895. The story of the life of De Rossi is one of absorbing interest and it loses nothing of its interest under the skilful treatment of Dr. Shahan. It is not merely the history of a man's life, it is the history of the beginning and progress of a new science. De Rossi was a genius, an originator in a special field of human knowledge and the story of his life is one of marvelous interest.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, Archibishop of Westminster, is well known as a valuable and practical manual for Catholics, and, it may be said, for non-Catholics also . A cheap, paper-cover edition has been just issued by the well-known house of B. Herder, St. Louis, at the extremely reasonable price of 15 cents for a single copy, and $7.50 for 100 copies.

Through the prompt action of the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, the over-zeal (or perhaps bigotry would be a better word), of Major J. B. Knight, commanding officer at Willett's Point, N. Y., received a sharp rebuke. Some weeks ago this officer refused permission to Father Tierney to enter the fort to minister to a Catholic soldier. Father Tierney was held up at the point of the bayonet, and was obliged to leave the

grounds without accomplishing his purpose. He brought the matter to the attention of Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, who promptly made a complaint to the War Department. An investigation was ordered and resulted in the officious Major being relieved from duty. A few more cases of such prompt action in discouraging officiousness and bigotry will do much to change the attitude of such doughty warriors as Major Knight.

The programme for the session of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, at Detroit, Mich., from July 10 to August 1, has been practically completed.

Cardinal Gibbons will visit the school, as will also a number of Bishops and Archbishops.

The lecturers thus far engaged are as follows: Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph.D., the well known psychologist, will give three lectures on "Psychology." Dr. Thomas O'Hagan of Canada, will also give three lectures on the following subjects: "Alfred Tennyson," " Henry Wordsworth Longfellow" and "French Canadian Life and Literature." Hon. Joseph Donnelly, the author of "Jesus Delaney," will deliver one lecture on "Mexico." Rev. H. M. Calmar, S.J., will give a course of three lectures, as well as the eminent convert, Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D.D., of New York.

Rev. M. A. Waldron, O.S.D., D.D., and Rev. W. J. Kerby, D.D., of the Catholic University at Washington, will each give three lectures. The subjects of Dr. Kerby's lectures are, "The Labor Movement," two lectures, and "Socialism."

Those who have attended the school will be pleased to learn that Rev. M. S. Brennan, A.M., of St. Louis, will give one of his popular illustrated lectures.

The general subject of education will be treated in a course of lectures by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., the rector of the Catholic University.

"The Triumph of Christianity" is the subject of a lecture by Rev. J. P. Carroll, D.D., President of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona. Pa., and Hon. H. J. Wade of Iowa City, Iowa, will each give two lectures, subjects not yet announced.

Rev. B. F. Kuhlman, D.D., Professor of Philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Very Rev. P. R. Heffron, D.D., president of St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, will each deliver one lecture.

It is expected that Henry Austin Adams and Most Rev. Archbishop Keane of Rome will each deliver a course of lectures.

This list will be enlarged by the addition of several other well known speakers. This is undoubtedly the best programme yet presented to the friends of the Summer School. The local committee at Detroit are making all possible arrangements to care for the large number who will attend the school. Everything will be done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure. The chairman of the committee is Rev. M. J. P. Dempsey, and the Secretary, Mr. Frank C. Cook.

A large illustrated circular, giving full information in regard to lectures, entertainments and attractions will be ready in a short time. For copies of this circular, address the Secretary, John A. Hartigan, 1953 St. Anthony Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

THE STATE BEAUTIFUL

Vermont Yearly Growing in Favor as a Summer Resort Section.

In considering the claims of any particular locality as a summer resort, the matters of most vital importance with the majority of people are healthfulness, ease and comfort of access, natural attractions, quality of entertainment afforded, and expense. In all these respects, Vermont, with Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains as conspicuous attractions, is equalled by few regions in the Union, and surpassed by none.

This is the enthusiastic verdict of thousands from all parts of the country, who, in increasing numbers during the past few years, have thoroughly tested the hospitality and attractions of this beautiful section of country.

With justifiable pride, the Central Vermont Railway sends forth this year a charmingly illustrated book on Vermont, 140 pages, which will be sent to applicants enclosing five-cent stamp to T. H. Hanley, New England passenger agent, 306 Washington street, Boston. "Summer Homes Among the Green Hills and Along the Shores of Lake Champlain" is the title of the publication, and it gives brief descriptions of the many delightful places located on the line of this road, a complete list of rates from all principal cities in the east to Vermont and Lake Champlain resorts, Adirondacks and Canada, with a selected list of family homes among the green hills for the entertainment of summer guests at terms ranging from $4 to $10 a week, and a list of summer hotels with their accommodations and terms. It will help you settle the perplexing vacation question in short order.

QUESTION BOX.

1. Myers, in his "General History for High Schools," makes this statement in regard to the first Crusade: "The contagion of enthusiasm seized all classes: for while the religious feelings of the age had been specially appealed to, all the various sentiments of ambition, chivalry, love of license, had also been skilfully enlisted on the side of the undertaking."

Further on, discussing the same subject, he says: "The criminal, as soon as he assumed the badge of the crusade, was by that act instantly absolved from all his sins of whatever nature."

Are these statements true? Please discuss as fully as your space will allow.

2. Did the Crusaders massacre the inhabitants of Jerusalem after that city had surrendered?

3. Is not the "Nebular Hypothesis" contrary to Catholic belief?

4. Is it known beyond doubt that the Popes of the first centuries resided in Rome?

5. Was the authority of the Popes of the first centuries as well defined as it is today?

True it is that enthusiasm seized on all classes; true, that the religious feelings of the age had been especially appealed to. And, unless the spirit of religion were then a dominant influence, there would have been no Crusades. We, of an age when nations do not act on enthusiasm, but on commercial motives, find it hard to understand the electric response of men of faith to the words of faith, the splendid uprising of the nations for an idea, at the call of the Pope, and the voice of Peter the Hermit. But our lack of understanding does not change the reality of past events. The Crusades were animated by reverence for the places made holy by the presence and the life of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Sepulchre wherein His Sacred Body had reposed was desecrated by infidels. To rescue the holy shrines from the unbeliever and the sacrilegious spurred men of every nation in Europe into energetic action. The spirit of religion, and of religion alone, was capable of so uniting various states. Could they be united today? What power could bring the different powers of Europe into concerted action? But these are not ages of faith. And Myers, with the materialistic ideas of this century, cannot appreciate, if he can even conceive, the power, the ardor, and the tremendous uprising of religious enthusiasm over a continent. Would that the spirit of enthusiasm in religion and out of religion were still active!

Besides the offensive reason for the Crusades, the rescue of the holy places, there was a motive of defence. Europe has at times been threatened with the incursion of Mohammedan and Turk. The Christians of Europe were forced to go out against the Turk in some such movement as the Crusade in the eleventh century, or witness the invasion of the infidels into the fair Western lands. It is to their glory that they took the offensive.

Men are not all of one mind. And even where numbers agree in the unity of faith, all are not equally aroused by the spiritual appeal. That some saw a chance for personal ambition, that some were hurried on by the prospects of that liberty which always attends the profession of arms, cannot be doubted. But that these were set forth as reasons for the Crusade itself, and that the preachers and promoters of the Crusade so exhorted men, is a statement that the historian may make, but should not, until he brings evidence and proof.

The other remark quoted is of a piece with much of that lying which many Protestant historians seem to regard as a bounden duty when writing of anything Catholic. What badge do they assume, by which they are instantly absolved from all allegiance to truth, to honesty, to common sense? The sinner in the awakening of faith saw a chance to atone for his sins, to make expiation for his crimes, by enlisting in a holy cause against the desecrators of the name and the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. But he knew, as all Catholics know, that only repentance for the sins committed, merits absolution, that only sorrow can receive pardon, and that in taking the cross outwardly, in his heart he must bewail the sins which had crucified his Redeemer. The Catholic Church never has offered, never can offer, forgiveness of sins to the unrepentant.

2. The Crusaders in the first moments of victory, carried away by the excitement of conquest, and in a frenzy of anger against their long-resisting op-

ponents, killed nearly all the garrison and inhabitants of Jerusalem. Some excuses may be found in the methods of warfare which prevailed among even civilized peoples eight hundred years ago. Some excuses, too, may be found in the circumstances of the hardships, the long delays, the bitter repulses, the severe siege of the city, and the fear of even the conquered Moslems. But the melancholy fact remains of the slaughter itself.

3. The Nebular Hypothesis is, as its name indicates, only a theory to explain the origin of the solar system. It is mere speculation, admits the existence of created matter, which in the course of ages, owing to certain conditions, had reached its present form. There is nothing in opposition to the first chapter of Genesis, to the creation of all things by Almighty God. To explain the interpretation of Moses' account of creation in such way as to demonstrate that itself and science are in accord, would be entirely outside our province. Here, we have only to state the fact. The Nebular Hypothesis is not yet a scientific proposition, and while very enticing to the imagination, it cannot be demonstrated by observation, or by mathematics.

4. Yes. Some have brought into question about St. Peter's residence in Rome. But there is abundance of historical proof that Peter lived for many years in the Imperial City, and died there in the reign of Nero. His successors were chosen in Rome: here was their residence, and from this city they ruled the Christian world. There is no more doubt of the Pope having resided in Rome, than of the residence there of the emperors, Augustus or Nero.

5. The authority of the Pope has always been the same, the primacy of jurisdiction which our Lord Jesus Christ conveyed to St. Peter. After the ascension of our Lord into heaven, Peter's conduct exhibits him in the exercise of that power over the lambs and over the sheep of the flock. The successors of Peter have ever by word and action given evidence that in them was the fullness of authority over all the faithful, and over all the bishops of the Church as well. And that this supreme power of the Roman Pontiff was of universal recognition, is set forth by multiple proofs. The Pope was always consulted in matters of serious import for the church, and from all parts of the world. And this in the earliest days. The Popes were expected to be solicitous and to provide for the Church everywhere. Rome was the centre for appeals made by bishops of the East and the West, who felt themselves unjustly treated. And the decision of the Pope was considered final. It was held as a maxim: "Rome has spoken, the case is settled." Those who were accused of being weak or dangerous in matters of faith were anxious to justify themselves in the eyes of Rome. Emperors and other rulers, in public documents, acknowledged Rome as the central see of Christendom, and they judged as to a man's being a Catholic or not by virtue of his adherence to Rome, or his separation therefrom. Heresies and heretics received their condemnation from Rome, and that condemnation was supreme and final. The whole conduct and action of the early Roman Pontiffs, as is evidenced in their letters and official documents, manifest them so acting as became those to whom the Lord had entrusted the care of His vineyard. Their very letters have received the significant title: "Authorities." These letters show them as convinced that to them belonged the solicitude of all the churches, since they were established by God Himself as the pastors over His entire flock.

If this authority, which was universally recognized in the East as in the West, was not in continual evidence by its exercise, the reason is found in this fact, that such continued exercise was no more necessary than for any government to be setting forth its authority when all proceeds orderly and peacefully. The right to action exists: its use when needed is sufficient. The circumstances of different ages and the requirements of dealing with different persons have brought out into clear light the prerogatives of the Pope, and have proclaimed in explicit definition what was contained implicitly in the principle of his authority. The general principle of the Pope's authority over the whole church was in the same vigor in the early centuries as it is today. The exercise of that authority was regulated by need and circumstances. The seed when it unfolds and grows, manifests its latent power, its hidden beauty and its concealed fruit. So, as ages went by, the authority of the Pope proclaimed itself with greater splendor. But while the magnificence of its efflorescence may now be greater, the jurisdiction, the power, the authority, are today exactly what they were in the first century.

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